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THE WORLDS TEMPLE OF INDUSTRY.

ODD FELLOW'S MUSEUM.

VOL. 2.

EDWARD WALKER, 114 FULTON ST.
NEW YORK.

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THE

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"As Gold is tried in the fire, so the sincerity of Friendship can only be known in the season of Adversity."—OVID.

"When you see a man in distress, know him for a fellow-man."—SENECA.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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EDWARD WALKER, 114 FULTON-STREET.

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WEST POINT.

FALL OF JERUSALEM.

THE FAVORITE'S ESCAPE.

WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

JOEL WETSEL.

THE LAST OF THEIR RACE.

WAR.

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VILLAGE POLITICIANS.

THE WIDOW AND HER ORPHANS.

RELIEVING THE DISTRESSED.

READING THE WILL.

THE WITCH.

LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

CURIOSITY

Odd-Fellows' Museum.

WASHINGTON.

BY C. EDWARDS LESTER.

The stream of Time, which sweeps almost every thing human to oblivion, passes without injury by the everlasting column of Washington's fame. Those convulsions which threaten the permanence of our Union, and sicken us with the strifes and struggles of parties, only render more and more dear the name of the Father of the American Republic. The nations of the Old World, as they lift their wearied and half-palsied arms to strike for liberty, utter the name of Washington with veneration, gratitude, and love. Wherever the all-glowing sun lights up the homes of earth's children; through all the continents and islands; along all the shores and rivers; on every green mountain's side, and down every blushing valley, the old tell his history to the young, and all nations rise up and call him blessed. All that belonged to him has become dear to mankind. The ground his feet pressed, is sacred. The trees he planted with his own hand, the groves through which he walked at evening, still seem to

breathe his name as they rustle their zephyr music. Even the sparkling ripples of that majestic stream, which flows on by Mount Vernon, seem to utter intelligible words to the ear of the pilgrim, who from that green lawn looks through the bending boughs by moonlight on the glistening waters.

It is strange the world should have thought and said so little of the *wife* of such a man! We have sought in vain for those minute records of *her* history which might gratify curiosity: and who can repress a desire to know something more than is written of the being who shared so largely the affections of Washington! whose image he bore in his heart through the long, perilous years of the great struggle! She *should* have been noble, and beautiful. We gaze on the masterly-drawn group of Stearnes, and, singling out the bride, we find that she *was*. It is a touching picture. It opens a new scene in the life of Washington: the pencil of the artist has poured new rays of light on history; and the bridal picture, in the old church, will hereafter live fresh in our memories.

The following words are all the painter has furnished for our guide:—

"Marriage of Washington.

"The place is the Parish Church of St. Peters, county of New Kent, colony of Virginia; the time, January 6, 1759. Within the railing stands the officiating clergyman, Rev. Dr. Mossom, in full canonicals, and about to pronounce the words, 'Wilt thou take this woman,' &c. Washington is in front of him, dressed in a scarlet velvet coat. The bride, in white satin robes, and a group of ladies and gentlemen in the beautiful costume of the period, complete the central group. On their right, are Gov. Dinwiddie and suite, with ladies, naval and military officers, and the élite of the old Virginia aristocracy. On their left, are seated the bride's father,

with her two children. Behind them, stand Lord Fairfax with his suite, and ladies. The artist was assisted by G. W. P. Custis, Esq., in the studies for this composition."

But the waves of almost a century have drifted by, and borne the fair blushing bride and her lover to the tomb. Their dust has long since mingled with the genial soil of Mount Vernon; and hereafter, if we would find memorials of them, we must seek them there. And the time never will come when their home and final resting-place will not send a thrill of pure feeling to every generous heart.

It was a beautiful spring morning, many years ago, when we set out from Washington to visit, for the first time, this Mecca of Liberty. The balmy air wafted through the carriage windows the fragrance of early flowers, just peeping out from the warm banks of the Potomac. The sun came calmly up over the dome of the Capitol; and the mists rose from the bosom of the river to greet him, and then floated far away into the blue sky, as spirits go, when they leave us for that bright land

> "Where everlasting spring abides,
> And never-withering flowers.'

We could not say that there was a gay, glad heart among us: there would have been many, had we not been going to the tomb of the Father of his Country. But there was something so holy in the thought that we were approaching the spot where the greatest and purest of mankind rested from his heroism, that we felt mirth had no place in our feelings, and into that day levity could not enter. But it was a cheerful ride, and an inspiring day. We do not remember that a cloud

moved over our little party during the excursion, nor was our cheerfulness interrupted till we had reached the shrine of our pilgrimage, and stood before the sarcophagus where the dust of Washington reposes.

No matter for our ride along the river, nor its picturesque bends, nor banks, nor lawns, nor woodlands. At every turn in the road we saw the calm waters of the silver stream, around which linger memories that are sanctified by all that is brave in chivalry and touching in patriotism.

A long ride through the oak forests brought us to the venerable mansion where Washington lived and died. At the porter's lodge we stopped to see the only living servant of the Patriot. She lives in the lodge, and still watches the gate. We entered the dwelling, and talked with her. She said she was fifteen years old when the "General" came back from the wars, covered with victory; and she remembered him well as he rode through the gate, and said, "Ah! my little Sylvia, the Britishers didn't hit me after all; and they have all gone back to Old England, and I have come home to live and die on the estate;" and young Sylvia seized the "General's" hand, and kissed it, and wet it with tears. She saw Washington die—she saw him when dead; and now, when she speaks of him, she looks up to heaven, and pointing her hand away, says, "Well, if we ever go to heaven, we shall see the General *there*."

We left this octogenarian keeper; and she said many kind words to us as we went on half a mile, slowly threading our way to the mansion—through deep ravines from which only the upper sky was visible, and now emerging on eminences from which we hoped to get at

least a glimpse of the mansion; but holy feelings filled up the interval. We were passing over new ground, where, warm with life and radiant with beneficence, the form of the hero so often passed: even the air seemed haunted by his presence: every step we took was an epic.

One of our companions—a cherished poet and sculptor *now*—traced the outlines of the great historical picture. Passing this same rugged avenue,—first the *Youth* George Washington, with his surveying instruments, to measure off the vast wilderness of the West, the happy homes he was afterwards to offer his brothers made free; young *Major* Washington, setting out to instruct them in the art of war, to prepare them to achieve their independence; *Colonel* Washington, on his departure to repel foreign and savage invaders; the *Representative*, passing to and from the Congress of the rebels; the heroic *General*, coming at long intervals, through that war of fraternal blood, and going forth again to the sanguinary struggles of the Revolution, where brave men staked *liberty* in the desperate game with king, lords, and commons; the *Farmer*, going out to and returning from his fields; the *President*, on his way to administer the government of a people he had led through the exhausting perils of an all but exterminating war; and, last of all, the *Citizen* Washington, who had scorned a crown as too base a reward for his long services in the cause of human freedom,—returning by the same road we are travelling, with his great heart filled with longings for home.

We sat in silence as these new, half-inspired words fell from the lips of our poet-companion; and the carriage rising an eminence, gave us a glimpse of the wall

and observatory of the *Home of Washington.* We are not ashamed to confess, that as we gazed on it our eyes filled with tears.

We reached the gate of the mansion: a ruin! an *old* ruin! stood before us. It was not a feudal castle, with deep trench once filled with water; nor draw-bridge, over which once clattered the hoof of warriors' steeds; nor massive arches, under which bent the plume of a knight; nor spacious courtyard, on which the spears of an heroic band flashed in the moonlight; nor vast banqueting-hall, that rang to the clangor of the Crusader; nor the merry shout of the victorious warrior, who had come from measuring lance with the Infidel, to tell his tales of heroism to the startled ear of Europe. There was no watch-word; no vesper-chime stealing softly on the evening air; no hollow chant or monkish prayer in the gloomy chapel; no solemn moonlit watch on the over-looking tower. No one of all these. It was grander, better, dearer than all this heroic legend.

It was once the home of the Father of a great and glorious nation, whose eagle's wings now stretch from the turbulent Atlantic,—far away over rich valleys, waving with corn, and dotted with happy habitations, and rugged mountains, and wide rivers, and green prairies,—to the golden shores of the Pacific, where Empire looks towards the purple East, and has made the circuit of the globe. It was a ruin! The master of the house had long since gone away to another country, and time had left the mansion like

"Some banquet-hall deserted."

The master would never return.

The servants told us that the *present* master would *next year* repair the dwelling! "Oh, no!" we would have said to him, "leave the holy place as HE left it! Ye cannot make us think HE has come back again; ye cannot make good HIS place! Let the spot where HE lived and died be left. *Eternity* is his dwelling now. Let *Time* spread its ivy never-sear kindly over the mansion, and let not the winds blow harshly against it; for the great master is gone, and will return no more. Ye cannot make the place what it once was."

They showed us the apartments which are thrown open to visitors. We had letters, but we asked no privileges *there* which may not be accorded to all. We saw the hall, the drawing-room, the parlor, and the dining-room, with the richly-sculptured mantel-piece which La Fayette gave him.

As we passed out under the open sky, they pointed out to us the chamber where Washington died. We looked up to the windows. They showed us the lemon-tree HE planted; it is old, but it is green still; and many plants in the conservatory, with long box alleys and large squares, and page-bushes, all planned and planted by HIS hand.

Down the green slope towards the river, not far from the bank, they showed us WASHINGTON'S TOMB. We slowly and reverently gathered there, and bowed before it, in gratitude, silence, and tears.

As the sun was going down the western sky, fringing the edges of the clouds with gold, we entered our boat, and sailed slowly by, under the lengthening shadows of the sacred groves which cluster their foilage around MOUNT VERNON.

FREEDOM'S HOLY CAUSE.

A REVOLUTIONARY LYRIC.

BY BRO. CLARK W. BRYAN.

"To arms! To arms!" the cry went forth,
From cultured fields to forests wide:
"To arms! To arms!" was echoed back,
From hearts alike brave, true, and tried.

A nation's life-blood wet the soil
Where Freedom, Liberty, and Right
Had fixed their standard firm, and feared
No power of wrong, though great in might.

Oppression, Tyranny, and Crime,
Their cruel deeds full oft made known,
When honest Yankee boys were told
To ask for bread, and get—a stone!

To bite the dust and bend the knee
In humble, supplicating tone,
When tyrant power essayed to break
A nation's heart-strings, one by one!

But Freedom's pure and holy light
Its rays athwart the land were given;
And told of blood-bought, sacred rights—
Of life and love, of home and heaven.

And when the cry "To arms!" was raised,
  'Twas nobly met on every side;
And, to maintain a righteous cause,
  Went forth a nation's hope and pride!

A father's blessing cheered them on—
  A mother's teachings ruled each heart;
A wife's embrace, a sister's love,
  Urged each and all to "do their part."

Such were the men who shouldered arms,
  And marched to battle-fields away;
Such were the men who shed their blood
  In fighting for fair freedom's day.

To them we owe our country's pride,
  Our nation's hopes and prospects bright;
To them let justice e'er award
  The meed of praise, "Firm in the right!"

These were the brave, unyielding hearts
  Who loved the right, and scorned the wrong;
Who, 'neath oppression's cruel sway,
  Moved onward, fearless, brave, and strong!

Who on a nation's altar laid
  Their all, subservient to the laws,
Welfare, and honor of their land:
  Lived—died for FREEDOM'S HOLY CAUSE!

FREEDOM'S HOLY CAUSE.

BY BRO. LEWIS G. CLARK.

The accompanying plate was copied from the larger one that was engraved from brother Matteson's celebrated painting, entitled, "The Spirit of Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-six," in which he has so well conceived his subject, by revealing to us the secret impulse that led our patriot fathers, with such undying zeal and enthusiasm, to the battle-fields of our revolution. It was the glorious freedom that we now enjoy, so pre-eminently above all the nations of the earth, to which their eye of faith was so singly and untiringly directed. And the fruitful seed of their dauntless acts of heroism, suffering, deprivation, and death, have indeed yielded an hundred-fold in producing the greatness of our country and the happy freedom of their children. Let us then hold their memory most dear in our recollection; and so wisely use the blessing of liberty vouchsafed unto us by a gracious and overruling Providence, through the instrumentality and patriotism of our forefathers, that it may long be continued to us; and that we may become the moral magnet of attraction to the whole world, proving most convincingly that a nation, acknowledging Jehovah to be king, and ruling with equity and justice—doing "unto others as they would

that men should do unto them"—must prosper and be happy. But to the picture before us.

At the door is a patriotic neighbor, who has caught his gun and is rushing to the battle-field; and one can see that he has spoken stirring words in the ears of that family. The old father, with the frosts of winter on his head, but the fire of patriotism burning brightly in his heart, is examining the weapon which his son is about bravely to wield in defence of his country. He stands there, an image of manly dignity; and his aged mother, while with one hand she hands him a sword, with the other she invokes the blessing of Heaven upon the holy cause of freedom, in which he is so soon to engage. Observe, too, how the whole spirit of that family is one and the same—a spirit which bore our forefathers so triumphantly through the almost superhuman struggles and privations which they were called upon to make and to endure.

How eagerly that fond sister is buckling on the armor of her brother! The little fellow, too, who is filling the powder-flask, is no whit behind her in patriotic sentiment; and the young mother, with her babe asleep upon her lap, has been reading from the columns of the newspaper which she holds in her hand, that which kindles her heart and illumines her countenance with an almost heavenly light.

Reader, these were the times that tried men's souls; and now that we have grown to be a mighty nation, sitting beneath the shade of the tree of liberty which our forefathers planted, let us not forget the blessed boon for which they fought and suffered, bled and died. Every American battle-ground is an altar of Freedom. I have

stood on the battle-fields of Brandywine, of Concord, of Lexington, and Saratoga; and the blood has coursed swifter through my veins when I have thought to myself, "Where are now the brave, the nobly-daring, and gallant spirits who here poured out their life-blood as water?" They have passed away forever from the earth, but their names, the memory of their deeds, shall never be forgotten!

I have stood at Valley Forge, and have heard from the lips of garrulous old age stories of the past, in connection with our revolutionary history, which were enough to wring tears from the stoutest heart. Here it was where the poor remains of the American army, ill-provisioned and clothed, tracked their feet in blood on the frozen ground; week after week, and month after month, enduring, with exemplary patience and fortitude, such sufferings as none but a people determined to be free will ever bear.

Look at the great legacy which has been left us by these brave spirits—free institutions, the blessings of civil and religious liberty, and a glorious country, such as the sun never shone upon before. Here, to adopt the language of one of the noblest of our American poets—

"Here the free spirit of mankind, at length,
Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place
A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race!
Far, like the comet's way through infinite space,
Stretches the long-untravelled path of light,
Into the depths of ages: we may trace,
Distant, the brightening glory of its flight,
Till the receding rays are lost to human sight.

"Europe is given a prey to sterner fates,
And writhes in shackles; strong the arms that chain
To earth her struggling multitude of states.
She, too, is strong, and might not chafe in vain
Against them, but might cast to earth the train
That trample her, and break their iron net.
Yes, she shall look on brighter days, and gain
The meed of worthier deeds; the moment set
To rescue and raise up draws near—but is not yet.

"But thou, my country! thou shalt never fall,
Save with thy children: thy maternal care,
Thy lavish love, thy blessings showered on all—
These are *thy* fetters: seas and stormy air
Are the wide barrier of thy borders, where,
Among thy gallant sons that guard thee well,
Thou laugh'st at enemies. Who shall then declare
The date of thy deep-founded strength, or tell
How happy in thy lap the sons of men shall dwell?"

THE WIFE'S PERCEPTIONS.

A STORY OF WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

The perceptions of a woman's mind are, in most cases, as correct as the conclusions of a man's reason. The two faculties of will and understanding belong, alike, to the woman and the man; but, in the former, the will, or affection, predominates, and in the latter the understanding. This is the reason why, in a true marriage union, the husband and wife become one. The difference between them, is that which unites. What makes them one is a union of minds, so as out of two things, slightly dissimilar, to make one more perfect than either.

Men of strong rational minds are prone to think lightly of woman's intellect, because she does not reason, laboriously, as they do, but arrives at her conclusions by a sort of intuition. While they are going on, step by step, in the search after truth, she has an answer to the problem to be solved, and she is satisfied that it is right. It is with her a perception, with them a result.

And it is hardly to be wondered that reason should lightly esteem perception, and put but little confidence in its achievements; for reason finds its conclusions only after a certain process, more or less intense in its nature, according to the subject under consideration, and cannot conceive of any other way to attain the same end. Nor, is there any other way for the mind of a man to go. He may have perceptions, but they never come to him until after he has rationally concluded a question, and then they confirm that conclusion. Something, in a measure opposite to this, takes place in a woman's mind. Her intuition of things is usually first, and reason afterwards corroborates them if they are true; as perception corroborates a man's rational deductions if they also be true.

Here, then, lies the radical difference between the sexes; and it is in consequence of this difference, as we have before said, that they can become one. This truth, known and acknowledged by few, is a most important one. It lies at the very foundation of social well-being.

Woman's influence, great as it is, cannot attain its true power, until man places a higher estimate upon her judgment than he now does. He must learn to take her as she is, and to put more faith in her perceptions. He must not demand of her, as he now does, her reasons for every thing, but be willing to believe it possible for her to be right, notwithstanding she be not able to satisfy him with arguments in support of her positions.

Marriage brings man and woman into a true relationship. They were made for each other, and only in union can their lives be a just order. They blend into one thought the harmonizing of what is different. Unity is born of contrariety.

It is in the marriage relation, then, that we must, naturally, look for minds most truly balanced, orderly, and effective in their operations. And, as a general thing, our observations will confirm this conclusion. Still, even married men and women commit mistakes through errors of judgment; though it will usually be found that these mistakes are individual matters, and do not often lie against actions that have flowed from a mutual determination. Where a man, from a proper respect for his wife's judgment, consults her before taking any important step, and gives due weight to her views, even though they are not supported by a long train of arguments, he is in but little danger of going wrong; and, on the other hand, where, in the pride of his own superior reason, he not only thinks lightly of, but treats lightly his wife's judgment, the chances against him are largely multiplied. Error and mistake will come as an almost invariable result. But, our design is to illustrate the position here assumed, by a sketch from real life.

Herman Alberger was a man of strong intellect. He had received, in youth, a liberal education, and with this as his only fortune had started in the world. In a few years he won for himself a name, and secured the means whereby to live in comfort—even elegance.

While struggling to attain a reputation, and a place in the world, Alberger married a pure-minded girl, to whom he was deeply attached. She was one of those gentle creatures that a man takes to his bosom more as a thing to love and protect, than to lean upon or find sustaining companionship in life's severer trials. And yet she had the mind of a true woman, clear in its perceptions, and earnest in its desire for the well-being of the object of its love. The overshadowing power of her husband's intellect caused Mrs. Alberger, for the first year or two of her married life, to live in a kind of passive state in regard to all leading matters of interest appertaining to both. She was treated as a child that was tenderly loved; and regarded—she felt that more and more every day—as the weaker vessel. The decision of her husband was the law that governed in almost every thing.

Proud as Mrs. Alberger was of her husband's intellect, and the reputation it gave him, she could not hide from herself the fact that he sometimes, in her judgment, committed mistakes, and often acted very differently from what she would have advised. At length she ventured to suggest an idea different from what he entertained, in a certain matter involving immediate action. He seemed surprised at this, and promptly said—

"Very well, Alice; give me a good reason for your view, and I am ready to adopt it."

Mrs. Alberger gave a reason; but it was demolished in an instant by the reasoning faculty of her husband.

He swept it away, as he would have swept a gossamer with his hand.

The wife was silenced, but not convinced.

"You ought to know best," was her simple, unimpassioned reply.

Alberger acted in the proposed matter according to his own view, and the result showed that he acted wrong. He remembered his wife's opposition, and saw that she had been right. But he could not understand it. He had clearly shown her that her objection was not well-founded; yet the result proved her not to have been in error. Had she merely guessed at the matter? or did she possess a clearness of judgment for which he had never given her credit?

After that, Alberger, by way of experiment, occasionally submitted matters for his wife's decision, that had cost him a good deal of hard thinking in order to arrive at a rational conclusion. In doing so, he would state, briefly, the whole subject, with the arguments that had influenced his mind. She would listen attentively, and appear to comprehend clearly all he said. Usually, her judgment went clearly with his; but it sometimes happened that she did not see things in the light that he saw them, and then she was silent, or only expressed herself unable to come to a like conclusion with her husband. Almost invariably it occurred that the perceptions of her mind, when they corroborated the determinations of his reason, were right; and right, also, when they differed. This fact set Alberger to thinking: but he could not understand

why this was so. He had loved his wife tenderly; but he had not looked upon her as a woman of strong intellect. In matters where deep thought was concerned, he had felt that he stood on a plane above her. How was it then, that, in differing with her on certain points that he had reasoned out laboriously, she had been right, and he wrong? The thing puzzled him sorely; but it added respect for her judgment to the tender regard with which he loved her.

They had been married about six years, when an old school-companion, named Melville, arrived in the place where Alberger was living, and accidentally met him. Former friendship was renewed, and Alberger invited him to make his house his home while he remained in the city. The invitation was cheerfully accepted.

In a little while Melville gave his old friend a sketch of his career in life since he left college. He had taken bold steps towards fortune, and, for one so young, had been signally successful. But he was a young man of great shrewdness, sagacity, and untiring energy. He never dreamed, as he said, over any project he had in hand; he never suffered an iron to burn, no matter how many he had in the fire.

Successful as he had been, Alberger felt that his friend had been more successful. Energetic as had been his course in life, his friend had displayed greater energy. This conviction dissatisfied him, in a measure, with himself, destroyed, to some extent, his confidence in his own superior abilities, and gave an

undue importance, in his eyes, to the talents and energy of Melville.

At length the young man became still more communicative in regard to his views and purposes.

"There is a matter," said he, as he sat alone with Alberger, one day, "that I have not before breathed to any one; and I would not mention it to you, now, were it not that I feel a natural desire that you should have some participation in the beneficial result, if you feel at all inclined to join with me in what I am going to do."

Alberger listened eagerly, but in silence. Melville drew from his pocket a small package, and untying it, showed two lumps of metal, one of lead, and one of silver.

"A year ago," said he, "I bought a piece of land in New York, which cost me three thousand dollars. It was in market, and I purchased it on the recommendation of an old man in the neighborhood, who affirmed it as his full belief that it contained a valuable silver deposite. There was an Indian tradition, he said, to this effect, known in his family for half a century. Lead he knew was to be found; and he took me to a spot where it lay only a few feet below the surface. It immediately occurred to me that the silver must be in association with the lead; and putting faith in the tradition, strengthened by this conclusion, I bought the land—a barren and unpromising tract for agricultural purposes—and was thought a fool for so wasting my money. Immediately afterwards I sunk a shaft at

the place where lead had been found, and had not gone very many feet below the surface, when I struck a number of rich veins of silver. Here is some of it. It is very pure, and can be obtained from the lead by smelting, in a proportion almost unheard-of in the history of silver mining. Worked with a proper force, I am confident that the net sum of from ten to twenty thousand dollars may be annually realized."

"Is it possible!" said Alberger, surprised at this statement.

"I am certain of it. I saw enough to satisfy me of this. More might doubtless be done; but I never let my faith in an enterprise run away with me. I am careful in all my estimates, and make them upon the most reliable data. So far in life, I have not made a single mistake."

Then followed a long dissertation on silver mines, accompanied by minute accounts of mining processes and the productiveness of the most celebrated mines in the world. Melville's mine, from all these statements, clearly showed itself to possess a remarkable advantage, and to be rich beyond comparison. Alberger had many pertinent questions to ask, but they were all fully and pertinently answered. The whole subject was at Melville's finger ends, and he had evidently gleaned, with great care, every fact in the least bearing on the question.

"What will it cost to sink a shaft of sufficient depth, and put in operation all the machinery required to work the mine properly?" asked Alberger.

"Twenty thousand dollars, at least."

"So much?"

"Yes. But that is a meager outlay, in comparison with the profits to be derived. The money will come back in the shape of proceeds in one or two years. Now, if you are prepared to join me in the matter, you can invest any sum you please, and make a pro rata draft on the profits. If you invest five thousand dollars, you will have a fourth interest; if ten thousand dollars, a half interest."

"Why do you not retain the whole advantage yourself?" asked Alberger.

"It was fully my intention to do so, until I met you; but ever since I have been in your house, I have felt a strong desire to see you a participant in the benefits to be derived from the operation. Besides, in order to advance twenty thousand dollars myself, I must sell property that is paying a handsome interest, and which I feel reluctant to throw into market."

These, with other reasons for an offer of a share in the silver mine, were given. For days the matter was talked over. The more information Alberger obtained, and the more carefully he weighed the subject, the more inclined was he to accept the offered advantage. In Melville he had the fullest confidence, and he was, besides, touched with the generous conduct of his old friend, in thus admitting him to a share in an enterprise that promised so large a return. His final resolve was to mortgage all the real property he owned, and by that means raise the ten thousand dollars that

were required to give him a half interest in the silver mine.

For two weeks Melville had been domiciled in the house of Alberger. When the young man was first introduced to Mrs. Alberger, she received him, notwithstanding he was announced as an old and highly-esteemed friend, with a degree of reserve, and a want of cordiality, that slightly annoyed her husband. And during the whole time he remained in the house, her manner, though polite, was reserved. When her husband spoke warmly of Melville, she was usually silent, though she manifested no dislike nor opposition. This circumstance did not escape the observation of Alberger.

After an investment in the silver mine was determined upon, Alberger ascertained from whom he could get the required amount of money, and then, being in the legal profession, commenced drawing up a mortgage, as well as a form of contract between himself and Melville. While occupied with these papers one day, his wife happened to come into the room where he sat writing. He paused in what he was doing, when a few words of pleasant conversation ensued. From some cause, the subject turned upon Melville, when, for the first time, the wife expressed a strong repugnance to him.

"That is strange, Alice," said her husband—"very strange! I have known him for years, and know him to be a young man of great excellence of character."

"He may be," returned Mrs. Alberger; "but I can-

not help feeling that he is a man of bad principles."

"Have you seen any thing since he has been in the house to give you this impression? Has he uttered sentiments in your hearing of doubtful morality?"

"No—no," replied Mrs. Alberger quickly; "I have neither seen nor heard any thing of the kind."

"Then why do you suffer your mind to take a prejudice against your husband's old and tried friend?" There was rebuke in the tone with which this was uttered.

"Because I cannot help it," replied the wife. "His presence has, from the first, oppressed me. I cannot bear to come near him. Call it a prejudice, if you will, Herman; but I am well satisfied that it has a deeper foundation. I said that I had neither seen nor heard any thing since he had been with us to make me think so badly of him. To some extent, I will recall this. In the expression of his face, especially in his eye, and in the tones of his voice, I always see and hear something that makes me wish he were away from us. Forgive me, dear husband, for all this! But, I am your wife, and my very love for you gives my heart an intuition of every thing evil that approaches you."

Mr. Alberger listened in deep surprise to words so extraordinary. He could not comprehend this new phenomenon. Alice spoke calmly and earnestly; and it was plain that she put implicit faith in her impressions of Melville's character, although she had none of

the data that he required in order to form an estimate of a man's principles.

Little more was said on either side. When Mrs. Alberger left the room, her husband laid down his pen, and leaning back from the table at which he was sitting, pondered long and earnestly upon what he had just heard. While thus reflecting, he thought of several instances in which his wife's perceptions had been in opposition to his judgment, and in every case the result proved that she had been right.

"Strange!" he said to himself, as he still mused. "What can this mean? Is a woman gifted with certain intuitions? Her leading trait of mind is affection, I know; and does not affection perceive rather than reason? It must be so. How often have I seen her shrink like a sensitive plant when men whom I knew to be corrupt and base have approached her, even though she had no knowledge of their character. I will act wisely," he said, after a long pause, and breathing deeply as he spoke. "I will not turn a deaf ear to the warning thus timely uttered by a loving, virtuous wife."

As he spoke, Alberger gathered up the papers before him, and after crushing them in his hands, flung them into the grate. In a brief space, all that remained of them were a few flaky cinders, eddying above the fire. When he met his friend, he told him that he had concluded not to accept his generous offer of a share in the silver mine. Melville showed not only surprise at this announcement, but more disappointment than

Alberger had expected to see. There was a good deal of questioning, remonstrance, and argument, but the latter was firm.

On the next day, Melville announced his intention of leaving the place on the ensuing morning, and, at the same time, asked for the loan of a thousand dollars until he got home, when he would return it. Alberger had five hundred in bank, which he promptly checked to his order.

On the next morning the young man departed, but not without having left upon the mind of Alberger a feeling that was unpleasant, and to some extent, corroborative of the impression received by his wife.

Months passed, and neither money nor letter came from Melville. Alberger could not but think this strange. At last a newspaper paragraph dispelled all doubt. It read thus:

"A person named Melville was arrested this morning on a charge of obtaining goods under false pretences. This is the same individual who sold shares a few months ago to some of our citizens in a silver mining speculation, and after getting a few thousand dollars in his pockets, backed out of the concern. We learn that the charges now brought against him are grave in their character, and well sustained. He will, in all probability, get his deserts."

Alberger did not show this to his wife. But he made a firm resolve never to take an important step without consulting her, and never to act in any matter where she expressed a disapproval. Still, the whole

matter puzzled him at times, when he reflected upon it, and humbled his pride of intellect. Led by these experiences to observe the operations of his wife's mind more carefully, he could not but remark how quickly she perceived a thing to be true that was really true, and how impossible it was to satisfy her by the most specious reasonings, if the position assumed were not really a just one.

And every man who has a virtuous, loving, true-hearted wife, will find in her perceptions, if he give them the respect they justly deserve, the same corroboration of what is true, and rejection of what is false. Men, as we have before affirmed, think too lightly of the judgment of their wives, and generally silence them, where a difference of opinion occurs, by a demand for reasons. But, if they were wise, they would discover that neither the husband nor the wife can act independently of the other and act safely. They would discover, that it takes the male and female minds to make one perfect rational mind, lucid in its reasonings and clear in its perceptions. When men learn this truth and practise it, they will have fewer mistakes to correct and errors to mourn over, through lack of judgment. This we unhesitatingly affirm.

WHY DO I LOVE HER SO?

BY JAMES NACK.

A WEARY life is mine at best:
Few pleasures mine that others share;
And oft by lonely thoughts oppress'd,
It seems that I might well despair.
Yet when forsakes me every trust,
And every hope is in the dust,
And those I have most kindness shown,
Forget and leave me all alone—
While painful thoughts, a vulture brood,
Devour my heart in solitude—
There comes a bird, 'most bright and blest,
To flutter fondly to my breast:
Then swells my heart in full delight,
And solitude itself is bright!
Life is not all a thing of pain,
Since I have met with *Mary Jane!*

To know that she is at my side—
To hold her fairy hand in mine—
To watch her eyes, that fondly shine,
Her cherub-face, that brightens up
With love's intelligence divine—
With this my soul is satisfied,
And drains a pure refreshing cup
Of calm and quiet happiness!
In sweet content I then repose
From sorrow's pangs and passion's throes,
Without a wish, save not to stir
From one whose very look can bless!
Some wonder what I find in her
My heart so deeply to impress;—
A clever girl they must confess,

But nothing more, for all they see,
Than many others, fair and young,
On whom my careless glance is flung:
Whence cometh then the witchery
That sways me in her sweet control?
They know her not, and none of earth,
Save I, may ever know her worth;
For *we* have spoken soul to soul,
And met in spirit face to face!
When all her mind's celestial grace,
Love, truth, and goodness, shone reveal'd,
In beauty from the world conceal'd.
'Twas in an hour of bitter pain,
When the long agony of years
Was crowded in a moment's space—
When friends seem'd false, and love as vain,
And the wrung heart and burning brain,
Could only find relief in tears—
For I despair'd of earthly good—
She came—I knew not whence or how—
A light and glory round her brow.
Sublimely beautiful she stood;
For all of earth had left her face,
And all of heaven I there might trace.
Her look sustain'd my heart, and cheer'd—
Her words my wounded spirit heal'd—
All that was mortal disappear'd,
And God's own angel stood reveal'd!
Then did we soul with soul combine;
So am I hers, and she is mine,
Forever hers, forever mine!
Forth in the world I see her go,
Like other girls to other eyes,
To mine a star of Paradise,
Unearthly—beautiful—divine!—
No wonder that I love her so!

WEST POINT.

BY F. SAUNDERS.

The scenery of the New World is yet fresh with the lineaments of primeval beauty. Unlike that of Europe, it possesses comparatively but few of the decorations of art, yet is it august and magnificent in its natural resources. Instead of the crumbling vestiges of feudalism, which frown upon the valleys of the Old World, our bold bluffs are decked with richest foliage, and smile upon the green meadows, affording a peaceful shelter to the quiet hamlets that repose beneath their shadow; and happy industry basks in the bright sunshine of universal tranquillity and freedom. America not only may boast of her colossal mountains, her mighty rivers, and her roaring cataracts, but her broad prairies are becoming studded over with cities, towns, and villages—the evidences of national greatness.

The subject selected by our artist is one in which Nature has been most lavishly prodigal of her beauty—the central view from West Point. The river scenery of the Hudson abounds with a succession of variegated attractions, but at no point are they more richly clustered than here. The glorious weaving woodlands, skirting the margin of the waters, and the precipitous mount-

West Point

ain range towering into the blue vault of heaven, form a rocky barrier which completely incloses the river, and gives it the appearance of an inland lake. The enamelled slopes are here fantastically mingled with huge masses of craggy rock in most picturesque beauty; and as if Nature and Art had vied for the mastery, on the bold promontory above, stands the Military Academy, with its romantic-looking chapel of "Holy Innocents." Would that there were no need of such establishments for teaching the art of war, and that the chapel alone might remain to irradiate this charming spot with its hallowed light!

West Point is consecrated ground, it is hallowed by cherished memories of the heroic patriotism of our forefathers. Time was, when the welkin resounded with the clangor of their arms, and the strife was for a nation's freedom. West Point witnessed some of the hottest of the contest, as well as the fearless intrepidity of our gallant chieftain. The rocks then served in part for an impregnable fortress, the clustered trees for ambush, and the smiling heavens for the voice of victory. The destinies of America were suspended at this spot; for, at the time that Lord Cornwallis surrendered at the South, such was the dismay and disaffection of our troops under command of Gen. Washington, that it seemed next to impossible to prosecute the war any further. Great names, that must ever live in our country's story, belong to this battle-ground.

The remains of Fort Putnam are a living memento of the great crisis to which we have referred. Here cluster exciting recollections of Arnold's treachery, and André's hapless fate; of the noble virtues of Kosciusko,

and Lafayette. Near the edge of the river is a retired nook in the cliff, known as Kosciusko's garden, with a monument to his memory. From the plateau of West Point, may be seen a succession of colossal mountains, some ranging nearly 1500 feet in height. On the opposite shore is Cold Spring, with the country-seat of the warrior-bard, George P. Morris; and on the western shore is the "Crow's Nest," immortalized in Drake's exquisite poem of the "Culprit Fay," while yet further north is Butter Hill, the highest of the mountain peaks.

We have said that West Point is a central spot, and so it is; for the eye is greeted on every side by an ever-varying succession of beauties. On either bank, majestic mountains rear their lofty crests; those of Fishkill, Peekskill, Beacon Hill, and St. Antony's Nose; while the blue Cattskill range bound the dim horizon on the north.

> 'Tis sweet to linger here at close of day,
> While shadows lengthen on the mountain side;
> The sunbeams start from peak to peak away,
> And white clouds gleam along the dusky sky.

The christening of the last-named mount is described by Washington Irving in the story of the Dutch governor's first voyage up the Hudson, as follows:

"Just at this moment the illustrious sun, breaking in all his splendor from behind one of the high cliffs of the Highlands, did dart one of his most potent beams full upon the refulgent nose of the sounder of brass, the reflection of which shot straightway down, hissing hot into the water, and killed a mighty sturgeon that was sporting beside the vessel! When this astonishing

miracle came to be made known to Peter Stuyvesant (the governor), he, as may well be supposed, marvelled exceedingly; and as a monument thereof, gave the name of *Antony's Nose* to a stout promontory in the neighborhood, and it has continued to be called Antony's nose ever since."

From here to *Fort Montgomery*, which is now in ruins, on the opposite side, a large boom and chain was extended during the Revolutionary war, which cost about seventy thousand pounds sterling. It was partly destroyed by Gen. Sir Henry Clinton, in October, 1777. Were we privileged to dilate upon such matters, the legendary lore with which poetry and romance have invested these rocky fastnesses, might prove a pleasing theme to the lover of the wild and wonderful.

The Highlands of the Hudson, like the Cattskill range, evince traces of the warlike sons of the forest, when they held undisputed sway. Here have also been discovered traces of extinct animals, of gigantic size, the fossil remains of mammoths, and other monsters. What a new and strange phase in human history would be supplied, had the red men bequeathed to us their chronicles! but they have vanished, and have left us to conjecture, for the most part, the details of their life-story. Had we those records, it is to be feared they would be written in blood; and though they might charm some with their chivalry and heroism, yet it is better that the peaceful silence which now is undisturbed, save by the plashing of the steamer's paddle, or the shrill shriek of the locomotive, should echo from these hills, rather than the fierce war-whoop of the sanguinary savage.

We close our sketch with the following passage from Drake's beautiful poem:

"'Tis the middle watch of a summer's night—
The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;
Naught is seen in the vault on high,
But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky,
And the flood which rolls its milky hue—
A river of light on the welkin blue.
The moon looks down on old Crow Nest,
She mellows the shade on his shaggy breast,
And seems his huge gray form to throw
In a silver cone on the wave below;
His sides are broken by spots of shade,
By the walnut boughs and the cedar made,
And through their clustering branches dark
Glimmers and dies the firefly's spark—
Like starry twinkles that momently break
Through the rifts of the gathering tempest rack.

"The stars are on the moving stream,
And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
A burnished length of wavy beam,
In an eel-like, spiral line below.
The winds are whist, and the owl is still,
The bat in the shelvy rock is hid;
And naught is heard on the lonely hill
But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill
Of the gauze-winged katy-did;
And the plaints of the mourning whip-poor-will,
Who mourns unseen, and ceaseless sings
Ever a note of wail and woe,
Till morning spreads her rosy wings,
And earth and skies in her glances glow.

"'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell:
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;
She has counted them all with click and stroke,
Deep in the heart of the mountain-oak;
And he has awakened the sentry-elve,
Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
To bid him ring the hour of twelve
And call the fays to their revelry."

THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY E. LOUISA MATHER.

WHERE is the Beautiful? Dwells it alone
Amid the gorgeous light of palace halls,
Where sunshine streams o'er many a work of art,
And wealth and luxury shower their boundless gifts?
Or where proud minaret, and dome and tower,
Rich in the moss of ages, beacon-like
Send forth a light to view the misty past?
Or only to be seen in human forms
And bright, sweet human faces? No! oh no!
The earth is rife with beauty, from the star,
That sends its pure and pitying gaze on all,
To the lone glow-worm, with its tiny spark;
From the broad ocean with its billowy roar,
To the small brooklet with its murmur'd hymn.
The poorest cottage claims this glorious dower—
Beauty's most holy presence; for *love* reigns,
The universal beautifier, there.
Old age is there, with reverent hope and trust
Sparkling in eyes that wait for Death's cold seal
Upon their dreamless slumber, and they long
To cast aside the cumbrous clay, and join
The early loved and lost, no more to part.
Childhood is there, with all its wondrous depth
Of love and grace, pure beauty and sweet trust.
See ye the mother bending o'er her child,
Breathing heart music, soothing it to rest,
By many a fond, endearing, murmur'd word;
Pressing it closely to her beating heart,

That throbs with fervent feeling for this gift
Of God, the blessed Father? Surely there
Is pictured forth a scene all beautiful.
And beautiful the fond, confiding glance,
When youth and love at bridal altar meet
And pledge their sacred vows. In after life,
When many a rosy path and many a waste
Have been together travell'd, oh! how sweet
To gaze through memory's leafy vistas back
Upon that treasured hour! Still, love is near
To sanctify and bless, and beauty dwells
In every look and tone, giving a power
To glorify all earth and sea and sky,
And grant an earnest of our heavenly home.
What though in their life-journey storms have come?
What though old age has silver'd o'er their hair?
For in their *souls* reigns an eternal calm,
An ever-during youth of beauty rare.
The Beautiful is with us *in our souls*—
Mirror'd like stars in ocean's pearly depth,
Responding to each murmur of the leaves,
Each passing odorous breeze, each simple flower,
All sights and sounds of nature—the blue sky,
The crystal river with its islands green,
The lofty mountain and the mossy rock,
The hail and snowflake, and the fairy frost.
Yes, earth is rife with beauty, but 'tis marr'd
By sin's dark footprints o'er its fairest fields,
And sadly bend the blue o'erarching skies,
As witnessing man's frailty. Yet, oh yet,
Another clime awaits us, as we pass
From earth's receding shores, and moor our barque
Where flows the waters of life's crystal tide,
Where music's voice is gushing in glad strains,
To which the melody of *this* dim sphere
Seems but a fitful wailing! In that *home*
Reign Friendship, Love, and Truth, and God's "soft hand"
Wipes the last tear from every wanderer's eye.

No *night* is there for sorrow, sickness, pain,
And Death himself is vanquish'd. Beauty reigns
'Mid scenes of joy, and the poor, stricken soul
Finds there the rest so vainly sought for *here*.
Oh! nearer than we think is that blest place:—
And bright, sweet, beauteous ones, who long ago
Laid their young heads beneath the grassy sod,
May still be watching o'er us with fond love;
Breathing a benison of peace and hope
Into our weary hearts, making us strong
To win the battle against sin and doubt,
And hoary-headed error. Oh! how oft
Amid life's dusty paths, when suffering sore,
Comes the full fount of bliss and laves our brows
In its pellucid waters, and we look
Up to the glorious sky and the glad sun,
True type of the bright "Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in his wings"—and then we feel
The spirit of true beauty in our hearts;
And *evil*, through its varied, wide domain,
Working for *good* in God's own blessed time,
Is but a form of beauty and of love.
Pale Sorrow turns to Joy as Faith leads on
Through Death's dark valley, and the glorious walls
Of New Jerusalem burst on the sight,
And the sweet "song of Moses and the Lamb"
Is chanted forth by every tongue and tribe.
Oh, may this vision beautiful lead on
As led the star to Bethlehem's manger'd babe,
Till we too can see Jesus, and can dwell
With prophets, saints, and martyrs, and with God!

THE ODD-FELLOW'S GRAVE.

A SKETCH.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

I WAS called, in the fulfilment of an engagement, to cross the Alleghany mountains, at the close of September, 1847, and taking the route by the way of Baltimore, I left the cars and entered the stage-coach at Cumberland, at the close of a day which with all its brightness, seemed to be just calculated to usher in a cold stormy night. Its office was well performed, and before the stage, with its nine *inside* passengers, and a companion for the driver on the box, had proceeded two miles, the rain descended in torrents, with such an accompaniment of wind as made the trees of the forest through which we were passing, roar to the blast like the shore upon which the Atlantic is breaking its multitudinous waves.

That was a fearful night, and the ladies, strangers to each other, were made more deeply interested in the scene, by the obliging loquacity of one of the inside travellers, who gave minute accounts of divers terrible accidents on the road, of the dashing off of the horses at the brow of a bold mountain, of the toppling of a coach crowded with ten passengers, over a precipice of immense height, and all the short-comings, and over-

reachings of the stage business, in which the driver is not concerned in the profits, nor the proprietors among the passengers.

Some miles east of that lofty ridge, known as Laurel Hill, an accident happened to the coach, which rendered necessary certain repairs, and so the passengers were conducted into a small house by the wayside, where the heat of a *monster* coal fire caused the clothes of insider and outsider to steam up as if the party had been fished out of the torrent that was dashing within a few rods of the door.

"This is not a *hotel*," said one of the passengers, inquiringly.

"Not exactly a hotel," replied the proprietor, looking rather archly round the unplastered walls of the room, "but, situated midway between two pretty distant villages, it serves over wet or over dry passengers as a half-way *house*."

A slight moaning, heard indistinctly through the partition, led one of the company to ask, whether there was sickness in the house.

"A young man from the Mexican army reached this place a few nights since in a state of utter exhaustion; he betook himself to the bed immediately, and will not, I think, come out of it again without the last help."

The landlord stepped into the adjoining room, and mentioned to the sick person the cause of the unusual throng of visiters.

"Perhaps," said the sick man, "some of them may be of those whom I am anxious to meet."

The landlord returned to his company; at the suggestion of my fellow-passengers, I entered the sick-chamber.

"And so, my friend," said I, "you are here on your way home."

"Yes," said he, "a way, that notwithstanding my entire prostration, I am travelling very fast. The end of my journey is near."

"Let us hope better things, my friend," said I, in an encouraging tone.

"I can only hope for better things in another world," said he.

"Are there no relations, no friends whom you desire to see, or whom you would have informed of your present condition?"

"None; not one whom, under present circumstances, I should desire to know of my situation, or to be informed of my death; and yet there are persons, some I presume near this place, whom I would desire to see as soon as possible."

"Can I serve you?"

"Are you a ——— ?" asked the young man.

"No."

He seemed disappointed at my answer.

"Well, sir," said he, "take that sealed package, and then take that sheet of paper, read what I have written with a pencil, fold it, and hand it with the package to some one who will value its contents. Perhaps none will be found this side of Pittsburgh."

The letter was a simple request to some members of

a society to which the writer belonged, to come and witness his death, or at least to assist to bury his body with decency. It further besought them to take the large, sealed packet, open it privately, and ascertain his true name, which would be found on his certificate of membership. As to the large accompanying document, doubly sealed, that was to be opened only when some event, likely soon to occur in the Eastern States, should render it proper to connect the history of his last few years with that of his former life, and under his true name.

Promising to comply with the request of the sufferer, I sat down at the bedside, and found by his conversation, that he was a man of good education and of refined feelings, though probably he had forfeited the affection and protection, perhaps the respect, of his family. Movements in the adjoining room intimated that the stage was again in readiness. Leaning over the bed, I took leave of the soldier, on whose face death seemed to be setting his seal. He shook me feebly, but gratefully, by the hand, and, to my remark that on my return, in about a week, I would look in upon him, he replied—

"You must look into my grave then. Lying on this bed a few mornings since, I was struck with the beauty of the little hillock on the very summit of yonder mountain, (it is invisible now,) and while I lay admiring its elevation in the brilliant light of early day, the sun rose, and all the gathering of night-dews upon the grass became gems that reflected every hue of light.

It seemed to me for a moment, as if incense went up from the elevation, and shadowy forms with outstretched wings were bending over the lovely place; and twice I thought, that, tearful yet smiling, my mother was kneeling hand in hand with Mary—kneeling in affection, now that *he* is going, who made them like strangers. Twice since, I have seen nearly the same blessed objects on that place, though none but me sees aught, save the mountain summit and its dew-spangled grass."

The young man paused, and then resumed.

"Perhaps I am deceived—they say I am; or perhaps the flesh in its decay permits the spirit to look upward with greater freedom and larger discoveries. Perhaps all that I see is but the beginning of what I am to see, and am to be. Well, it will not be long ere I know it all."

I leaned over the bed again, and kissing the cold, sun-stained forehead of the dying man, I rose and left him, enwrapt in the thoughts of those he was leaving, of what he was to meet. Shortly after sunrise, I made inquiry of the keeper of a tavern at which the stage stopped, as to the chance of finding some person connected with the Order to which the sick man alluded. He kindly sent for a neighbor, and in ten minutes I had delivered my letter and bundle, acquainted the person with the exact situation and wishes of the writer, received from him an assurance that he knew what was to be done, and would faithfully do it.

When my mission was finished in the western part of the state of Pennsylvania, I returned by the same

route that I went. And late at night, for a slight consideration, I induced the driver of the coach to stop at the house where I had seen the sick soldier.

"Well, landlord," said I, as I left the small semicircle that had gathered in front of the blazing grate, "how is the sick man, the poor soldier?"

"The soldier!" said the landlord, "ah, he is dead!—Yes, I remember you now; he died the evening after you left him."

"And did none come to see him?" I asked.

"Why yes; squire W—— and two or three others came over from M——, (the village beyond,) just before his death: they were with him until he died. Then they brought a coffin, and two days afterward they carried him to the top of the mountain, and buried him with great apparent respect, and some peculiar ceremonies."

"Well, did they pay you for the soldier's board?"

"Did *they* pay me! the soldier had enough, I suppose, to pay; or if he had not, I hope there is not a tavern-keeper in Pennsylvania who could not afford, and would not allow, a seat at his table for a soldier to eat, or a place in his bed for a soldier to die."

"God bless you," said I; "may you never want the means to gratify so good a feeling; and may your children inherit the blessing that must follow their father's kindness."

"Sir," said the landlord, evidently anxious to avoid further reference to himself, "the people that came over from M—— behaved like men; they did their duty well; and whatever claim the poor soldier may

have had upon their kindness, they discharged that claim as fully as if he had been their brother. They watched his wasting breath, and soothed his death-struggles with a brother's kindness; and they buried the dead with the decency and respect of family affinity."

I went with the landlord into the death-chamber of the young man; it was hushed and still. The bed was spread in decent propriety; the members of the family had not yet ventured to occupy the apartment. Looking from the window, I saw the top of the mountain, and the light of the rising but waning moon was resting softly on the newly sodded grave. It was a lovely sight, and my fancy seemed to call back the images with which the disturbed imagination of the dying soldier peopled the eminence, and in the airy group, the floating mist seemed to collect into a form like his own. I thought I saw him kneeling with upturned face, between the winged forms of his mother and his Mary, blessing from his heart, (and their gratitude sweetening his blessing,) the Order that had watched with affection his dying moments, and closed his sightless eyes, and then buried him in decency, where his spirit seemed to have a delight in lingering.

Just then one of the planets, with which the autumnal heavens are studded, poured out its brilliant beams, and seemed, as it was sinking down behind the mountain, to rest for a moment upon the hallowed spot, and to sanctify, by its heavenly influence,

THE ODD-FELLOW'S GRAVE.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

SUGGESTED BY COLE'S BEAUTIFUL SERIES.

BY CORNELIA M. DOWLING.

In a slight fragile bark stood a beautiful boy,
And his young spirit fluttered in hope and in joy,
And the light zephyrs played with the curls of his hair,
And they kissed his bright forehead, so noble and fair,
And the light shallop danced on the gay billows' crest,
And he gleefully shouted, "'Tis never at rest."

On a dark gloomy sea the same vessel was borne,
But the flowers which had decked it were scattered and gone,
And the youth, now a man of a proud, stately form,
Still guided the bark, 'mid the roar of the storm,
And wildly it tossed, on the raging sea's breast,
And sadly he murmured, "'Tis never at rest."

'Mong breakers and rocks rode that same little bark,
And the heavens above were o'ershadowed and dark,
An old man within, in deep terror and woe,
But a seraph's glad voice murmured softly and low,—
"In that region above, of all regions the best,
Old man of the furrowed brow, soon shalt thou rest."

Once more I beheld it, that vessel so slight,
And 'twas moored in a haven, all shining and bright,
And the voyager gazed, and he bended the knee,
As he thought of his journey o'er life's troubled sea:
Now safely at home, in the land of the blest,
And he smiled as he whispered, "Forever at rest."

CLARA LISTON.

CHAPTER I.

"What a strange being Clara Liston is," said Emma Willis to her cousin, Lucy Cary: "if my father was as rich as Colonel Liston, *I* should not be in the kitchen, making bread, cake, and pies. Will you believe it, Lucy, there she is now, with a broom in her hand, sweeping the piazza. *Do* look! She is actually with her sun-bonnet on, going to work in the garden. Why, I was in there the other day, and inquired for her; and to be sure, on going into the kitchen, I found her washing—yes, washing dresses; and so happy too; singing like a bird—although you know what genteel society she moves in. I wonder if her fashionable friends are acquainted with all her whims and fancies."

"How you run on, Emma," said Lucy; and then, in an earnest tone, she added, "Is labor demeaning? Is not the command, 'Six days shalt thou labor,' binding alike upon all—the rich as well as the poor? And is not labor an invaluable blessing? I do not mean that drudgery, that unceasing toil, which deprives God's creatures of the rich, free blessings of the sunlight, the air, and the musical, reviving harmonies of nature. But I *do* think idleness the curse and the bane of society. Clara Liston is only acting up to her ideas of what is right, noble, and elevating, in the character of an intel-

ligent human being: one whose existence was given for the performance of labor and duty; for the ministrations of benevolence; for imparting comfort in affliction."

"Ah, Lucy, what a sermon! I really wish you were a minister, for I think your talent lies in sermonizing. But yet you have not fully reformed *me*. If *I* were Clara Liston, I would dress, ride, make parties, read all the latest novels, play on the piano, &c. But I am quite sure I would not sweep, wash, put my hands into flour, or make my bed. Lastly, if I were she, I would marry Charles Elton."

"Charles Elton!" exclaimed Lucy; "a brainless fop, devoid of true gentility, and without the guidance of moral principle. Were it not for the high position in society occupied by his father, as regards riches, he would never have aspired so high as Clara's hand."

"Well, we will say no more, Lucy, for we have talked this matter over before, and I am very positive we should never agree, if we should discuss it until we were as old as Methuselah."

Mr. Willis, the father of Emma, occupied a neat and commodious house, nearly opposite the handsome abode of Colonel Liston, and the families were on terms of intimacy, although the characters of the two young ladies, Clara and Emma, were widely dissimilar. Clara, an only child, had been reared under the mild and judicious trainings of an excellent mother—a woman of true heart, of cultivated intellect, of exquisite sensibility, and boundless compassion; while Emma's mother was a weak-minded woman, who was ever looking at those wealthier than themselves with a wishful eye; and who thought that splendid dress and fashionable appearance

were the main things to be desired, to the entire exclusion of Heaven's best gift—intellect. Emma's views, then, were not to be wondered at. Although in the possession of a quiet, pleasant home; although her father had given her many advantages as regarded education; still she envied Clara's position in society, while she wondered at what she termed her follies.

They were residents of a beautiful country-place, that communicated easily with an adjacent city; thus ensuring them all the stillness and beauty of a country life, together with many privileges which are to be found only in the city.

We will now enter Clara's home. It is midsummer. The pure air comes in at the low window, near which she is seated at a writing-desk, while her pen is laid aside to reply to a question of her mother's, who sits near her. As she bends forward, how sweetly the sunlight falls on her soft brown ringlets, giving them a golden tint! How beautiful are her love-beaming eyes, resting so tenderly on the countenance of her mother! Very fair indeed is the idol of that home—the only child; but fairer, purer the gem of which this fairy form and face were but as the casket. Truth and sincerity, high moral and religious principle, sat enthroned in the recesses of her pure and loving spirit. Nor was she wanting in feminine sweetness and sensibility. Every sight and sound of summer—the trembling leaf—the low, thrilling whisper of the breeze—the music of running waters—the bird-carol—the aroma of flowers—made her heart vibrate with tender feeling, bringing tears to her sunny eyes, and wafting her spirit to the heavenly home.

"I *will* tell you, dear mother, what I have so often

wished to tell, but I could not bring my mind before to unveil those dark, sorrowful remembrances of the past. But every thing this afternoon is so radiant with the smile of the Father, and I feel such a deep joy and peace in my breast, that I can unfold to you every emotion of my heart. You will remember when I was away at school, how often I wrote home of my sweet friend Mary Neal. We were inseparable companions; and how I loved *her*—the impersonation of feeling and romance! How gayly we wandered amid the groves, and on the banks of the streamlet, plucking the wild-flowers; and in the innocence of our hearts, believing we were the inhabitants of a second Eden! I wish *you* could have seen her, mother, with her pure lofty brow, her soft spiritual eyes, that ever filled with tears at the least approach of sorrow or unkindness. *I* was but too happy to gaze into them with the most earnest and devoted friendship. But soon I had a rival—one who was as the precious dew and sunshine to the heart of the orphan, for dear Mary was alone in the world. William Alison, a young merchant, saw and admired the beauty of our cherished flower; and it was not long before he transplanted it in his own bower; while I soon after their marriage returned home. You know how often we corresponded, and how pained I was at the involuntary sadness that characterized her last letters to me. I felt a strong desire once more to see her; and you must remember how suddenly I started off, on a visit to this loved friend. The pleasant home to which William Alison had conducted his bride, was now tenanted by strangers; for reverses had overtaken the once prosperous merchant, and they then occupied a small but pleasant tenement. I inquired at the door

for Mrs. Alison, and my voice brought that loving one to my embrace. But, alas! how altered from the joyous but impulsive being I had last greeted. Her eyes were sunken and dimmed, as could be well seen, by weeping; and that graceful form was bowed and attenuated, as if by the weight of years. 'Dear Clara,' she murmured, 'I thank God that you have come, that I can press you to my feeble heart, ere its beatings are stilled by death.' 'Say not so, my Mary!' I eagerly exclaimed: 'I cannot part with you.' Sobs and tears were her only reply, as she laid her head on my bosom, as in other days of trust and romance. When she grew calmer, she led me to the cradle of her sleeping boy—the image of the mother: the same calm, holy brow; the same silky ringlets. At night, when Mr. Alison came home, I remarked that a great change had also taken place in *him*. When I last saw him, he was the ardent, devoted lover; *now*, the cold, stern, unsympathizing husband. He welcomed me, if welcome it could be called, with a bitter smile; and I was thankful when business called him again in the morning, and left me alone with my poor friend. And then she revealed to me her sad tale; told me of the early days of her married life, when she breathed a charmed atmosphere of love and hope; when her husband's voice was ever tenderly kind, when blossoms and music adorned and enlivened her path. And then came absences from home on her husband's part: long evenings, when she watched for that dear, familiar step; and looked—oh! how vainly—for the love-light in his eye when he at last came. How dreary must have been her lone and loving heart, whose wealth had all been poured out at a human shrine, to find the offering

unheeded, unappreciated! Still, she said, William had never been really unkind in deed; he had provided everything pleasant, and even luxurious. But what were all the appliances of wealth to the heart that pined for the sunlight of love and sympathy; that had freely bestowed its all of affection, and longed only for a like return? Then came hours, the saddest of all, when misfortune overtook them, and when she put in active requisition the very small amount of housekeeping knowledge which she possessed. 'It was so sad, dear Clara,' she said, 'after doing my best all day, to meet a frown on that ever-loved countenance; to share none of his confidence; to feel that I was indeed a burden to myself and every one else. Had it not been for dear little Willie, I would have prayed to die *then: now* I must soon leave him, for "the wheel is broken at the cistern." Could my dear aunt have foreseen my many trials by not being acquainted with domestic pursuits, she would certainly have instructed me. My attempts have been nearly all failures; increased, doubtless, by a nervous anxiety to do right, and which itself defeated my efforts. Dear Clara, do not delay acquiring a thorough knowledge of household affairs; for you cannot imagine how much it would have added to my happiness, and perhaps given me back my husband's early love, had I been capable of making his home more comfortable, and his meals better suited to his taste.' I stayed with her a fortnight, helping and cheering her all in my power. Too well do I remember the last evening I ever spent with her: she was more hopeful, more like herself, than I had seen her since my arrival. She was seated in her armchair; and beautiful as an angel's seemed her meek spiritual eyes, while her

almost transparent hands were resignedly crossed on her bosom. There had been a few moments of silence, during which I had been intently gazing upon her, when she suddenly spoke, 'I wish William was here.' I hastened to her side: the brilliancy of her eyes was intensely beautiful; but, alas! the precursor of death. William soon came; and with her weak arms thrown around his neck, as he knelt before her, he sobbed like a child, and entreated her forgiveness of his long neglect and coldness. It was a solemn, yet happy moment: the dying wife blessed her repentant husband, kissed her beautiful child and heart-stricken friend, and then calmly resigned her spirit to 'God who gave it.' Dear mother, I had never before realized fully that beautiful sentiment of Young's, with regard to dying friends: 'For us they languish and for us they die.' From those dying lips came a lesson to the husband. He is now a meek, gentle-hearted, religious man; binding up the wounds of the sorrowing, imparting hope to the mourner. The little Willie is his inseparable companion, for he has never married again. And, mother, *I* have learned a life-lesson from my friend. I have striven to make myself useful in the quiet of domestic life, and also by the couch of the sufferer. Dear Mary! thou wast pleasant to me in *this* life, and in a higher, purer life thou art still my guardian angel."

CHAPTER II.

"Do look, Lucy," said Emma Willis, "if there is not George Atherton going into Col. Liston's! I wonder

what Mr. Elton will think of visits to Miss Clara from *such* a source!"

"Is there any thing remarkable in Mr. Atherton's calling upon the family? He has always been there, more or less, from his boyhood."

"Yes, I know that," said Emma, scornfully. "Very glad has he been, too, to saw wood, or work in the garden, or run of errands for Col. Liston, when he had not a decent coat, and his mother had nothing for him to eat. But I should think he would remember those days."

"Undoubtedly he does, Emma," said Lucy; "and if I judge him aright, he is not ashamed of them. Has he not battled nobly with adversity and want, maintained his widowed mother, and prepared for the ministry? For *my* part, I am proud of his acquaintance; and I presume his old playmate, Clara, does not despise him."

"Nor I either. I do declare I believe she has been learning housekeeping on purpose to preside over his mother's establishment. It would be just like her—she is so queer. What a good minister's wife she will make! Well, I don't much care, if she will transfer Mr. Elton to me; *I* would take him, 'for better or for worse,' as the ceremony says, very quickly."

"You may be taken at your word, Emma," said Lucy, very seriously, "and reap a bitter harvest of repentance. I am confident, Clara has never encouraged his attentions."

"There they are, out in the flower-garden; and if my eyes do not deceive me, Clara is giving George a bouquet. Mr. Elton, too, is just going into the house. Ah! now he has come out on the piazza, and Clara and George

are going towards him. He has shaken Clara's hand heartily; but the tips of his white kids have hardly come in contact with her companion's hand. Now he has left them, and is, I hope, coming over this way."

Mr. Elton did call upon Miss Willis, to her great delight; examined the annuals and magazines upon the centre-table, brought in a few French phrases into his conversation, to show his erudition—for he was evidently blessed with an abundance of what phrenologists term "self-esteem."

"George Atherton, it seems, has returned," observed Emma, carelessly.

"Yes," drawled out the aristocratic Mr. Elton; "but quite as rustic and singular in his manners and appearance as ever. In fact, I believe that he wears the same coat and hat that he did here an age before he left, and they were decidedly unfashionable then. It is *so* strange, Miss Willis, that some people will do all they can, and some ladies in particular, to render themselves unfashionable and uninteresting—those, too, who have abundant means and opportunities to distinguish themselves. Miss Liston, I find," continued he, "is one of those odd beings, who would rather work in the garden, with a huge sun-bonnet on her head, than be the belle of the ball-room."

"Or wash dishes and make bread, than play on the piano, or sing fashionably," chimed in Emma, rather triumphantly. "I have often seen her cooking meat and vegetables for dinner; and, besides, she washes, and does all sorts of drudgery, as if she were a menial."

"You astonish me, Miss Willis, by these disclosures. She surely must be wanting in self-respect to do thus—

to mingle with domestics, and help perform their labors. She cannot, certainly, look high in forming a matrimonial connection, with such low tastes and employments."

Lucy, who had until now sat quietly at her sewing, interrupted their conversation. "Clara Liston *will* look high in a matrimonial connection, if she ever form one, I assure you. She will look for intellect, instead of mere superficial attainments; for strength of mind, instead of the mere fripperies of fashion; for the true nobility which belongs to labor and duty well performed, instead of the miscalled aristocracy which scorns the toil-worn hand and sun-burnt brow; for the heart that is devoted to the cause of religion, and worships its Maker, instead of the heart that only worships self."

"I told you, Lucy, just now, you ought to be a minister, you have such a flow of language," exclaimed Emma, laughingly, for she saw that her visitor was somewhat annoyed at her cousin's remarks.

"I should hope, however, if I were one, to see the fruits of my preaching, more than I ever have previously," said Lucy, calmly, and then left the room.

"My cousin is quite as odd as Clara," exclaimed Emma, pettishly. "She is always prating of the dignity and usefulness of woman—of the true independence of the laboring classes—of the folly and unreasonableness of artificial life, &c., and, for my part, I do not feel at all enlightened after one of her lectures."

"Those topics, I should think, would be handled much better by one of the sterner sex. If there is one being I truly detest, it is the woman who steps out of her own sphere, and mingles in politics, religion, or philosophy. Woman was formed to shine only in the ball-room and

in the drawing-room—to make beautiful music for us—to be as the flowers along our lonely pathway," poetically replied Mr. Elton.

"Very true," observed the delighted Emma; "I *do* truly abhor every thing in the shape of work. *My* time, as you see, is spent among the gems of thought and fancy," pointing to the magazines and annuals, "and my lips and heart are filled with song."

After a few more similar remarks from each, Mr. Elton left; and Emma was in a state of bewilderment at such unexpected attentions, from him who was "the glass of fashion and the mould of form" in their beautiful village. Had not Emma's heart been perfectly steeled by indifference and falsely-fashionable ideas, it would have softened, as she passed through the kitchen, to have seen her mother so busily at work ironing white dresses and laces for herself, while *she* was a *lady*, because she did not work. What mistaken management on that mother's part! To how many labors and trials did it subject her! Lucy, although she was but a visitor, was a ready helper to her aunt, although she rebuked her folly, and endeavored to instil better thoughts into Emma's mind.

CHAPTER III.

It was a balmy, beautiful eve—the dew-drops glistened in the silvery moonlight, like the tear-drops of sorrow made radiant by the divine light of faith and hope. Every bud and flower was hushed to deep repose, and the swaying of the trees and shrubs by the

breeze made a melody to the heart that beat in love to God, and in unison with His beautiful creations. At such an hour, the spirits of the loved and departed seem to take the "vacant chair" beside us, and we gaze into their eyes with undimmed affection, and find the same holy love-light in their own. Visions of the "better land" come to our souls, and give them strength for the conflict of life, until, with its many lights and shades, we leave it for *home.* Even thus felt Clara Liston; she had sat in the clear, calm moonlight, contemplating the likeness of her friend Mary, until she almost felt herself with that dear companion once more. A light step aroused her from her revery, and, in her surprise and pleasure, she exclaimed, "George!" to the young, yet thoughtful-looking man by her side. How the sound of his own name from those lips thrilled his heart-strings —how it carried him back to other days, when poverty encompassed him, and the light of but one star, his mother's love, beamed upon his thorny path! The tears ran from his fine dark eyes, and he murmured, "Clara!"

"Clara," he at length said, after the silence of a few moments, "have you forgotten our childish, sad parting, here on this very spot, ten years ago? Have you forgotten the tears that we both then shed; or is the past, to you, as a sealed book? Say but *once* that the sad boy, whose poverty you made almost joyful by your kind words and beautiful songs, has not, in all these long years, been forgotten."

"He has *not* been forgotten," said Clara, while the light of sincerity beamed from her soft eye, although her voice trembled with emotion; and then she added, in a

gayer tone, "but he *ought* to have been, on account of his long silence."

"Bless you for those dear words," said Mr. Atherton. "And now I will open to you, as I ever did, the pent-up feelings of my heart. You well know my early trials, my poverty, my sadness. *You* knew, too, what others did not, my thirst for knowledge, my aspirations for the companionship of the wise and good—my desire to be useful, honored, and esteemed for my own virtues. How dreadful to me was the thought of parting from my mother, and from you! But I went, and cheerfully served out my time of apprenticeship; studying the long nights, endeavoring to gain that knowledge which to me was more precious than the gold of Ophir. There was a time when my health gave way, and I almost despaired. I was too proud to ask your generous father, who had always been my friend, for assistance, and I had almost resolved to contend no longer with my hard fortune, when a letter was handed me, containing a very large sum, which the donor wished me to appropriate to the obtaining a collegiate education—and then, as if foreseeing my scruples, adding that whenever, in after years, I was able to repay him, he would make himself known for that purpose. Oh, the grateful emotions of that moment! Daily has the benevolent donor been remembered in my prayers, and what a pleasure it would be to express my gratitude to him! I did enter college, and have been prospered in the pursuance of my studies, and in the possession of health. Still I was not happy when I thought of *you*—for I knew the disparity of our stations in life; and I felt that, perhaps, you might not feel the same sympathy for me *then*, that

your gentle heart felt for the sad and solitary boy, who reposed all his sorrowful thoughts in your sympathizing bosom. And so, Clara, I was silent. My mother informed me that you visited her often, and always inquired about me; but she also informed me that, according to report, you were soon to become the bride of Charles Elton. It was this intelligence which brought me from the performance of my parochial duties, for I felt that I must see you once more. And when I *did* see you, the same gentle being as ever to me—when you gave me the bouquet yesterday, reminding me so strongly of those days when we plucked the flowers together, and read their sentiments—I forgot all that I intended to say to you, and gave myself up to the old charm of your society. When I returned to the dear old homestead, where my mother's eye ever diffuses light and beauty, then I began to read your bouquet. There were the violet's meek blue eyes, speaking of faithfulness—the everlasting, speaking of continual remembrance. I sought not to know the meaning of the other flowers. Hope once more played around my heart; and to-night I have come to do my errand of yesterday—that is, to find out if you indeed are the affianced of Charles Elton."

"George," said Clara, earnestly, "you wrong me much by such a thought; *you* ought to have known me better. Whom else could I love but my early playmate, even though he has never asked it of me—even though he has given me never a single token of remembrance! But I have heard of him often, and rejoiced in his perseverance in overcoming all obstacles—rejoiced that his name is spoken with pride by the good and the gifted. *I*, too,

have been lonely and sad in your absence; thinking, with you, that the pleasant records of the past were but a 'sealed book,' which, perchance, we might never again review together."

"And could you consent to leave a home like this, where you are surrounded by all that wealth can procure, and become the wife of a poor minister—one, too, who must practice self-denial and economy to repay his generous, though now unknown benefactor?"

"Where thou goest, I will go," said Clara, tenderly and impressively, in the language of holy writ.

We will leave them to their fond reminiscences of the past, "pleasant, yet mournful to the soul," and step across the street, to the dwelling of Mr. Willis. Emma was attired in a white dress—the same on which her poor mother had bestowed so much pains—and she was making observations in her usual style.

"It is positively two hours since George Atherton went into Col. Liston's, and he has not come out yet; and, what is more provoking, Charles Elton has not called to-night, as he promised. Hark! Lucy, I hear music—it is Clara, playing and singing. Now I hear two voices, without the accompaniment of the piano. Really, Clara and Mr. Atherton do enjoy themselves much: *she* never sang with Mr. Elton."

"For a very good reason, Emma," replied Lucy. "She does not sing 'Dandy Jim,' and 'Old Dan Tucker,' which, I believe, are the chief of Mr. Elton's musical acquirements."

"Oh, there *is* Mr. Elton coming!" exclaimed Emma; and with a complacent glance in the mirror, she arose to receive him. Their conversation was about as

interesting as usual—Emma being delighted, Lucy disgusted, and Mr. Elton himself the very impersonation of self-complacency.

CHAPTER IV.

In a pleasant room, surrounded by the lighter implements of female industry, by choice music and instructive books, amid the bustle of a great city, sat a lady of beautiful, winning, and intellectual appearance, with a sweet little boy playing by her side. We must have seen her elsewhere. Ah! as she bends down in the sunlight to pick up her boy's tiny plaything, how golden become those exquisite brown ringlets—how fond and holy the glance which rests, like a benison, on the fair brow of her child! Yes, it is Clara Atherton, the cherished wife of the talented and popular Rev. George Atherton. Ever and anon she raises her eyes to the door, from her sewing, as if expecting some visitor. And she is not mistaken; her husband enters, followed by a gentleman and lady, who step hastily forward as Clara joyfully exclaims, "Father, mother!" and then she added, gayly, "I am *so* glad you have come to-day, for yesterday a note was handed us, saying that to-day we might have the pleasure of seeing and repaying dear George's benefactor, and *now* you can see him also."

A smile flitted across the calm, benevolent face of Col. Liston, unperceived by any but his wife, as he replied, "I shall be most happy to meet him."

"It is almost three o'clock," said Mr. Atherton, "he will be here soon. How pleased I shall be to see him,

and how grateful I am that the sum is ready for his repayment. You cannot think, dear father," he added, turning to Col. Liston, "how much my beloved Clara has assisted me; nor can you imagine how surprised I was when I saw her engaged in domestic pursuits, for I did not dream that, with all her accomplishments and her intellectual tastes, she was a proficient in housekeeping."

"We have been very happy, dear George," said his wife, "in laboring for the repayment of such a debt: I doubt whether we shall ever be more happy again."

"You would not let *us* pay the debt," said Mrs. Liston.

"We both wished," rejoined Mr. Atherton, "while we had health, to labor for that purpose ourselves, and show our benefactor that the education to which he helped me, was not in vain."

"It is almost four o'clock," said Clara, "and he mentioned three o'clock in the note."

"He is here," said Col. Liston, while something very much like a tear was in his eye: "he came at the appointed time."

"It was *you*, then, dearest father," said Clara, bounding into his arms, while his son-in-law grasped his hand, exclaiming,

"My heart should have told me it was none other than my best friend, my *father;* he who always encouraged the poor, sorrowing, solitary boy; who gave him food and raiment, and the very best of counsel; and, to crown his goodness, gave to his bosom his dearest treasure, his only child. It is in vain—I can never repay you for all this."

"We are amply repaid," said Col. Liston and his wife, moved to tears, "in viewing your happiness and prosperity, your rectitude, your faith, your religious example, your holy love for each other. But, George, you may wish to know *how* I became acquainted with your despondency and ill-health. One morning I was passing by your mother's abode, and I thought I would call upon her. The door was open, and I went in without any ceremony as usual. I heard sobs in an adjoining room, and saw an open letter on the table, which bore the traces of tears. I felt that it was from you, and I took the liberty of reading it, and thereby gained that knowledge which resulted in my sending to you the amount requisite for you to obtain a college education. This had always been my wish, but I knew not how to offer it in a delicate and acceptable manner. I let your mother into the secret, under promise of secrecy; and thus saved her from all uneasiness for the future on your account. And as regards my Clara, she was indeed a treasure; but a treasure I had always designed keeping safe for *you*. I have ever loved you as a son, although *she* knew it not, for I wished to prove both of you. And the sum which you have saved for the payment of your debt, keep it for little George's education. He, I trust, will inherit all your virtues, without being subjected to your trials."

How well George Atherton and his Clara enjoyed this pleasant interview with their parents, can but feebly be described by my unpracticed pen; but certainly it was the triumph of true faith and heavenly principle and abiding love, over poverty and scorn and the opinions of the worldly-wise. They had despised a servile obe-

dience to the fashion of this world, which "passeth away," and thereby were clothed with the glorious garments of celestial love and fadeless hope; and they journeyed on, with a halo around their brows, towards the heavenly home, where poverty and sorrow are unknown; where tears are gently wiped away by the heavenly Father's hand; and where love dwells forever, unshaded by doubt, coldness, or fear.

The lively Emma Willis married Charles Elton, and for a time she was the gayest of the gay. But reverses overtook the Elton family, and Charles himself, who had never soiled his hands by labor, knew not what to do, and therefore plunged into the abyss of dissipation, leaving his wife and child to sadness and despair. Then Emma would gladly have labored with her hands, but was discouraged and cared not to learn. She had returned to her father's house, with her child, and for many weeks she had not heard from her husband, when suddenly she was aroused from her lethargy by the news of her husband's death in a far-off city, where he had been convicted of crime, and had destroyed himself. Then came the cry of sorrow such as she had never before conceived of; and then, when time had somewhat soothed her agonized feelings, she was cheered by the arrival of cousin Lucy, who came with blessed words of balm and encouragement. Bitterly she lamented the inactivity and folly of the past, and she resolved to begin a new career of usefulness and improvement. And when Col. Liston and his wife invited her to go with them and visit Clara, she yielded them a ready assent.

There, in that home of peace and love, of well-timed

industry and order, of intellectual activity and spiritual beauty, Emma Elton became a new creature in aim, desire, and feeling. There was a beauty in her path, which had never before been visible to her worldly eye; and she said with emotion, "Dear Clara, when I ridiculed your whims and fancies, how little I knew of true beauty and happiness—that it is found, not in the halls of fashion and the often envied apparel of her votaries; but in the path of virtue, the pursuits of industry, the love of all God's beautiful creations, the converse of books, and the approvings of a heart at peace with itself and its God!"

LOUISA

THE OLD CHURCH.

BY E. LOUISA MATHER.

THE sunset's hallowed rays steal in,
  And gild with soft, subduing light
That dim old church, where many a sin
  Has vanquished been in Faith's sure fight.

And round the sacred altar shrine,
  A halo, from the sunset cast,
Falls on two forms whose hearts entwine
  With love that will this life outlast.

And solemn vows are echoing now
  Along the ancient aisles so dim,
And truth is beaming from each brow
  As softly flows that vesper hymn.

That bridal vesper hymn so clear,
  Its tones can never, never die!
'Twill thrill the soul 'mid smile and tear,
  And vibrate in the home on high!

Those youthful hearts are beating fast
  With bliss unknown, unfelt before;
Around them seems an Eden vast,
  Of sparkling stream and radiant shore!

In a sweet southern clime of fragrant flowers,
And where the balmy breeze with healing comes,
In sight of ocean's waves so grand and free,
Was laid an invalid. Her lustrous eye,
Sad presage of decay and death, was fixed on him

Who hovered tearfully above her couch,
And on her playful child. A few sad tears,
And then her low, clear voice, in music-tones,
Gushed forth in wondrous harmony and power.

"Oh, take me, take me to my home! my farewell sight should be
That dear Old Church upon the hill, its widely spreading tree:
The orchard, with its wealth of bloom, the blithely singing brook,
The arbor, filled with wild-flowers, in that sweet old forest nook!

Oh, yes! you must remember how we wandered, hand in hand,
How fond, fairy scenes we pictured in this far off, foreign land;
How the glowing hues of *first love* shed a rose-tint o'er each scene,
Gave the skies a softer azure, and the streams a brighter sheen!

That love's unfading rose-tint is with me even now;
It takes away the sadness from my pale and aching brow;
And, dearest, in our home above, where love forever reigns,
We yet shall fondly meet again, and sing undying strains!

Undying strains of endless love, of melody and joy,
Where seraphs and where angels dwell, in full and blest employ.
Then, best-beloved, dry all thy tears, and gaze through vistas clear,
Where Friendship, Truth, and Love abide in their own native sphere!

Yes, take me, take me to my home! my farewell sight *must* be
That dear Old Church, where our true vows were pledged in accents free!
Where the vesper hymn resounding, left its echo in our hearts,
And the sunset softly streaming, left a light which ne'er departs!

Think not I leave you lonely—no, my presence shall be near,
And soothe the bitter anguish overflowing in each tear!
In the cool, refreshing morning, in the calm and shady eve,
In the solemn hours of midnight, spirit-visions will I leave.

They shall gently lure thee upward, on the high and heavenward track,
And no sin, nor fear of danger, shall allure or call thee back;
With the spirit's sword triumphant, thou shalt drive thy foes away,
And when life's short span is ended, we shall meet in endless day!"

The sunset's hallowed rays steal in,
  And gild with soft, subduing light
That dim Old Church, where many a sin
  Has vanquished been in Faith's sure fight.

And round the sacred altar-shrine,
  A halo from the sunset cast,
Falls where the mourners' hands entwine,
  As tearfully they look their last

Upon that young and faded form,
  Whose brow is sealed by peace divine;
Whose spirit, safe from earthly storm,
  In purer realms doth brightly shine.

And floating sad come vesper tones,
  Adown those ancient aisles so dim,
Mingled with sobs and wailing moans:
  How different from the bridal hymn!

And in the churchyard's green retreat,
  Beneath the widely spreading tree,
A resting-place, all calm and meet,
  From careless footsteps ever free,

They lay her gently to her sleep;
  And sunbeams ever nestle there;
Too holy is the place to weep,
  No tones are heard but praise and prayer!

LIFE'S LESSONS.

BY MRS. M. P. HANNA.

ONCE on the sea of ever-shifting life
  An ardent youthful mind by chance was thrown,
Watching with earnest eagerness the strife
  And fate of others, while it read its own;—
Nor read aright; for what fond youth can read,
  In the great future, all so vague and dim,
What time will bring, or stern fate hath decreed—
  The life-experience still in store for him.

Yet pleased and gratified, he launch'd his bark
  In buoyant hope upon that treacherous sea,
And row'd, as others row'd, and steer'd his ark,
  As fancy prompted, or as chance might be.
Now borne still onward by the gushing tide
  Of hopeful enterprise and lofty aim,
He looks in pity on the barks that glide
  Still near their moorings—aimless, dull, and tame.

"They waste their life," the youth indignant cries;
  "They sell their birthright for a paltry mess!
Has Fame no lustre to their sluggish eyes?
  Have they no friends whom honest wealth might bless?
Or are they dead to honor and to pride,
  That thus they pass their useless lives away?—
Or has the selfish world's remorseless stride
  Chill'd their heart-yearnings in life's early day?

"Not so with me!" and earnestly he sped
  On life's great journey, urged by fiery pride;

A goal he sought, for anxious fancy led
  Where earth's best gifts should scarcely be denied.
He toil'd for wealth; he studied how to please;
  He tax'd his energies to win a name;
And Hope still whisper'd, when on adverse seas,
  "The way is boist'rous, but it leads to Fame."

And so it did; yet still the uncertain prize
  Claim'd every faculty of heart and soul;
And Fame grew dim to his expectant eyes,
  Just as he near'd the long hard-sought for goal.
"Is it for this," he cried, "that I have pass'd
  The dewy freshness of life's early morn
In toil and struggle, but to find at last
  The path of Pride is weary and forlorn?

"Are all these dreams but fantasies which curse,
  While they mislead and dupe the sanguine heart?—
Which sell for paltry fame what love should nurse—
  Our home affections—all life's gentler part?
Yet back with murmuring!—while I think of them,
  My gentle loved ones—all so free from care—
Time's troubled waters *I* can bravely stem—
  That softer pathway be *their* tender share."

Had his great soul stoop'd in its arduous flight
  To show the worth of the high gifts he sought,
And to regale itself in the glad light
  Of loving smiles, and interchange of thought,
Then had he felt the bliss of higher aim,
  From him reflected, strengthening many a heart,
And joy'd to think the lesser trump of Fame
  Held but the sweet without the thorny smart.

THE LOST LOVED-ONE.

BY W. D. WADE.

"WHY so pensive, dearest? Can shade of sorrow lurk, unknown to me, within thy faithful breast? It surely may not be that I have deceived myself in thinking that the eye of affection could fathom the translucent depths of thy soul's purity—where never yet has seemed to dwell a tint of sorrow or regret, since our happy union?"

"Nay, Edward, surely not! The time has flown so very, very happily along, I can scarcely credit the enjoyment I have actually experienced; and, to tell the truth, the faint sigh, of which I was scarcely sensible, but which your watchful love detected, sprang from the sudden recollection of your favorite quotation, from the German poet, of feeling and force—'*Ich habe genossen das Irdische Glück! Ich habe gelebt und geliebet!*'

"I felt my heart so swell with pleasurable emotions at the retrospect of our late tour and our present state, as I believe a woman's only is capable. The excess of her joy is indeed silent as it is deep, but it will find vent when accumulated to o'erflowing. I will to my harp; and oh, if I can but transfer delight to *thee*, how happy my *relief!*"

"First, say, is there here no sophistry? no little mental reservation? You have not told me why you sighed

at the quotation, which, as we can so satisfactorily apply to ourselves, would seem no less pleasing than appropriate; for truly, '*we* have enjoyed the highest human happiness, *we* have lived and loved!'"

"Do not probe too deeply the hidden recesses of a weak mortal's thoughts. But yet, perhaps, it is better so, for really I am ashamed of myself."

"Stay, Louisa, love, I cannot think you should have cause for that; but far from me to wish another word, if it will pain you. I only wondered what that sigh meant."

"You will spoil me, Edward, with your infatuate fondness—that you will, I see, if I do not unmask a little, and lower myself to my proper level. I was indeed ungrateful to kind Heaven. Having nothing at which I could possibly repine, I allowed a gloomy foreboding to suggest that, being too happy, I must needs make myself miserable by anticipation; thus, with womanish apprehension, forestalling that which may, possibly, never occur, or which will only be permitted with accompanying grace, and for kindest ends."

"Nobly spoken. A pretty way indeed, though, you take to look less lovely, by proving *that* faith and confidence which alone can fortify against (by enabling to endure) the vicissitudes incident to this present world. Now for your soothing and composing music. The holy strains, of sacred ethereal enjoyment, will restrain the feelings to their proper limits."

Promptly the wife complied, and whilst the spell of music's charm is stealing o'er the senses of the still loving couple, we will inform the reader of the few incidents of the recent past, necessary to an understand-

ing of the position of the parties, whose story is about to be introduced.

Mr. Mandeville, the first speaker, was an artist of considerable talent in his profession, as a landscape-painter, which had begun to bring him profit as well as fame. At the time when he became acquainted with Louisa, (the wife so fondly addressed,) she was the only daughter of a clergyman resident in a sweet romantic part of Devonshire. The young artist was visiting the place, in the course of a professional ramble, to sketch amongst the hamlets, and along the sea-girt cliffs, the wild scenery and soft beauties of the richly cultivated, garden-like country.

The ladies of this favored portion of England, whose ever-changeful climate is proverbial, are habituated to taking a great deal of exercise on horseback, and also very long pedestrian excursions, such as most of the fair daughters of America would shrink from emulating.

Louisa and Edward Mandeville had frequently seen each other during their morning peregrinations; the one being in search of the picturesque or grotesque, the other on her errands of charity, which led her, as distributor of her father's bounty, amongst the rude cabins of the peasantry, and the fishermen's huts, dispersed for miles along the shores of the large parish of which he was the esteemed incumbent.

These meetings, at first accidental, drew the attention of these youthful beings towards each other, and the favorable impression being reciprocal, a desire for an opportunity to become on speaking terms was aroused. This was not long in presenting itself.

One calm summer's evening, the artist was seated

on the edge of a cliff, which overhung a village that nestled, as it were, close in a curve of the shore, protected behind by a high wall of precipitous rocks, at the base of which the placid waves rippled softly, yet melodiously, almost to the doors of these rural dwellings. His portfolio lay open on his knee, the pencil was in his hand, but his fingers traced no sketch; for his eye was enthusiastically sweeping o'er the vast expanse of the treacherous deep, whose present tranquil mood and unruffled surface were in sweet unison with the stillness of the hour and the repose of the landward scene. No animate thing, visible, was in motion. The cows were lazily ruminating on the steep hill-side. The dogs were sleeping before the cottage doors, vigilant, even though in rest. The little urchins had ceased their gambols, and retired to refresh their weary limbs with "balmy sleep," and no sound disturbed the revery of the poet-artist.

After a time, whilst Mr. Mandeville still sate mentally transferring the view, he heard the clattering of a horse's hoofs, and turning around quickly, he saw the beautiful girl (whose blooming rosy cheeks had already caught his fancy) riding, at a rapid rate, along the steep road which, winding around the brow of the cliffs, passed within a few yards of the perilous spot on which he was seated. Inconsiderately he arose, forgetting, in his agreeable surprise, the portfolio before him. The leaves fluttering and rustling, the horse, a gentle but skittish filly, was startled and scared. It reared, wheeled about in affright, and hurried impetuously down the declivity that led to the hamlet beneath. Expecting to see the lady dashed to pieces, though

powerless to avert her doom, young Mandeville, as soon as he could collect his presence of mind, which had deserted him on the sudden emergency, followed to witness the result.

Our hero was not destined, hero-like, to rescue beauty in peril. On arriving below, he found the horse panting and snorting at the door of a small, neat cottage. He was out of breath, agitated, and somewhat ashamed. *His* was the unromantic part of having caused the risk, instead of having perilled life or limb to save his lady-love. Nevertheless, the result of the occurrence was in one respect the same: it created interest, and served to introduce the parties to each other less rigidly, and without the ordinary formality and reserve.

Could the stranger do less than enter the cottage to inquire after the fair equestrian? Certainly not!

No fainting, hysterical damsel did he discover in need of succor or consolation. Her practised skill had controlled the movements of the shy animal, and firmly had she kept her seat on its back during its rapid downward flight. With heightened color and beaming eyes—gratified by her successful horsemanship and exhilarated by the effort—there stood Louisa by the bedside of a feeble old woman, to whom she was offering some little delicacy from the supply which she was in the course of distributing. The picture was so lovely that the artist stood, an instant, in silent admiration, ere he advanced to express his anxiety and excuse his inadvertency.

After the lady's departure, Mr. Mandeville learned many a charming trait (from the old woman) of her consoling visitor, for he had lingered to talk about her.

He had obtained permission to call at the Parsonage, but the charming girl observed, with a smile, "Not to inquire after me, for you need not be under any alarm on my account, and I would not that my kind father should believe I had been in such peril as you have imagined; but strangers are always welcome at the Rectory."

It needs not to tell a tale of courtship, the smooth and pleasing tenor of which was unbroken by cruel friends or adverse fate, and which terminated in a happy bridal, with a perspective of competence and content. This delightful exception to the general rule is left for the reader to supply, and the feeling mind will rejoice that such instances do occasionally occur, in bright relief, amid the checkered course of humanity!

Not till it became desirable to relinquish the desultory life of frequent removal from place to place, and settle themselves for a permanency, could the Mandevilles forego the delightful variety that had made their married life a succession of pleasant excursions. England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, each had been traversed, and not unprofitably to the tourists, who as yet had never been separated. The birth of their first child had occurred in the latter country, and they had remained there for some months, as plenty of scope for the artist's skill rendered the delay not irksome.

London was selected as the theatre of the aspirant's future labors in working out the ideas and plans which he had accumulated. They had been in the metropolis but a few weeks, in their really comfortable new abode, and yet they had found that time long enough to feel

"at home," when the conversation with which we introduced the happy pair took place.

Let the believers in presentiments, or forewarnings, attribute to such the unaccountable sadness of Mrs. Mandeville on that occasion, whilst those who are incredulous about these matters may assign any other reason; but it so happened that the interesting little prattler, the darling of her mother's heart, the sweet Evelina, was, the next day, attacked with measles in the most fatal form; and despite care and expense, neither of which were spared, its little eyes were closed in death, and all its troubles over, before two short weeks had passed away. The mother mourned exceedingly, though she strove to attain a proper submission to the will of Providence. The father more easily reconciled himself to the bereaving stroke. The wife rejoiced that he felt not more acutely, though the mother grieved; and for his sake she repressed the utterance of her deeper sorrow.

Too soon the husband learned the weight of woe that the death of a deeply loved-one brings. She, who, till then unappreciated by him, had realized its agony, was soon to be as deeply and as sincerely mourned, as affectionately wept over by her husband, as had been the little Evelina by her fond mother. The hour that gave to the light of mortal existence a second infant daughter, terminated the life of the beloved Louisa Mandeville.

All unprepared for this terrible blow to his domestic felicity, the artist, the late philosopher, was, for a time, completely stunned. One so young, so highly prized, to be deprived of—for *her* to be consigned to the tomb—it was a hard trial! It was indeed unusually so, for their

companionship had been, beyond an ordinary degree, affectionate, endeared, and intellectual.

As the unceasing wheel of time revolved, Mr. Mandeville sought and found some relief by intense application to his profession. At first, his child, his Louisa, had been viewed with a shudder, as he thought of the price she had cost, and she was seldom brought into his presence. But he had promised his *lost* Louisa to love the motherless babe for her sake, although he had been disappointed in its sex; and when the little creature began to talk and run about, he was surprised to find how she twined around his affections, and how her resemblance to her mother, as it daily increased, endeared her to his widowed heart. By degrees this sole object of love became not only a source of relief, but a pastime, a delightful relaxation from study, and she was almost idolized by her only parent, who concentrated all the tenderness of his affectionate nature on this cherished legacy.

The little Louisa, thus loved, cared for, and indulged, had reached her third year, when, alas for her father and herself, what a change!

Mr. Mandeville's accustomed solitary dinner was over, the dessert was on the table, and this was a happy hour for the child, who was usually permitted to enter at this time, to sit on papa's knee; in fact, this looked-for pleasure was rarely interfered with by company or absence. Why comes not Louisa this time? The bell is rung to summon the nurse. In tears, and trembling, she answers the call.

"Gracious powers! what has happened? Is my child ill?"

"No, worse than that!" sobbed she.

"Worse! Not dead?" stammered the terrified parent. Then turning to the attendant footman, who had just entered, he exclaimed, "For goodness sake, Robert, what has happened?"

"Really, sir, I do not know for certain!"

The confused and compassionate look of the man, and the terror of the nurse, completed the alarm of Mr. Mandeville. For an instant he remained speechless, gazing anxiously, first at one and then at the other, afraid to hear, yet anxious to know the truth. At last the woman took courage to exclaim—"Lost! Lost! My darling is not to be found!"

"*Lost*, careless woman?" said the now fearfully aroused father, and he shook her by the shoulder with no gentle hand. "When? Where? How?"

Confused was the relation of the almost distracted nurse, as she told the brief but heart-rending tale to the wretched listener. All he could make out was, that his beloved Louisa had unaccountably disappeared in the crowd assembled around some mountebank exhibition, whilst the attention of the careless, now contrite, guardian of her motherless charge was absorbed with the amusing performance. Wildly she had sought around for the missing child, but no tidings could she gain; and, in the faint hope that the little one might somehow have reached her home in safety, she had just returned, wearied with her fruitless exertions, terrified at the thought of her master's anger, and sincerely bewailing the loss of the interesting girl, whom she loved as her own.

What words can convey the anguish of the father at

this shocking intelligence? Too powerful for angry feelings, (towards the weeping culprit, whose want of vigilance had caused the sad disaster so distressing to both,) all his soul was full of the overwhelming idea, that his child, his cherished little Louisa, was a miserable wanderer in the vast maze of the huge, heartless city, exposed to all kinds of accidents, dangers, and alarms—or else, still more dreadful the fate foreshadowed, as the possibility of her being *stolen* arose in startling vividness to his parental solicitude.

Dire was the perplexity how to recover *the lost loved-one!* With the utmost dispatch he set about publishing descriptions, and offering rewards for the restoration of the little girl. No expense was spared to advertise, far as well as near; but day after day passed, and no clue to the fate of the missing one cheered his heart, or repaid his incessant exertions and liberal outlay. How eagerly he perused each morning messenger of news, dreading to meet a notice of her untimely end, perhaps of the discovered corpse of that little being, lately so radiant with life, health, and joyousness! yet in agony he was forced to confess that, compared with a life of poverty, degradation, and sin, death might be hailed as a boon and a blessing kindly vouchsafed.

How dismal the suggestion that the thoughtless innocent had been stolen, as she must, in that case, have fallen into the keeping of the vile! To the gold chain, small and delicate as it was, three times wound about her little, fat neck, was suspended a locket of Mrs. Mandeville's hair, encircled with stones of value. For this, perhaps, she had been enticed away: what, alas! might be her future fate and destiny?

The prospect was extremely shocking to the sensitive delicacy of a refined and doting father. His despair was harrowing, for the sudden loss seemed to have increased a hundred-fold the love he bore to his daughter. Indeed, so thankless are we prone to be for the blessings actually in possession, that mercy sometimes ordains their withdrawal by way of salutary correction.

Mr. Mandeville's physician, a kind, worthy man, finding that the agony which his patient endured was too great for long continuance, without greatly impairing his mental and bodily powers, and seeing that he was likely to become a prey to monomania, by concentrating every thought on his misfortune, persuaded him that by travelling about he would have a better chance of meeting with the abductors of his child (if kidnapped) than by remaining in London. The sympathizing doctor hoped the change of air and scene, with constantly reviving hope, might benefit the suffering parent—though he had little expectation that the lost one would be recovered.

Mr. Mandeville, gladly catching at the feeble chance, sold off all that he possessed, and with the whole of his worldly wealth in a disposable shape, set out on his journey, resolved to spend every farthing in the search.

PART II.

Year after year passed on, during which the disconsolate father indefatigably traversed all the parts of his native land which once before he had visited with his dearly-loved wife. But oh, how different now the man! How changed the aspect of every thing—yet the scenes,

the places had remained unaltered, the variation was in the stricken heart of the spectator!

How bleak and desolate seemed the most beautiful spots of the natural scenery, which had been so attractive and so much admired when he was accompanied by the lost partner, who had truly been the joy of his life! The bitter gall of misery tinged his feelings and impaired his taste. Not that he could no longer discern the beautiful, the sublime,—or depict in glowing colors objects the most worthy of a painter's skill or poet's choice. Neither did he murmur and repine with fretful impatience at the sad dispensation which had bereft him of all that was dear to his heart. No! But, though scientifically and exquisitely he wrought on the magic canvas, yet he seemed not to feel the usual satisfaction and triumph of success—he no longer experienced paternal joy in surveying the offspring of his own genius. Having apparently lost enthusiasm, and seeming to work mechanically, nevertheless, his productions bore the marked impress of the purest imagination, and the vivid touch of fervent feeling, whilst the most interesting shade of melancholy characterized them all. So if, as a Christian pilgrim, he strove hard to bear his burden with becoming resignation, still the oppressive weight, at times, would extort a painful groan! Not long, though, does *He* who "*tempers the wind to the shorn lamb*," leave uncared for those who devoutly appeal to Him—and *hope* would come, like an angel of mercy, to the aid of the wanderer, infuse fresh vigor, and renew his strength.

Thus it was with Mr. Mandeville; and it may easily be imagined that the artist was frequently obliged to

have recourse to his profession, when his money was expended, to renew the means of prosecuting his unremitting search. His story became known, and was so touching, that, whenever he resorted to his easel for that purpose, kind-hearted purchasers for his exquisite gems were ever to be found. It was only when his funds were exhausted that he gave up his mind, for a season, to the beautiful creations of art, and then only to be enabled to pursue the dictates of affection. He hoped, by leaving no town, village, or remote nook of the United Kingdom unexplored, he might, peradventure, sooner or later, stumble on the *lost loved-one!* Could he but recover the precious relic of the never-replaced wife of his youth, he might remedy the want of education and refinement. So he alternately toiled on, hoped on, (with occasional lapses of despondency,) and travelled about; which variety of scenes and incidents, most probably, alone saved him from insanity.

What is the gentle removal, by death, of the loved, the idolized, compared to such harrowing suspense and such fearful anticipations as must have agitated the unfortunate Mr. Mandeville?

Four years had rolled on and left their traces—the wrinkled brow, the blanched head, and care-worn cheek—on the bereaved father. Poor and dispirited, he had lately returned to the scene of his heavy affliction, like the hunted hare to its *form*, or the jaded fox to the *cover*, from whence it had been driven by worrying hounds and ruthless men! He had ever associated the recovery of his daughter with the nurse's oft-repeated story of the itinerant mountebanks, and connected them with her loss. Thus every Punch and Judy exhibition,

every strolling party of tumblers and jugglers, drew him as eagerly and attentively as the gaping rustics, or light-fingered sharpers; for, with the patient faith of the persecuted Jew awaiting the coming of the Messiah, he looked forward to the reappearance of his child.

One might think that such indefatigable inquiries and diligent research, if unattended by the least success, would have abated his ardor or extinguished his hopes; but occasionally a fancied resemblance, amongst the many children whom he saw, to the cherished image, or some suspicious circumstance, like a fitful *ignis fatuus*, lured him on to be left in gloom and disappointment, when a fresh glimmer would again renew the ardor of expectation.

At length the weary man became cast down by repeated failures, and the dismal reflection that, unless he should soon find his lost jewel, he might not be able to recognize his own child's altered features—that her manners and disposition might be irretrievably spoiled, or even that the whole moral system might be tainted by the contamination of depravity. Dreadful thought! No wonder, then, that it was with less than ordinary hope that, by habit, he prepared, as usual, to attend the annual fair of St. Bartholomew, held in Smithfield-market, London,—which he made a point of doing, because, at such a time and place, are vagrants of all kinds sure to be congregated. No chance appeared to remain that his Louisa had fallen into the hands of the worthy or good, for so much had he spent in advertising her loss, that any intelligent person must have learned it through that medium, and would have relieved his oppressed heart by her restoration.

To the fair Mr. Mandeville went, listlessly, and, as it were, mechanically, strolling about; not, as of yore, eagerly and hopefully searching everywhere, with the energy of faith in his endeavors. The games, the sights, the various amusements were all in full operation, and the motley concourse of people was at its height. The artist-father had begun to view the scene in its dramatic light, and was considering it as a fitting subject for his pencil; the sad occurrence (seldom long absent from his mind) was for the instant banished from memory, and he was absorbed in the imaginings of his professional genius.

All at once—as he gazed on a group of infantile performers, of various antics and steps, on the tight-rope—a wild gleam shot from his staring eyeballs! A little girl, who had been playing on the tambourine during the previous performances, now laid the simple instrument aside, and, with manifest reluctance, advanced to act her part. As she stepped on the rope, although her face assumed a smile, yet a close observer might remark an involuntary shudder, which shook her slender frame. Such an attentive witness was Mandeville! He noticed, also, the warning finger of the man who superintended the youthful actors, and he was near enough to hear the ominous injunction—"Take care, Rebecca, or it will be worse for you."

The child nodded, gayly replying, "Never fear!" and tripping along the frail support, like a little fairy, she was greeted with shouts of applause. The delicate limbs, the gaudy tinsel dress and bright curling locks, made the sylph-like creature an object of admiration to the rude spectators. But there was something in the

upturned countenance of the little girl that riveted the attention of the agitated parent, who fancied he saw a likeness in it, (as she raised her eyes to the proper point to preserve steadiness and prevent giddiness,) a similitude to the lost Louisa, as she used to gaze up in his face when fondly standing by his knee, to be caressed, in days long gone by. Taught, by sickening experience, to distrust his hopes and feelings, and hardly daring to trust his senses, Mr. Mandeville spoke not, moved not, but his heart beat with unwonted throbs, and he watched every movement of the child, with quickened pulse and quivering nerve.

See! She is about to lose her balance and fall! She extends her tiny hands, and, as the showman catches her in his arms and she begins to weep, Mandeville can bear it no longer! Passing forward, he snatched her from the rude grasp of the task-master, who, not having expected such a movement, was unprepared for resistance. But he instantly demanded, in angry tones,—"What right have you to meddle with the girl? I caught her, and the careless little thing is not hurt!"

"Oh, forgive me! I will do better next time!" sobbed the weeping child, as she clung closely to the neck of the person who, during this brief space, had held her to his heart.

"Come, no nonsense," was the rough reply. "Who wants to hurt you? Go to your mother, and Sarah will take your place. See, the folks are getting impatient." So saying, the man pulled her stoutly, to draw her away.

"Hold!" cried Mr. Mandeville, loudly. "Hold! I believe this to be my child: let me see if it is not my lost Louisa!"

At this exclamation the eager crowd pressed closer to the scene. "Here's a pretty to do!" said the manager of the little troop. "How dare you claim her? What are you about?"

"We shall soon see. If she is my child, she will have a mark, low down on her left shoulder-blade. There should be three moles altogether on it. That will prove the question."

Having said this, Mr. Mandeville proceeded hurriedly and awkwardly, trembling with agitation, to unfasten the child's dress, the people around favoring his examination. Her back and shoulders exposed to view, there was plainly to be seen the cluster of moles as described, which fully identified her as his stolen child—his long-lost darling! But what a spectacle, also, did it reveal! The livid welts, the emaciated frame, showed the severe usage to which the little innocent had been subjected!

"Gracious God! My poor child, how the monster has used you!"

In the madness of the moment, fury got the mastery of the hitherto gentle sufferer, and he sprang savagely on the man, who stood with guilty looks, an object of general execration. "Wretch! Villain!" he cried, or rather, yelled forth—"*You* have done this!" Then, with maniac strength and maniac hate, lifting him up in his arms, he dashed him down on the hard pavement and furiously stamped upon him.

It was but the work of a moment, and the man's skull was fractured. There he lay, apparently dead! The sight of the oppressor of his child unresisting, prostrate, and motionless, quelled the paroxysm of the ex-

cited parent, and the spectators were appalled at the sudden doom of the kidnapper.

The police came forward at this juncture and seized the unhappy Mr. Mandeville, whom, together with his rescued child, they bore off to prison, followed by an immense mob. The wife of the senseless man having appeared, was vociferous in her grief. She claimed the child as her own; but as she was threatening in her language to it, for the poor trembler's share in causing the catastrophe by her careless fall, and fiercely swore at the tender little one as a stupid, lazy girl, who deserved all the marks of chastisement which she bore, she looked so unnatural a mother, that it gave strength to the accusation of Mandeville. Besides, the girl's terror of the brutal woman was so excessive that the officers took her in charge till examination should be made in the case; for, if Mr. Mandeville's story were true, the woman might be an accessory to the fact of the theft of the child.

The testimony of the nurse and others fully substantiated the identity of the Dancing-girl—she was, in very truth, the *lost Louisa!* But as the man died in the course of the night, the wretched father had to stand a trial for murder. How horrible the circumstances attending the discovery which, for many years, had been the chief aim of the wanderer's life!

To cheer his despondency, whilst in his cell, he had been told of the sympathy of the public, and the anxiety evinced, by numbers of females, as to the result of a deed which so many actually applauded; but in vain the attempted consolation. The deluded man entered the prison full of the belief that his vengeance was

just—that in the sight of Heaven he was an innocent man—that it was not in human nature to view the author of his misery, and that of his child, without inflicting summary justice on his person. Whatever might happen to himself, he said, the world would not execrate him as a murderer, or confound *him* with a base assassin, who was but the natural avenger of his stolen and ill-used child.

These erroneous views of his conduct served, for the moment, to appease the conscience and uphold the courage of the prisoner. He asked to be allowed to see his child, his dearly purchased girl, and daily she was brought to him. Then it was that he experienced that which so many are doomed to feel—that we may *obtain* the object which for years we may have sighed, toiled, prayed for, and deemed indispenasble to our happiness, and the *fruition* of our desires may overwhelm us with disappointment, or be the means of plunging us into misery.

To the case in point. The long-lost loved-one was restored to the persevering pilgrim. Yet what a change in her looks, thoughts, words, and actions! To a certain extent, the father was prepared for this. He knew it was not likely to be otherwise. But he did not expect to find his child turn from him with dislike. "You killed Papa!" she said, and tears filled her eyes.

This surprised the father, who, on her account, had done the fatal deed, and who, for her sake, had endured so much loss, fatigue, and misery. "And are you sorry that the man is dead, who stole you from your happy home, and beat you so cruelly, Louisa?"

"No," she replied, "it was not he. It was mother

who used to beat me when I could not dance without falling off the rope. Papa loved me, and would give me cakes, and kiss me afterwards, when *she* did not see him."

Here was a new view of the case, and by no means an agreeable one to the prisoner. Had he then killed, in his blind rage, one who had been kind to his forlorn babe? Almost hoping the reverse, he asked Louisa why the man did not prevent his wife from ill-using her?

"Oh, he dared not," was the child's reply; "she would strike him too, and beat us worse, whenever he tried to save us."

"Did she beat the rest of the children, also?"

"Yes; always when they did not please the people much by their tumbling and dancing, and whenever we did not get money enough. Oh, she is a bad woman; I only wish you had killed her dead!"

This was said by the girl with the unmistakable earnestness and intensity of bitter hatred. Young as she was, her breast was filled with the angry passions engendered by harsh treatment and evil association. Her father shuddered as he witnessed those youthful features distorted by ferocious hate, and listened to the coarse and shocking oaths in which she vented her complaints against the tyrant of her life.

The little girl had been made to comprehend that she was free from the power of the cruel woman whom she had called mother, or else she would have had cunning or sense enough to have held her tongue. But as her new father was sad and in prison, she was not so glad as might have been expected from the change; for

poverty was associated with the idea of a jail, and her sad experience had taught her to look upon want of money as the greatest evil to be dreaded. Besides, gratitude had endeared the dead mountebank to her seared heart, which, unconsciously, retained the impress of the kindness of her infant home, and made it warm towards the only being from whom she had, since her abduction, received any marks of affection.

It was, indeed, a sad task! but the miserable man rested not till he had learnt all he could from the child (and others) of her past life and sufferings. The result fully confirmed the unpleasant fact, that the man he had sacrificed in his fit of temporary madness, though guilty of connivance in his wife's kidnapping and dishonest detention, as well as the ill-usage of poor Louisa, and doubtless of many other illegal acts in her case, had shown as much mercy as was compatible with his mercenary and cowardly nature, and had softened the hard fate, and won the love of the stolen one!

Alas! for the sorrowing father, this dreadful discovery was needed to bring home to his bosom a full and abiding conviction, in the spirit of the passage: "*Vengeance is mine—I will repay.*"

The act for which Mr. Mandeville was indicted was committed in the presence of so many witnesses, that it would have been useless to deny the fatal deed, had he been desirous of so doing. All that could be hoped, in his favor, was to convince the jury that the provocation was so great as to induce an extraordinary, sudden, unpremeditated impulse, devoid of malice aforethought—which alone could make it justifiable homicide.

A fresh source of alarm was suggested. If he should

be found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to years of confinement, what was to become of Louisa during that time? He could not repair the injury done to her moral and mental perceptions by his instructions and parental watchfulness, neither had he any money wherewith to support and educate her. What, then, would be the fate of the poor bereaved creature?

It is not to be believed that Mr. Mandeville kept these fears to himself, or that his peculiarly distressing situation did not bring kind individuals to see him. They reminded him of the generous institutions to be found in the metropolis, and assured him that she would be provided for. But this did not tranquillize his mind. How irksome would the wholesome restraint be, to his, lately, vagrant child! How different the mode adopted to reclaim and ameliorate, by severe strangers, to that prompted by the tenderness of a parent, mourning over the victim of the vile and cruel! Bitterly, now, the unhappy man regretted having taken the law into his own hands! Could he but have mastered his passion and abstained from violence, the miscreant pair would have been punished, whilst he would have been guiltless of blood, and in a position to enjoy the restoration of his daughter, and mould her still flexible mind to refinement and virtue—himself unshackled and unstained.

Before the trial came on, Louisa had learned to love her only parent, and had heard and understood the story of her infant days of happiness in his home. She had wept over his pathetic narration of his hopes and fears, whilst searching, for years, after her own self, and had listened, with breathless interest and confused ideas,

to the glowing picture of her real mother; the (to her) incomprehensible description of a kind, accomplished, and virtuous lady, portrayed in polished terms, and with the force of deepest feeling. To one who had no previous conception that such beings existed, and but the faintest idea of the attributes embodied in such a nature—what a flood of light was here presented!

The desired impression was made! The hardness of heart was melting away, her little soul seemed to expand, and new light and life to spring up within her.

The time of trial came. The bearing of the prisoner was different from that which might have been expected, from the perpetrator of the dreadful deed, by those who knew not his previous character, and his remarkably mild and gentle nature. No exultation, at having recovered the long-sought object of his love, lighted up his heart with gladsome fire! No self-satisfaction that he had avenged his child and relieved the earth of a monster of cruelty! Deep sadness pervaded his sunken features! Was it fear of the consequences of his violence? Remorse or disappointment? He felt he had done a grievous wrong, and he was also ashamed that he dare not say any thing that would have a tendency to lessen the execration in which his victim was generally held by the public for his supposed cruelty. His desire to escape the probable penalty of his guilt was prompted more for his beloved Louisa's sake than his own.

Nothing to weaken the favorable impression towards the prisoner came out before the court. The suddenness of the whole occurrence, the excitement to temporary madness, were deemed, by the jury, sufficient

grounds for acquittal. He was pronounced *not guilty*—and, amidst the deafening applause of the mob outside, at this unusual verdict, he was set free!

A contribution was made for the child's benefit, and pressed on the grateful and contrite father, who, wishing as soon as possible to escape notoriety, had resolved to remove to another country, where their painful history would be unknown, and where he hoped to follow up the judicious training of the daughter, whom he trusted would yet become an ornament to society, imbued with those religious principles which his misfortunes had taught him, more than ever, to prize.

Mr. Mandeville and Louisa disappeared without leaving a trace behind, except in the hands of an old friend. That America was the chosen land of refuge was readily surmised, as *there* may the stricken and sorrowing stranger find solitude and peace, repose and oblivion. Another reason existed to induce the removal to a different hemisphere—to avoid the vengeance of the virago-widow of the man whom he had unpremeditatedly killed. This woman had sworn revenge, alike on him and his child. She had been acquitted on the charge of kidnapping, because her story of having found the child in the streets, and that she never knew to whom it belonged, could not be disproved, though it was not credited. But her imprisonment broke up the troop of youthful performers, who were disposed of amongst the charitable institutions devoted to such objects, and she was thrown on the world with worse feelings and dispositions than ever. Threats from such a person, therefore, were not to be despised. There was no telling of what plot she might not be capable, and too much had already been

endured, through her agency, for the Mandevilles not to be desirous to keep out of her path.

The knowledge of the comparative innocence of the man who had been slain added greatly to the poignancy of Mr. Madeville's feelings, and he reproached himself for having withheld the truth—as the moral effect of divulging it would be, to show the great injustice and crime incident to interference with the law-appointed mode of redress for private wrongs. It weighed greatly on his mind, to know that his escape with impunity might lead others to think lightly of taking summary vengeance into their own hands—even to the shedding of innocent blood.

Calmed and purified by past painful experience, and taught to seek wisdom and strength from on High, as well as pardon for human infirmities and sins, may not a placid present and a glorious futurity be imagined as the lot of the aged pilgrim and the precious charge confided to his guardianship—*the lost loved-one?* And oh, if *his* were to be the chosen instrumentality that should lead to a reunion of father, mother, and daughter, in the everlasting realms of bliss—how happy he! How sweet, to him, the uses of adversity!

STANZAS.—TO THE ORDER.

BY MARIE ROSEAU.

Be strong—strong in your spirit's inward might:
  Ye need all strength to meet the storms of life.
  The brave alone may conquer in its strife;
Then gird you for the still unending fight.

Yours is a holy warfare:—ye contend
  For truth and faith, and heaven's own virtue, love;
  And myriad hosts against your phalanx move;
Then stand ye firmly, boldly, to the end.

And ye may conquer: ye are in the right,
  And noble hopes are yours—such hopes as yield
  A holy strength—the sword of faith to wield,
And robe your spirits with undaunted might.

Go on, relieving sorrow and distress;
  Raise up the fallen, and support the weak;
  To hopeless mourners, in soft language, speak
The gentle words of soothing tenderness.

Be true: true to your sacred, holy vow;
  True to yourselves, your brethren, and to God:
  Walk ever firmly on in duty's road,
Nor e'er to falsehood let your spirits bow.

Love bringeth its own blessing: shall I bid you *love*?
  Bid you to seek your own best happiness—
  For that which only may your spirits bless—
The choicest gift descending from above?

Ye need no new command to teach you this:
  'Tis stamped upon your soul, and inward taught:
  Give you but heed to this one holy thought,
The sum of earthly, and of heavenly bliss.

Without it, earth were but a dreary spot,
  And life a scene of weariness and gloom;
  And there is naught of joyousness and bloom,
That from this best of blessings springeth not.

It is His love that decketh trees and flowers
  With the bright colors of the light of day,
  And maketh shade and darkness pass away—
Which giveth gentle dews, and welcome showers.

So may ye in an humbler way below
  Act out this principle, and cheerless days
  Make glad with genial warmth, and bright'ning rays,
And by your *love* dispel the shades of wo.

Be strong in love—nor let its sacred name,
  Assumed by guile, e'er tempt you to do wrong;
  But ever in your hearts, with purpose strong,
Let love in purity your homage claim.

THE COVENANT.

BY B. J. LOSSING.

"AND God said, This is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you, and every living creature that is with you, for perpetual generations: I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. And I will remember my covenant which is between me and you, and every living creature of all flesh; and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh. And the bow shall be in the cloud; and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth."—*Genesis* ix. 12–16.

How overwhelming is the thought, how suggestive of gratitude is the conviction, that the "High and Holy One who inhabiteth eternity," whose will is supreme law—whose attributes are infinite in all their perfections—hath so much exalted man as to make a covenant with him! The covenant with the new earth was not even a reciprocal covenant, but free and unconditional—a solemn pledge to man and every living creature, without even demanding obedience and reverence in return for the boon. Nor was the pledge to man alone, but to "all flesh." It encircled the earth—the punished, regenerated earth, with all the inmates of the ark and their myriad posterities.

Man is forgetful. His reason is treacherous. He is fearful, suspicious, and distrustful. He is naturally prone to dread evil, and to forget good. The covenant was therefore *sealed*—a glorious *token* was instituted.

"'Twas the bow of Omnipotence bent in His hand,
Whose grasp, at creation, the universe spanned;
'Twas the presence of God, in a symbol sublime;
His vow from the flood to the exit of time.

"Not dreadful as when in the whirlwind he pleads;
When storms are his chariots, and lightnings his steeds;
The black cloud his banner of vengeance, unfurled;
And thunder, his voice to a guilt-stricken world;—

"In the breath of his presence when thousands expire,
And seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire,
And the sword and the plague-spot strew with thousands the plain,
And vultures and wolves are the graves of the slain.

"Not such was the rainbow, that beautiful one!
Whose arch was refraction—whose keystone the sun;
A pavilion it seemed, which the Deity graced;
And JUSTICE and MERCY met there and embraced."

How glorious must have appeared that radiant harbinger of brighter skies! For months, dark clouds and mists had hovered over the vast ocean that submerged the earth, and not a ray of blessed sunlight had cheered the lonely voyagers upon that shoreless sea. And even yet, when the ark rested upon Ararat, and the dove had gone forth and returned not, and "the Lord smelled a sweet savor" arising from the burning altar erected by pious Noah upon that lofty hill, dark clouds hung like the thick curtains of a pavilion around the throne of day, and shut out from earth the placid smile of the moon and the cheering sparkle of the stars. As yet, *all hope was below.* But when the Almighty saw the righteous beginning of the new population, and heard the voice of belief uttering the songs of thanksgiving and praise amid the wreck of lust and infidelity, he withdrew the veil that covered his glory, and revealed the face of his bright Embassador and life-giving Agent.

Instantly, upon the dark scroll of the retiring judgment-tempest, his covenant was written in living light with the pencil of compassion: his token was inscribed by the stilum of Divine love.

How vast the extent, how delicate the texture, of that shadowy arch! Elegant its form, and rich its tinctures; but more delightful its sacred significancy. While the violet and the rose blush in its beautiful aspect, the olive-branch smiles in its gracious import. It writes, in radiant dies, what angels sang in harmonious strains, "Peace on earth, and good-will to men."

In all the vast creation, where the harmony of adaptation charms while it astonishes, nothing is so appropriate as a token of reconciliation and mercy, as the rainbow, appearing as it does only after a storm, or when the rain is falling gently. A reconciliation never precedes wrath, and discord, and broken FRIENDSHIP—when "the fountains of the great deep" of LOVE are "broken up," and the sunlight of TRUTH is shrouded in the dark clouds of tempestuous passions—but only when the exciting causes of disturbance are passed away. So the rainbow—it never appears before a storm, nor yet in the midst of a storm, but shines out upon the cloud when it has passed by in its wrath. The darker the cloud, the brighter the bow; deeper the trouble and dismay, greater appears the mercy that delivers; as threatening afflictions abound with the Christian, "consolations much more abound."

The rainbow appears only when one part of the heavens is unclouded; and this is a beautiful token that "He who rideth upon the whirlwind, and sitteth upon

the storm," remembereth mercy even in the presence of wrath. Light, life, and beauty, are revealed, even while the cloud that cast down the destructive hail, or sent forth bellowing thunder, is yet in view; and MERCY smiles upon the transgressor, even while the voice of JUSTICE threatens and alarms.

The rainbow is a reflection of the sunlight from the myriad rain-drops that descend to earth; and let but the slightest cloud pass between the source of light and the objects which reflect it, and the bright vision vanishes. How beautifully this images the dependence of man upon his Maker for every gift, and the character of a true Christian walk in life! All that we have is poured out in the plenitude of God's mercy; and all the excellence which we may exhibit—talent, virtue, love, faith, and adoration—are but reflections of the Divine image, the Sun of Righteousness, who in revelation is described with a "rainbow about his throne" and a "rainbow about his head," denoting his majesty and mediatorship.

In the mythologies of the ancient world, which reveal glimpses of the civilization of a pre-historic age, the rainbow is personified, and called Iris, the daughter of Thaumus and Electra—Wonder and Brightness. She was represented as a messenger from the gods to men; and was always regarded by the Greeks and Romans as a merciful sign to mortals. Homer, in his Iliad, says,

> "Jove's wondrous bow of three celestial dies,
> Placed as a sign to man amid the skies."

He also alludes to the rainbow "which Saturn (father of Time) placed in the cloud, as a *sign to short*

sighted mortals." The ancient Peruvians regarded it with reverence, not only as a token of good, but because it proceeded from the sun, their supreme object of worship. For this cause, the incas or ancient kings of Peru took it for their heraldic device, and called it the *sign of royal mercy*—a "token of a covenant" displayed by the sovereign, that he will exercise mercy toward his subjects.

The rainbow is a beautiful symbol of peace, and in this character it bears a near relation to its office as a token of a covenant, for that covenant was emphatically one of peace and reconciliation between a righteous sovereign and his rebellious subjects. The common bow is a symbol of war, and its rundle is always toward the object to be shot at. The rundle of the rainbow is turned from the earth, showing that it aims no destructive weapon toward man. A bow unbent, and without a string, is a symbol of peace and friendship. The rainbow has no string, denoting that its owner does not intend to destroy. It never appears but just after a gentle rain, which always bestows blessings, and never disappointment. Therefore, regard it as we may, we see in the daughter of Wonder and Brightness nothing but a beautiful token and symbol of Divine Goodness; and, like the Jews, whenever we look upon it we ought to bless God, who "remembers his covenant and is faithful to his promises."

Our Order, significant in all its rites, and righteous in all its precepts, points back to God's covenant with Noah, the great high-priest of a new population, as a solid foundation for the faith of its members in the

promises of Divine LOVE, and its ever-sacred pledges of FRIENDSHIP to those who practise its teachings in spirit and in TRUTH. Ever alive to the inspiration of the beautiful and good, our Order has the rainbow about its throne, and its colors beautify and adorn its temples and the worshippers. Its radiant hues encircle the bed of the *sick*, shed light and beauty within the dwellings of the *distressed*, tinge the bright wing of Hope that hovers over the sleeping-place of the *dead*, awaken joy and gladness in the household of the *widow*, and illumines the pathway of the *orphan*. It is the beautiful arch of our Order, whose key-stone is the SUN OF BLESSEDNESS.

When memory goes back to the halcyon days, and gathers up sweet recollections of childhood and early youth, is not the remembrance of the beautiful rainbow always among them? And who can not, with AMELIA, call up a reminiscence like this?—

"I sometimes have thought, in my loneliest hours,
That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers,
Of a ramble I took, one bright afternoon,
When my heart was as light as a blossom in June;
The green earth was moist with the late fallen showers,
The breeze fluttered down and blew open the flowers,
While a single white cloud, in its haven of rest,
On the white wing of Peace floated off in the west.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze,
That scattered the rain-drops and dimpled the seas,
Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled
Its soft-tinted pinions of purple and gold.
'Twas born in an instant, yet, quick as its birth,
It had stretched to the uttermost ends of the earth,
And, fair as an angel, it floated all free,
With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea."

Such a reminiscence comes winged with joy, and sheds over the soul the sparkling sunbeams of purity and love that glow so brightly upon the landscape of childhood, where all is PROMISE. Nor will the light fade from the vision, when it is turned toward the valley of the shadow of death, if faith shall keep it fixed upon the token of the covenant, for its beautiful arch bridges over the chasm, and like the angel's ladder, in Jacob's dream, it reaches from earth to heaven.

> "Then oh, when Death's shadows my bosom encloud,
> When I shrink from the thought of the coffin and shroud,
> May hope, like the rainbow, my spirit enfold
> In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold."

TOO TRUE.

THE most gentle authority will sometimes frown without reason, and the most cheerful submission will sometimes murmur without cause; and such is the law of our imperfect nature, that we must either command or obey.—GIBBON.

WOMAN, MAN'S BEST FRIEND!

BY CHARLOTTE M. CLARKE.

Written Aug. 8, 1817.

"Without woman, our infancy would be without succor, our youth without pleasure, and our age without consolation."

In Infancy, from woman's breast,
  We draw the food by nature given;
She lulls our childish pangs to rest,
  And cheers us as a beam from Heaven.

When woman smiles—she has the power
  To heal our griefs, and calm our fears;
Should sickness wound, should fortune lower,
  She shares our sorrows, dries our tears.

And she can sooth the cares of age,
  As rolls time's furrowing course along;
Can cheer us with the classic page,
  Or lull us with the magic song.

When stretched upon the bed of death,
  Departing nature struggling lies;
At that dread pause when the next breath
  May waft our spirit to the skies—

When the soul views the narrow verge,
  Close on the confines of the grave;—
And now it longs its flight to urge,
  Now wishes for an arm to save;—

Who cheers that dreary scene of wo?
  Who speaks of peace, and joy, and love?

Who wipes the tear-drops as they flow?—
  'T is woman—sent from Heaven above!

'T is she receives our parting sigh—
  'T is she who hears our latest breath—
'T is she who seals the closing eye,
  And whispers peace and hope in death.

And when the mournful scene is past,
  'T is woman weeps upon our bier;—
Silent—yet long her sorrows last,—
  Unseen she sheds affection's tear!

On earth she is the truest friend
  That is to man in mercy given;
And when this fleeting life shall end,
  She'll live for purer joys in heaven.

O woman, woman! thou art made,
  Like Heaven's own pure and lovely light,
A sun to cheer life's desert shade,
  And gild the gloom of sorrow's night.

MAN, KNOW THYSELF.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

BY BROTHER EDWARD.

Mrs. Dillon, the amiable wife of the renowned counsellor Dillon of our town, was indeed a woman of very superior mind, and strong thinking powers, and she had displayed, during fifteen years of married life, considerable tact and judgment in the management and education of her family, which consisted of two sons and three daughters. Her husband was engaged in an extensive law practice, which often occupied his close attention from morning's earliest dawn until midnight, compelling him to leave nearly the whole of the training and education of their beloved children to his well-qualified wife. It was indeed fortunate for him and the children that Mrs. Dillon was equal to the task; therefore, almost imperceptibly to the father, their sons' minds and habits had become moulded according to the bias and impression the mother had given them. Indeed, the father had found quite an agreeable and sensible companion in Charles (now about fourteen years of age), notwithstanding he would at times express some little dissatisfaction with a bluntness and impetuosity of disposition which he occasionally discovered in his son, and which

he had taken occasion more than once to hint to the mother. It would have been better had these rough edges been smoothed away at an earlier period. On receiving one of these gentle reproofs, the half-nettled mother replied: "Why, my dear Mr. Dillon, it has been a heavy task to me to bring up our sons as well as our daughters, and you know how your profession has made a slave of you, so that you could not attend to them yourself, for could you have had sufficient leisure to attend to this important subject, I am sure the dear boys would have been greatly benefited by your experience and advice. But let us hope it is not even now too late for you to impress their yet young minds with many salutary lessons that may be of lasting benefit through life to them. If I have not done as well as I might have done, yet I deserve some credit even for what I have done; for had they been left to yourself, perhaps there would have been more room for regret than even as it is.

"Well, Mrs. Dillon," answered the husband, "I must say I think you are quite complimentary. I am certain I have desired as earnestly as ever you did, that our sons should be all in heart and mind that fond parents could wish for."

"Truly, my husband, you have full credit for all your good wishes and desires for our dear children's interest and welfare; but you know well that something more than good desires and intentions is necessary to the implanting in the minds of youth those principles that are calculated to guide them through the world with happiness and credit to themselves."

The husband felt the force of her remarks. Changing her vein, she continued: "For the first year or two after our marriage, I thought you exhibited a few rough edges that needed smoothing off at once; but whether you have improved, or that I now look upon those defects as embellishments, I know not. One thing is certain, every succeeding year I find less to censure and more to appreciate and love, so that fleeting time brings no regrets on this score."

"Pray don't," exclaimed Mr. Dillon, "you are becoming altogether too eloquent, as well as so ingeniously defeating my determination to find fault."

"Mr. Dillon, pardon me," said the wife; "I trust you will bear a little longer with my discourse. Permit me to assure you, that for the last five years your disposition has greatly improved; the bluntness and impetuosity you complain of in our dear Charles's disposition, have in your own almost disappeared, and I have made it my daily study to mould his mind and conduct as closely after the pattern of his father's as I was capable of doing. If faint resemblances of your likeness are not approved by you, how will the perfect portrait, well traced in every lineament, be appreciated?"

"My dear Mrs. Dillon," said the father, "I think you had better say no more on the subject, for I perceive the drift of your argument. It is neither more nor less than that I am to understand that every defect I discover in son Charles, is but a faint picture of the original in the possession of the father."

"Well, Mr. Dillon," replied the wife, "I think it is very strange that our beloved Charles and Edmund are

alone the subjects of your reproof, for our daughters never seem to displease you, though I am sure I have bestowed double the time, care, and anxiety, upon our sons that I have upon our daughters. I acknowledge this is quite discouraging."

"Well! well! Mrs. Dillon, I am more and more convinced that yours is the only influence felt in our family; and having arrived at the acme of your desires, I hope at *least* you are content."

"If it is a good influence, I *am* content," said Mrs. Dillon. "But why, my dear Mr. Dillon, these unkind remarks? You have often, to my own knowledge, influenced a whole court-room; yes, and the jury also. I may go farther still, and say that you have even influenced the judge himself; and your many grateful clients have often felt the vast advantage of your influence; and will you not allow your Katherine to use *hers* in the little sphere you have done her the honor to appoint her to? Who watches youth with so much anxious solicitude as the faithful and fond mother? From the moment she first becomes a parent, she is unceasingly the object of this deep-felt anxiety and care. Her nature and conscience demand it; and her reward is her husband's approbation and love in return, and her children's permanent advantage and happiness; and miserable indeed must be that family where this influence is not faithfully exercised and as deeply felt. One thing I feel assured, Mr. Dillon, you must award to me, I have always endeavored to impress our dear children's minds with entire respect and esteem toward their honored father and his opinions on all subjects; and permit me,

my dear Henry, to ask you whether I have been successful?"

"Entirely so, my beloved Katherine. You have been all I could have desired as my children's mother, and my beloved wife; and if I have hurt your feelings by uttering hasty words, I freely acknowledge my error and regret; and to tell you the truth, I have no occasion to find fault with our dear daughters. There appears to me so much of yourself imbodied in them, that I find no occasion for reproof or complaint."

"Why, my dear Henry, I hope you are not flattering me?"

"Do I accustom myself to such mean practices, my Katherine?"

"No, never, my dear Henry, and I most frankly forgive any unkind word that you may have uttered. There! there!! my kind and good-hearted husband; let us in future learn to appreciate each other's motives aright, and to correct our faults, when presented in another's mirror."

THE FIRST READING OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

BY C. EDWARDS LESTER.

On a green hill in the western part of the old city of Rome—overlooking the scene where the greatest of all the empires of antiquity rose, flourished, and went to decay—still stands the solemn convent of San Onofrio, occupied by the hermits of Saint Jerome, and rendered immortal by the death and tomb of Tasso.

Poor Tasso! His life had been filled with triumphs and sorrows so great, that either were enough to craze his brain. They said he was mad. At all events, he was tired of the world, and surfeited with fame; its trumpet now struck harshly on his ear; his heart, too, was broken. In his old age, he withdrew from the courts of princes, and the noise of the world, to the cypress shades of Sant' Onofrio, with feelings which he has touchingly described in a beautiful letter to his beloved friend Costantini: "Mi sono fatto condurre in questo monastero di Sant' Onofrio, non solo perchè l'aria è lodata da' medici, piu che d'alcun' altra parte di Roma, ma quasi per cominciare da questo luogo emineute è colla conversazione di questi divoti Padri, la mia conversazione in cielo." (Lett. cxcvi.)—"I have retired to this monastery of Sant' Onofrio, not only because the air is praised by physicians above any other

part of Rome, but as if to begin from this elevated place, and in the conversation of these devout Fathers, my conversation in heaven."

The gray-headed old monks are still there, and they show you Tasso's tomb in a corner of the chapel, with this brief inscription on a little slab of marble: "TORQUATI TASSI OSSA." And then they show you the room in which he died, and you look from the same window he looked from on Rome, great even in her ruins; and far away over the Campagnia. They show a very faithful bust of the poet, taken after death; and in the same glass case are some sacred relics, an inkstand, and a *bible* he used. And then these old monks take you out into the garden, and show you the oak under which the weary Tasso used to repose, and, like some shipwrecked mariner, look off from the island on which he had taken refuge, upon the still surging ocean which had so nearly ingulfed him—sad, but comforted. The principal part of the venerable old oak was blown down two or three years ago by a thunder-storm; they bore it carefully into the convent, where it is still preserved, and travellers always carry away small pieces of it—for it is *Tasso's oak!*

When the great poet entered this monastery, he began his work of penitence and devotion, by copying with infinite care and accuracy an ancient manuscript of the Bible. He thought it would be a holy engagement; and feeling that he was fast approaching the final hour, when the future world would open upon his vision, he wished to engage his mind and his labors upon some engrossing work, which might occupy his

attention, wean his recollections from the turbulent world he had left, and fit his soul for the better life to come. He had already been engaged some months on his great labor, when one day a monk of the convent entered his cell.

"I have come," he said, as he quietly closed the door behind him, "to see what progress our great master is making in his holy work."

Tasso bade him be seated, on one of those rudely-carved oak chairs which are still preserved in the convent, and then brought him a few pages of his illuminated copy. It was executed with great beauty, and the venerable old monk gazed on it with surprise and admiration.

"Nobler far than the society of princes is the company of God; greater by far is the contemplation of truth in solitude, than the dreams of fancy in the crazy world you have left. Master Tasso, go on: in less than thirty years your work will be done."

"Less than thirty years!" exclaimed Tasso. "Why, Father Brunalto, I have not thirty months left of my weary life. I see I must give up this labor of love. God has not given me strength to finish it. And now," continued the poet, as his brow clouded with a struggling emotion, "while I think of it, my good father, an idea occurs to me: we are printing all the great books of the ancients and moderns by these mysterious German types. Why may we not print the sacred Scriptures in the same way, in the vulgar tongue, as we have already printed Cicero and Virgil in Rome, and all the classics in Venice, and as the French and Germans

are printing the Bible? If one man can now produce but one copy of the Bible in this illuminated style in a life-time, why should we not produce a thousand in a year? We could then distribute them among all the clergy; every monk and every priest would have a copy of the Holy Revelation, whereas there is now but one for a convent or church, and this is chained to the altar. Princes can read the Bible—although, dear father, I much fear they never trouble themselves about such occupations—but they could read it if they willed, for the Duke of Lorrentum paid last year for a new and beautiful manuscript bible but twenty thousand ducats of silver; and the Cardinal Babiena paid the great monk of Cernaldo only one hundred and eighty golden ducats for his copy of the Evangelists. And then, father," continued Tasso with increased enthusiasm, "we might arrive, one day, to such a point of perfection in the printing art, we could place this glorious revelation in the hands of the people."

"What, master!" exclaimed the aged monk with a troubled countenance, "would you profane these sacred revelations by casting them into the hands of the vulgar, with no living holy interpreter, no priest of God to explain them? No, my dear Tasso, breathe not such a thought in Rome. Look out from the window of your cell," he continued rapidly, as he took the poet's arm and drew him quickly forward—"you see that grand, sacred edifice? Well, in the holy halls of that Vatican lives the only being on earth to whom Heaven has delegated spiritual authority. If he but knew the deep damning dream that hast this day sprung from

thy hot brain, he would send thee to the darkest dungeon in Rome. Tasso," he said, almost choked with horror and dread, "for the sake of thy soul, let this dreadful thought be locked up in thy own bosom. Tell no man what thou hast thought."

"But, father," rejoined Tasso, earnestly and solemnly, "thou dost not tell me that the *people* may not read the Bible?"

"I do."

"What! Romans too—*they* must not know anything more of this blessed book than your man in yonder Vatican prescribes—*we*, Italians, grandchildren of Brutus and Cesar,—that *we* may not read the Revelations of Heaven?"

"The Bible was given to the holy priesthood alone"—

"It was a revelation to *man*," said the poet, interrupting the monk, "and not to priests. It is light sent down from heaven, and, like the sun, it was made for all."

"Tasso—Tasso!" exclaimed the monk in terror—"true, true; but it must come through the holy priesthood; for the vulgar hand to touch the Revelation, is a profanation."

"Profanation! God gave his Bible to *all* his children, and his children are all mankind. Go read the Fathers of the Church, monk, and see what men did in the purer days of the Christian era."

"Master Tasso will not say that any of our venerated Christian Fathers ever promulgated so damnable a sentiment, as that the common people should read the Bible?"

The eye of Tasso flashed like fire; he seized the monk by the arm and walked rapidly toward the door:

"To the library, then," he answered, "and I will show thee what the Fathers said."

They entered the library of the convent, and locked the door behind them. Tasso flew to a corner of the great room, and took down a huge manuscript folio, and opening to a page which he had read before and left his mark upon, said, "Thou shalt read for thyself, father," and the monk read:—

"Let all our hearers, young or old, rich or poor, attend diligently to the readings of the Sacred Scriptures, as they are heard in the churches on the Lord's day."

"I know," said the monk, "this is their duty, and therefore we read them; but"—

"Read on," interrupted the poet—and the monk continued—"But this is not enough—they must diligently read and study the word of God for themselves. Search the Scriptures, for in them ye have eternal life."

The monk gazed on Tasso—and the poet seized the volume, turned it over, and pointed to the name on the back. It was St. Chrysostom! He took down another volume, and opening it, handed it to the astounded monk, who read: "The word of God was intended to reveal to mankind the way of salvation. Let this blessed revelation be preached throughout the world—let it be read by every living soul." Tasso eagerly turned over the volume, and screamed out the name of "St. Augustine." The affrighted monk fled from the room.

Tasso replaced the books on their shelves, and hurried back to his cell. "This," said he, as he closed his door, and looked up toward heaven — "this is the church!" He sat down exhausted, in his oaken chair, and seemed for a few moments to suffer intensely. At length he rose and walked to the window. The sun was sinking into the blue bosom of the Mediterranean, and rolling back his gorgeous, golden waves of light over the ruins of the Eternal city. The roar of its many thousands had almost ceased, and he could hear only the gentle murmur which goes up from a great city at evening, as its vast multitudes leave their occupations to go to their homes. He stood and gazed silently over Rome — till the sun had gone down, and twilight fell on the scene like a soft and tranquil dream on the fancy of the sleeper. At length a thousand bells, at the same moment, struck the Ave Marie, and sent their anthem-chimes far away over the green fields, and far up into blue sky.

"It is the hour of prayer," said the musing Tasso, "and all Rome is worshipping. The city has gone to pray. It has been doing so for more than a thousand years! And yet how dark and dreary is the world still! What has yet been done for man by the church, the priests, and the monks! Is there nothing better left for earth's weary, unillumined millions? Will men never be able to hold their own bibles in their hands, and read those words of eternal life to their wives and children? Must the priest keep that blessed book, with all its light and glory, chained to the altar? Shall man, suffering, misguided, longing man, never be able to commune *for himself* with his Almighty Creator?"

The great poet wept! He turned away from praying Rome, and knelt by his oaken chair and prayed that the day might soon come that the Bible should be printed and given to all mankind.

So too wept and prayed a thousand generous, suffering hearts, all through the dark ages—and the day has come at last. It is now printed by steam, and it will not be long before in every family on the earth, there will be a copy of Heaven's revelation to man.

England, our beloved father-land, which now glories in the full blaze of civilization, was for a long period shrouded in thick darkness. She was one of the latest of modern nations to enter on the path of progress, but she has for two centuries run her race like a giant.

It is hardly three hundred years since the first printed copy of an English New Testament was introduced into Great Britain. This important event took place about fifty years after the invention of the art of printing. Most of the copies thus introduced were bought up and burnt by Bishop Tunstal and Sir Thomas More. The second edition, which appeared in 1530, was also suppressed, and all the copies that were found, burnt. But the protestant heart of England had begun to glow with the regenerating fires of the continental reformation. Tyndal, who had made the translation, was imprisoned and burnt for heresy, in Flanders. But his great work was taken up by Miles Coverdale, who was afterward raised to the see of Exeter. A change had come over England. Henry VIII., the bold, imperious, but great prince, had hurled back the thunders of the Vati-

can to Rome, and defied her tremendous power. Whatever may have been his motives, to him the British nation owe the first English edition of the Bible which ever found its way into the heart of that empire. To him was dedicated this new and improved edition, which was printed at Hamburg, and circulated in England by license of the celebrated, but unfortunate Archbishop Cranmer. The next edition was Tyndal's translation, revised by Cranmer himself, and hence designated as Cranmer's bible. It was published in 1540, and by royal proclamation every parish was bound to have a copy of it in the church, under a penalty of forty shillings a month. But within two years the popish bishops succeeded in obtaining its suspension.

Better days, however, were in store for England. Young Edward came to the throne, and the Bible was restored. An evil destiny cut that amiable prince off in his youth, and the "bloody Mary" nearly suppressed the reading of the Scriptures in her dominions. It was only on the accession of Queen Elizabeth, that England enjoyed even tolerable liberty of reading the word of God. Various and improved editions now followed each other in quick succession, till, in 1613, King James's bible, the one now universally used throughout the English and American world, was adopted.

The final establishment of bible societies at last undertook the herculean task of putting a bible into the hands of every family on the face of the earth. It will not be long, we hope, before this will be accomplished.

VIOLET VERE'S VACATION.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

LETTER FROM VIOLET TO HER COUSIN KATE ELTON.

My own dear Kate :—When I last wrote—on the day that commenced my temporary emancipation from the jurisdiction of Miss Serena Primrose—(you see I am endeavoring to do credit to my respected teacher, by using all the hard words I can think of)—I promised to indite an epistle to you, immediately after my arrival at the paternal domicil.—Oh! a truce to this formal style—I will begin again!——My darling Kate!—"Kate, of Kate Hall—my super-dainty Kate"—I am *so* glad to be at home once more! If mamma would only forget that I have grown up, and think a little less of my appearance—of the set of my dress and the turn of my curls—if I could only persuade her to make believe I was a little child again, and had never been to boarding-school, I think I should be perfectly happy. But if ever, for a moment, I yield to the almost irrepressible impulse which prompts a romp with the children, or any other dereliction from the duty of sitting upright with folded hands and parted hair, she is sure to call me to order with some such expression as this :—"Violet, that is

not very lady-like; you are altogether too demonstrative; you did not behave so at Miss Primrose's establishment!"

Ah me! what a desperate inclination I feel to reply —"But, mamma, I am *not* a lady—I don't *pretend* to be a lady—I am only a merry-hearted little girl of sixteen, who has come home to have a good time!"

I wonder what Heaven put play into our hearts for, if it isn't proper to play! It is very trying, Kate, to see my little sister and brothers frolicking to their hearts' content, without being allowed to join them. This morning, as I sat with mamma, most especially behaving myself because Mrs. Rattle happened in, there was that rosy rogue Georgy peeping in at the window—there was Will, hiding and kicking under the sofa where I sat—and gentle Charlie, and saucy Hal, and dear little Louise, marching to a merry martial tune through the room—and there was poor *I*, pining to jump up and don Hal's soldier-cap and feather, and lead the infantry into the garden;—but no! that would have been altogether "too demonstrative!"

And while I sat there, with my eyes cast down, looking as meek and demure as *you* know I can look, Kate, I heard Mrs. Rattle say to mamma, *sotto voce*—"How much she has improved!—she used to be such a wild little puss. Her air and manner are perfect—that graceful repose is quite the thing!"

Oh, Mrs. Rattle, what conventional nonsense you talk! *Why* is repose "the thing?" Does any thing

in God's beautiful world set us the example of repose? Does not the brooklet dance and sing, and the spray above it bend to every breeze? Do not the clouds change, and glow, and float away, free either to weep or to smile in the blue and blissful air? Does not the flower accept what hues of light it most desires from heaven, and reject what it loves not, and bloom a jasmine or a snowdrop, a tulip or carnation, as its inner spirit prompts? But we poor fashionable flowers of humanity, pining exotics from the wildwoods of nature into the hothouse of "good society"—we must all be japonicas—cold, white, soulless japonicas—trained, trammelled, bound to grow *just so!* We must not venture to laugh into life, like the sunny hearts-ease—to blush with love, like the rose—that would be "too demonstrative;"—repose is the ***sine qua non*** of japonicadom!

> Taught to restrain, in cold Decorum's school,
> The step, the smile—to glance and dance by rule;
> To smooth alike our words and waving tress,
> And the pure heart's impetuous play repress;
> Each airy impulse, every frolic thought,
> Forbidden—if by Fashion's law untaught.

What an unsatisfactory life it is! But when I *am* set at liberty from mamma's *surveillance,* and sent out into the grounds to "*walk* for exercise," *don't* I make the most of it! *Do* I walk? I should like to see myself doing any such lady-like and humdrum thing! Kate! I have a secret of the utmost importance to

impart to you! You know Miss Primrose recommended me to "pursue my studies during vacation." With your leave, respected Ma'amselle P., I shall do no such thing! I shall pursue any and every thing, *rather* than my studies. I have no idea of wasting this radiant summer in that style. I shan't have time. There are lovely butterflies to pursue! There are wild, sweet woodland paths to pursue! There are charming whims and fancies to pursue! There is my darling little Georgy, who *insists* upon being pursued! In short, I shall not "pursue the even tenor of" Miss Primrose's "way," until I am safely shut in Primrose Hall again.

But the secret is yet to be told. Well, Kate, I have not touched a book since I came home. When I say books, I mean things bound in calf or cotton, with rows of black letters on every page; but I have quite a large library out of doors, of "books which are books," printed in letters of light, with rare illustrations, and splendid emblazonings, in the *old style*, which I never am tired of studying. I have just been "turning over a new *leaf*" to-day. That is, I have had a long walk in the woods, and found a new flower.

Oh yes! I *have* read one book in-doors, a novel—only think!—"The Maiden Aunt." What would Miss Primrose say? It is exquisite. It is brimful of poetry, and pathos, and nature, and truth, and quaint humor, and grace, and goodness, and deep earnest, unaffected piety.

There is one little song in it, translated from the

German, which is worth all the propriety pieces we had to read at school. It is the daintiest little pearl of poetry that ever memory strung on her rosary of gems. Shall I quote it? I wish I could procure the music also, which a German friend tells me is very beautiful.

"My heart, I bid thee answer—
How are Love's marvels wrought?
Two hearts to one pulse beating,
Two spirits with one thought!

"And tell me how Love cometh?
'Tis here—unsought—unsent!"
And tell me how Love *goeth?*
That was not *Love* which went."

Isn't the last line perfect in its enchanting quaintness and simplicity, in its pathetic naïveté?

And do you know, Kate, *I* have been writing verses. They are brimful of treason to dear mamma's notions of education; so don't, for the world, "let on to anybody," as our Bridget would say, that such is the case. They were composed long ago at school, but I would not dare show them to any one but you. Here they are;—

THE SCHOOL GIRL'S SONG.

I do not love the teacher,
I do not like the school;
I cannot bear to talk and walk,
To look and smile by rule.

Oh! such a tedious lesson
  As I have learned to-day,
About that tiresome prism,
  And the sun's refracted ray!

I'd rather watch the rainbow,
  In colored light arrayed,
Than study how it came there,
  Or how its arch was made.

I'd rather play with flowers,
  Beside the fountain bright,
Than search their sweet corollas,
  To count the stamens right.

While they drink the golden sunshine,
  And breathe the blessed air,
What for their Latin cognomens
  Do glowing roses care?

My teacher tears their leaves apart,
  Their order, class, to know;
I wonder she can have the heart
  To treat a blossom so!

Once, if a flower were dying,
  On a sultry summer's day,
I could hear its spirit sighing
  Her balmy life away!

And now, alas! must Learning's lamp
  The lovely dream consume,
And haughty, humdrum Reason
  Must blight my bower's bloom!

I cannot love my teacher,
  I hate to learn by rule;
I had a pleasanter governess
  Before I went to school.

She taught me prettier lessons,
  And easier too, by far;
She bade me think the silver moon
  A warbling seraph's car.

And when I saw it gliding slow
  The wreathéd clouds amid,
And caught the gleam of spirit steeds
  That paced the heavens half-hid;

While round them softly glistened
  The starry train of fire,
How earnestly I listened
  To hear the heavenly choir.

She called the sunny rainbow
  A band of brilliant flowers,
Linking heaven and earth together,
  In the lovely, summer hours—

By cherub fingers braided,
  In haunts of bliss above,
And flung, in angel play, to earth,
  A token of their love.

But now—instead of looking
  For the Violet divine,
For the golden Lily's glory,
  And the Rose's blush benign,

For the tears and smiles of cherubs,
  Shed o'er that garland gay—
I shall think of the rain-drop prism,
  And the sun's refracted ray.

Oh! a thousand lovely lessons
  My playmate taught of yore,
And a thousand thrilling sights I saw,
  Which I shall see no more.

For Fancy was my teacher's name;
  A sportive sprite was she!
She bore me on her wings to heaven,
  She led me through the sea.

There marked I many a floating hall,
  By coral columns graced;
And many a dim sea vision,
  Through crystal walls I traced;

I traced them by the dazzling light
  Of jewels rich and rare,
That hung in garlands round about,
  And made a glory there.

The walls were all of crystal,
  The sea-waves were the floor,
And Ocean's daughters floated
  Its gleamy surface o'er.

Between the rosy pillars,
  Some, gayly gliding by,
In curvéd shells of varied hue
  Their shining oars did ply;

And some their tresses garlanded,
With strange and gleaming flowers,
Plucked by the goldfish's fitful light
In Ocean's darkling bowers.

Ah! many a scene beyond the stars.
Of rapture pure and free,
And many a dim sea vision,
Did I and Fancy see.

But we must part forever,
My playmate sweet and I;
She to some heart as wild as mine,
I—to Reality!

Oh, Kate! what an unconscionably long letter I have written to you; I won't bore you another minute. Good-by! May Heaven love you even more than I!

Your devoted

VIOLET.

KATE'S REPLY.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—I have read your pleasant letter with much interest, and laughed heartily and sympathizingly over some parts of it; but as I am older than you by two whole months, I may be allowed, may I not? to give you a little sober advice.

It appears to me, from what you write, that you and Miss Primrose are each pursuing an *extreme;* and mamma says that all extremes are injudicious, if not dangerous. Miss Primrose is all for learning and decorum, and you are all for freedom and for play; is it not so? To be sure, it is vacation, and it is quite natural that play should seem to you the legitimate object of

your emancipation from the restraints of school. But I think you would *enjoy* your play far more, if you would *sometimes* study and read. Your self-imposed tasks would give a zest to your after-recreations, I assure you.

Ah, dear Violet, make these, in truth, *holy*-days, by rational and elevating employments, out of doors or in; it matters little which.

I, who have never been to school—for you know mamma is my teacher—have never had a fit of ennui in my life, that I can remember.

Shall I give you the history of one of my days? Not in vacation; for I never need, or care to have one.

I rise at five now, (in summer,) and then follows a cold bath; a glass or two of cold water; a long walk; breakfast; a few, light household duties; two hours' study; an hour's play in the garden or gymnasium, with my brother; an hour's practice on the piano; two hours' study again; dinner; two hours' practice; and the rest of the day, from five o'clock, P. M., is quite at my own disposal—to read, to sew, to visit, to dance, to play, or to draw from nature, of which I am very fond.

Try this system, dear Violet, even in vacation, and I think your mother will see so much improvement in you at the end of six weeks, that she will take you from the boarding-school you so much dislike, and let you pursue, not only your butterfly fancies, but your studies at home. Yours, most affectionately,

KATE ELTON.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.

BY GEORGE W. CLINTON.

The Virtues, my dear Lily, although we talk as though they had each an existence of its own, have none apart from intellectual beings. They are of a social disposition, and do not flourish as hermits. Like little girls, they must have associates, and, if they do not come together, will certainly take up with the company of the Vices: and the Vices are sure to give their own complexion to the silly Virtues, and make them as mischievous and ugly as themselves. Now let me tell you a story.

Once upon a time the Virtues went about the world singly, each trying to do good upon its own account, —and very pretty work they made of it! It would take many days to follow them in their travels, and tell you the ridiculous adventures that befell them, and how much harm they did: for, you may rely upon it, a solitary Virtue is a very weak and foolish body, and folly always ends in disgrace and bitterness.

There was in those days, somewhere near the middle of the world, a lovely country, the precise position of which I cannot point out to you on any modern map,—but it was very beautiful and very fertile. Its

mountains abounded in gold and diamonds: its streams were all alive with fishes: and its plains spontaneously produced delicious fruits, fragrant flowers, and nutritious grains and roots. Indeed, it was very much such a place as your imagination paints, when you shut your eyes and look for Eden. "What a happy land!" you are ready to exclaim. Be not hasty in your judgments, my dear daughter. There can be no heaven without angels; and only happy beings, not a charming country, make a mortal Paradise. To be happy, we must have many things, but above all, Virtue. The population of this country was small and miserable. The Vices dwelt there, and scattered the people, and kept them asunder, and made them very wretched. In truth, they were no nobler than big baboons, but far more vicious.

Now, it chanced that two men dwelt near each other, scarcely a quarter of a mile apart, in a retired nook of this delicious country. They were ignorant of good, and selfish, sensual, and ferocious as the sow that devours her own offspring. They met frequently, but met only to scowl at and avoid each other, or to quarrel over something they both coveted,—such as a pineapple, a jay's feather, or a shining lump of gold brought from the mountain by a sparkling rivulet, which laughed joyously as it flowed half-way between the huts they occupied. Had not Fear kept them back, they would have killed each other, so deadly was the hate that urged them on to murder. And as they felt towards each other, so felt they towards all man-

kind—for they knew not Love. Luckily the Vices are a quarrelsome family, and their opposition to each other sometimes kept the peace, and afforded a weak substitute for Virtue. Appetite and Malice provoked to theft and wanton injury; Hate and Revenge demanded the blood of the wrongdoer, and placed a club in the wronged one's hand, and gave him opportunity. But Fear cried, "Hold! you may get killed if you assail that man, who is as strong, or stronger than yourself;" and so he dropped his weapon, and stealthily burned up his neighbor's hut, and killed a little dog that sometimes followed him.

But Truth, having wandered over half the earth, and met with sad mishaps at every step, entered that land, and took up her abode with the two wicked men. She illuminated their dark minds, and showed them all things. They each knew far more than Solomon or Newton, Bacon or St. Paul. Like Moses in the mountain, figuratively speaking, they saw the glory of the true God; but they walked not with Him as did the patriarchs of old. They knew Virtue and Vice; but they hated Good, and worshipped Evil. Their wickedness became only the more monstrous; and Truth, instead of opening the way to Happiness, let in the Furies to torment them Terror unspeakable benumbed them, and they cowered and howled like whipped hounds. Remorse next seized them, and they writhed and shrieked in agony, until Despair drove her away, and gave them strength. Then they rose calmly, and blasphemed their Maker, and cursed

Truth. Truly, that beauteous nook of earth was like unto Hades; and Truth fled weeping to the mountains. As she fled, the Furies retired; and the men relapsed again into brutal ignorance and stupid misery, ever the least unhappy state of wickedness.

Scarcely had Truth vanished, when Friendship, almost disconsolate in the contemplation of the little good she'd done in her wide wanderings, entered the pleasant land: and when she saw the men, her clear blue eyes sparkled with joy, for she surely thought she'd make them happy. So she made them friends. The love of Jonathan for David, "passing the love of women," passed not theirs. They had but one heart—one mind—and were in the body scarce ever disunited. One hut sheltered them; and they slept and rose together, and with hooked arms wandered the livelong day in the shady forest or the flowery meadow, stooping together to drink from the laughing rivulet, and eating from each other's hands fruit plucked indifferently by either. It was a glorious change that she had worked, and Friendship smiled triumphantly. But she looked into their souls, and shrank back affrighted. They were black with sin. Demons may be friends; and Friendship but increases their fiendish power. And so she soon saw the wicked pair, timorous when single, moving together boldly to wreak their malice upon the world, and revel in wo and slaughter. And she was sore abashed at this sad proof of her impotence, and mournfully repaired to the mountain-top. As she retired, the men unclasped

their arms, and, withdrawing a pace or two, glared at each other with their savage eyes a moment, and then fled and hid themselves, each in his own hut.

Love entered the beautiful land, enlivening Nature, like the sunlight that broke over the mountain just as she placed her tiny foot upon its borders. Wherever she moved, flowers sprung up around her. The foliage put on a tenderer green, the birds warbled sprightlier songs, and the saucy little rivulet laughed more merrily than ever. She sent up a rosy mist which overspread the whole country, and covered it with a soft-shining shade. Malice, Revenge, and Fear, and all the Vices fled, and hid themselves in a dark cave, close to the mountain's foot, where dwelt the Furies. The two men arose from their huts, rushed into each other's arms, and embraced each other. They spoke to each other softly and unmeaningly, and strayed along with a kind feeling towards all things, murmuring blessings. But they could not rest contented with a single love; and so, with each an arm around the other's neck, they hastened adown the laughing rivulet to shed the light of Love among the scattered people beyond the happy nook. But they knew not God in truth, nor any thing correctly. They were like men who walk in dreams, and see glorious but formless visions. They frightened some by their ardor, and spoke to all in an unknown tongue. The world seemed not big enough for their all-grasping hearts; and so they separated, Love still reigning in each, and ever leading them into strange errors, and effecting good for

neither. They were beaten, and resisted not, returned blessings for curses, and strayed about like idiots absorbed in pleasant fantasies, until they met again by the little brook that laughed between their huts. Then Love sighed deeply, for she had found that alone she could not confer true happiness; and as she sighed, she looked up towards the mountain, and saw her sisters gazing despondently around. and thought how vain had been their separation. And she left her spirit in the two men's hearts, and joined Friendship and Truth, who stretched out their hands entreatingly to her.

Truly, those fair pure sisters, as they stood reunited upon the summit of the golden mountain, with white arms linked together, were a beauteous sight. And then they conversed, and told each other their misadventures, and how they had failed to make nobly happy the tenants of the fair land below. Then saw they the great error they had committed, and resolved to keep each other company forever after. And they knelt down humbly on the bleak mountain-top, and prayed with one heart to God; and straightway descended, with linked arms, and a golden sunbeam lingered like a halo in their hair.

Truth enlightened the minds and souls of the inhabitants of the happy-seeming country; Love hallowed their spirits, shed happiness around them, and enclosed in one bond the whole; humble Friendship, by joining individuals more closely, counteracted the diffusiveness of Love—or rather became a concentrated

love, and imparted activity and strength to Truth: and so the linked sisters made the before wretched land a Paradise indeed.

Where did I get this story? I'll tell you, Lily—but you must be discreet. No! I'll take your word, and not require a solemn pledge made with hooked pinkeys. Know, then, it includes one of the secrets—perhaps the main secret—of those mysterious gentlemen who "ride the goat." It is a tradition, heretofore unspoken and unwritten, but somehow preserved for centuries in the Lodges of the Odd-Fellows. They believe in a trinity in unity of Virtue. The three golden links are emblems of it, and of the linked arms of Friendship, Love, and Truth, as they descended from the mountain, glowing with God's blessing, to confer happiness upon a wretched but most lovely world.

A WINTER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

BY HENRY S. PATTERSON, M. D.

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A WINTER night—a dreary, howling, bitter winter night, when the air is filled with weird noises, and the drifting snow covers every object as with a winding-sheet, —is just the time to hug one's self close and closer with an intense feeling of creature-comfort in one's cushioned arm-chair, and before a crackling grate of anthracite. So I sat that evening. Every time the gale whistled louder and shriller than usual, and the shutters banged, and the loose sash rattled, the red coals leaped up into a blaze of defiance, and the discomfited wind moaned away dismally into the distance. The very tread of the occasional passer-by, as it fell muffled on the snowy pavement, and he tried to cheer his path with a sorry attempt at song, seemed to add to the comfort of the time. How I laughed to myself as the half-finished stave died away in a melancholy quaver, and the poor devil gave it up in despair, to wrap himself tighter in his cloak and push on silently to his distant home. O, it was a glorious contrast, without and within, and I nestled into my capacious chair with a chuckle of self-gratulation. Just then an almost inaudible footstep shuffled by, in the pauses of the storm, and the weakly wail of an infant came under my very window, and with it a trem-

ulous lullaby that seemed broken by a sob. I felt startled—perhaps vexed. It was a disturbance. Was it anything more? What right had that woman to be out with her baby in the pitiless storm? Perhaps—but it was gone already, and I settled back again, and took up my book, and thought of a cigar. How the gentle, dreamy curling of the white smoke from a Principe would mock the wildly drifting snow-wreaths without!

I don't know how it was, but the air grew chilly, and the fire was dim. I looked at the lamp, and it seemed to shine feebly through a wavering, iridescent circle, now contracting and now expanding, till it faded to a red point in the dull mist. All present environments passed away from me, or I from them, and I had a part in the wild turmoil of the elements, in spite of me. I had but a half sense of what was about me, but it was all dreary and terrible. How I came there I knew not, but I was in the centre of desolation. The barren earth was iron beneath my feet—the cold rocks rose cragged, riven, disjointed, like a wall around me—the frozen clouds stretched like a dungeon roof between me and the heavens. No sign of life was visible. Great boulders lay heaped together, worn by the deluge into fantastic shapes that looked like the bleached skeletons of giants. Bright and many-colored crystals gleamed on me from the rocks, like the frozen eyes of dead men. But no living thing crawled over their surface, not a moss covered them with the tiniest patch of green. I was alone. I had severed myself from my kind. I had shut myself out from the warm sympathies of my nature, and therefore I was here. I would have fled, but I

could not move. I had found the solitude I sought, and desolation was my portion. The cold grew more intense, and I was stiffening into the semblance of the rocky shapes around, in which I then thought I could perceive the forms of those who, before me, had chosen the same dreary lot. I struggled in my agony and cried aloud, but my voice fell noiseless on the dead and stagnant air. Life seemed ebbing apace, when in my inmost heart there arose a deep longing for human sympathy. Would that I could see one glimpse of a pitying human face before I died! Then a still whisper, I knew not whence nor how, thrilled sternly through my brain: "The limb that will be severed from the body, must perish in its loneliness." I groaned, and still I struggled, and still my heart yearned more and more for the company of my kind, and I cried aloud: "Let me but look upon a brother's kindly face, ere I perish for ever!" At that moment—with that wish—I felt that my prayer was granted, and the bitterness of death passed from me. The icy cold seemed to abate, and a distant sound trembled along the air. Nearer and nearer it came, and I knew that I was no longer cut off from my race. The sense of desolation was lightened, and I felt glad for myself that I was delivered from it. Then the sound became an inarticulate murmur, and dim forms flitted obscurely through the gray twilight. As the tumult thickened, it seemed to decompose itself into an infinity of noises, and my heart stood still to listen. Shrieks of pain and terror rose piercingly above the din. The cry of women and the shrill wailing of infants mingled with yells of rage, and oaths, and blasphemies,

and the delirious laughter of the drunkard. Groans of pain and pitiful prayers for mercy swelled upon the air, only to be drowned by ribald songs and execrations of bitterest hate. I opened my eyes, and the floating mists took shape before me. Crime, disease, human wickedness, and human wretchedness, in all their multiform hideousness, were personified

Then a noisome, sulphurous vapor filled the air, and a lurid red shot up into the sky. I thought that at last the pit had opened, to take back its own; but as the vapor rolled away, I saw two armies, with banners, in the heat of conflict, making for themselves a hell upon the bosom of the blood-stained earth. The scene passed quicker than thought, and on the corpse-strewn field I saw villages given to the flames, men to the sword, and women to a fate worse than death, while the high and mighty of the earth united in shouts of triumph, and priests in robes of silk came forth to sing Te Deum over the glorious victory. I closed my eyes in horror, and when I opened them again there stood right before me a female form, whose rags scarce covered her shivering frame. Icicles hung from her matted hair, and the snow-flakes clung to her scanty covering, as she held toward me the pinched and bloodless face of a dead infant. Cold and hunger had done their work, and its lustreless eye could no longer respond to the tremulous, sobbing lullaby the mother still murmured. I recognised the sound that had passed under my window, and I fell upon my face in terror. I pressed my eyes upon the dust, and placed my hands upon my ears, and cried aloud: "If this be human companionship, give me

back the desolation of solitude!" But I was alone no longer. I felt the woman lay her icy hand upon me, and place the dead infant close to my side, and whisper in my ear: "Didst thou not know that I was thy sister and that this child was thine also, to keep and care for?" And my agony grew stronger, and I cried: "God have mercy upon me, Cain that I have been, and give me strength to be my brother's keeper!"

My burden seemed to grow lighter, and, as I lay by the infant body, I clasped it in my arms, and watered it with tears of penitence and grief. The noises died away from about me. The air seemed warmer, and a gentle breeze lifted my hair and fanned my brow. There seemed to be over me a rustling of leaves and the hum of insects. I raised my eyes, and there was desolation no longer; but all around me was the manifold activity of vegetable and animal life. As I arose from the ground, the birds joined in a glad chorus that made the woods echo, and filled my breast with peace. The woman was gone. I looked for the dead infant, but it was not there; only on the spot where it laid, there nodded a single moss-rose on a slender stalk. I gazed around in wonder, and saw an old man, of serene and gentle aspect, seated upon a moss-covered fragment of the rock. He was clad in a long robe of gray; his brow was bald and polished, and his white beard hung to his girdle. There were sandals on his feet; and in his hand he carried a tall staff, whose top was wrought into the likeness of an ibis seated among lotus-flowers. He smiled as he saw me stooping toward the flower, and said: "Pluck it and wear it; there is virtue in its odor

for thee, to refresh thy spirit and guide thy way. May its tender blossom be for thee the earnest of an unfading wreath, when thou hast gathered more!"

As I plucked the rose and placed it in my bosom, its sweet perfume seemed to fill the air, and to imbue my spirit and my flesh with renewed life and vigor. The sun, emerging from behind the passing clouds, beamed down into the valley in living floods of light. I knew that a change had come over me; but what it was, or whence it came, I could not tell. I felt an unutterable longing that my path should be made clear to me; for a vague sense of duty impelled me to some labor, I knew not what, nor where. Then I turned to the old man, who watched my every motion with an intent interest, and said, "Father and friend, the glowing light bathes all the outward world with radiance; but tell me, I implore thee, how shall I find a ray to illumine the dark depths of my spirit? The genial sun dissolves the icy shackles that have bound material nature; but who shall strike the chains from my bounden soul?"

"The soul," said he, smiling, "is illuminated only by the recollection of divinity; its liberty consists only in implicit obedience to the primal law. So learned I from the immemorial wisdom of Egypt, and so taught I my disciples in old Crotona; and the lesson stands unfaded, while Osiridian temple and scholastic hall have crumbled into dust."

"But alas! thou wise Pythagoras," said I,—"for I know thee now,—how shall I have recollection of that I have never known?"

"Thou hast suffered its material crust to shut out

thy spirit from the spiritual sun, in whose glow it first took being; but it beams brightly as ever. The great Unity in its essence thou canst not know; the Omnific Wisdom thou canst not comprehend; the Universal Love is beyond thy grasp. But though thou canst not see the illimitable air, thou canst draw from it the breath of thy life; though thou canst not touch the sun, thou canst bask in its beams; though thou canst not grasp the round earth, thou canst repose on its maternal bosom. Only in part and in detail canst thou know Him. Not till thy race is run and the goal won, canst thou recognise the One in All. Rise above sense, and, in the clear atmosphere of the spirit, learn to see and love only the Good, the True, and the Beautiful; and these shall be thy guides to his everlasting day."

"But alas!" said I, "I know not how nor where to begin. How shall I take the first step in my upward course?"

"Thou hast but to look upon the blossom on thy breast!" answered the sage; "How one burst of true human sympathy and love has changed the universe to thee, and blooms before thee still! Take heed lest it wither for want of the company of its kind."

"Father of mysteries," said I, "is there not, among the deep things of thy hidden lore, some clue to the secrets of the spirit-world, some guide to the tangled paths of life?"

"Alas!" said he, with a mournful smile, "the temples are thrown down, the priests are gone, and the mystic halls are the abode of unclean things. Perhaps it is better so, for the world rushes on and the fates will

not be stayed, and new forms give newer and higher manifestations of the unchanging truth. But he who seeks that truth, in humble and hopeful earnestness of spirit, can never fail to reach it by some of the manifold ways that have been opened to saints and sages in the countless centuries of time."

"Father and friend, be thou my guide," I cried eagerly; "leave me not until the path is found."

"By mystic sign and ceremony," said he, "I ever taught that the deep things of the soul could be better disclosed than by dry didactics; for so found those wisest of men who made for Wisdom her choicest seats by the oozy banks of the Nile. May it prove so to thee! Let us proceed."

Silently he passed on, and I followed him, through a deep ravine, whose towering sides almost shut out the light. At length we emerged upon a plain, covered with funereal cypress, and melancholy yew, and sadly-drooping weeping-willows. The little, grass-grown hillocks, with here and there a glistening white stone, marked it as the place of the dead. It seemed as though centuries of generations had there found their last home on earth. Suddenly my guide paused by the side of an open grave, and as we stood, there came a train of mourners bearing the body of a friend to its long repose. Without a word, they laid it in the ground, and then retired with the deep sobbings of an unutterable wo.

"Sad, indeed," said my guide, "is death to those who see naught beyond the tomb. Blest are they who can bury the lusts of the flesh in a living grave, and

walk in the spiritual world while yet in life. But our end is not here."

Passing on, I soon perceived that he directed his steps toward a muffled figure that sat upon a monument hard by. He seemed bent with the weight of years, and his frame trembled, I could not tell whether with stifled sobs or with the palsy of old age. As we approached he raised his countenance, and to my surprise, the furrowed features beamed with a peace too profound for words. "They are all here," said he, pointing to a cluster of mounds at his feet, "they are all here, and I wait my time to lay me down by their sides, that my spirit may be more than ever with them in bliss."

"Thou hast lived long upon the earth, father," said my guide, who appeared almost youthful beside the venerable form; "what hast thou to tell us as the lesson of thy life?"

"Only this," was the reply, "the same that was said by the wise man of old: 'I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.' "

"Hast thou no counsel," continued my guide, "for this youth, who would fain be directed in the right way?"

"Let him remember," was the answer, "that in the practice of Friendship, Love, and Truth, he will find a guide to his feet and a lamp to his path. There, down that straight and narrow road, he will find the way."

Vaguely guessing the meaning of what he said, I followed my guide down the narrow path, where, at the termination of the grove, we stood before a closed and massive gate. "Here, my son," said he, "we part.

The dispensation of which I was a portion is closed and gone. The great truth, which was the meditation of my life and the daily bread of my spirit, is grand and lovely as ever; but the modes of its manifestation are changed. Lighter proof, easier way, fuller light, are given thee. Go on thy way, trustful of heart; and may the supernal influences be over thee and about thee for ever!"

He disappeared, I knew not how, and I continued to gaze wistfully at the closed gate, when suddenly its ponderous leaves flew wide open without an audible sound. I would fain have rushed in, with the conviction that what I so earnestly sought was there; but two sentinels with crossed swords stood on the threshold, and behind the barrier of steel, in the middle of the path, stood one of noble and commanding mien, whose steady gaze riveted me to the spot. I was conscious of a throng within, though but few were visible, and I heard a clear-toned voice reading aloud from holy writ the lofty prophecies of the coming peace upon earth, when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, and there shall be none to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mountain. I paused irresolutely, when he who stood in the gate addressed me mildly, but firmly,—"Who art thou that would enter these sacred precincts? What claim canst thou urge for entrance here?"

I hesitated, for I knew not what to answer, and a feeling of despair seemed to draw me back from the gate; when a voice—soft, clear, and melodious as the warbling of a distant flute in the silence of midnight—answered at my side, "By virtue of his humanity, by

virtue of his sonship to the Universal Father, by virtue of the celestial seal impressed upon his spirit ere it was imprisoned in the flesh, by virtue of his aspirations for light and liberty,—I, Hope, who am present to man when all else fails, claim for this my ward, admission to your temple and its privileges."

I looked around and beheld a youthful maiden, clad in a garment of spotless white, unbroken except by a golden anchor that lay upon her gently-heaving bosom. Over her shoulders fell glistening waves of golden hair, and on her forehead played a lambent flame, twinkling like a fair, white star. Her countenance was gentle, and her deep eyes beamed with an expression of earnest longing, but without sadness. Taking me by the hand, she led me through the gate, whose guardians fell back on either hand, to permit our passage. Within were many persons, some youthful and some gray with years, who appeared to be absorbed in their various occupations, or reclining listlessly upon the ground, or engaged in animated conversation. Regarding them with an aspect of gentle reproof, she said: "Prisoners of hope, behold one who lingers not among your throng, but presses on to where hope is lost in fruition. Be yours at last the same noble choice." She then led me onward, and I perceived now that I was in but an outer court of the temple, which rose high before me. Its white walls gleamed brightly in the sunshine, and its architecture, huge and sublime though it was, seemed to me grotesque and shapeless. On the walls were sculptured strange devices, and at times the figures of objects the most common and familiar. Here was an eye, from

which spread the rays of light, and beneath it an angel flying through the clouds with an open volume. There was a Hercules striving to break across his knee a bundle of rods, while every muscle seemed strained, and every blood-vessel distended, in the fruitless effort. Near by was a rainbow spanning a smoking altar, and farther on a beehive with its company of busy workers flitting to and fro. These and a host of other figures attracted my attention, as they did that of many more in the throng. Some, with confident expression of face, were expounding their meaning to knots of eagerly listening auditors. Each had his own theory of the moral to be deduced, and all disagreed, but none could read in them a higher lesson than the duty of giving, out of the superabundance of our goods, to the needy and suffering. "O mean and worldly," said my guide, mournfully, "when will ye learn that virtue lies deeper than the act? Come thou with me." I felt her soft hand pressing me forward, and I went on gladly, for I seemed inwardly chilled, and almost stupefied with an indolent vapor that hovered over the crowd. She led me directly to the wall in which I could perceive no door or other aperture. Then addressing me, she said: "Bravely hast thou come thus far. Now I commit thee to my elder sister, who will show thee greater things." Taking the golden anchor from her bosom, she placed it my hand, and leading me to where three links of a chain were sculptured in the marble, she directed me to press it against the centre of the middle link. Immediately I seemed to melt through the solid wall, and found myself within a vaulted chamber, and in the pres-

ence of a woman clothed, as with the sky, in a robe of shining azure, dotted with sparkling stars. Her countenance was calm as the cloudless heaven of a summer noontide, and her eyes were cast upward with an expression of seraphic joy. Around her head was a wreath of evergreen, and she leaned upon a slender white cross, in the centre of which was traced, in delicate outline, the figure of a lamb. In an instant she turned her luminous eye upon me, and laying her light hand softly on my head, she said: "Now thou art mine, and hast learned that the anchor of Hope is the key to the dwelling of Faith. Come with me, and when I have taught thee many things I will conduct thee to a greater than I am. Regard what thou seest, and let the lesson sink deep into thy heart."

She then clothed me in a white robe, which she told me was in token of innocence and purity of intention, and without which none could penetrate farther into the temple. Looking around the apartment, which was beautiful in style, luxurious in its appointments, surrounded with works of art, and odorous with the breath of innumerable flowers, I found myself in the midst of a goodly company who were all clad like myself. Their countenances were cheerful, and their deportment frank and graceful. Each seemed desirous to assist and oblige his neighbor. They waited upon one another with acts of kindest courtesy, and universal good feeling seemed to reign among them. There was no mark of dissatisfaction or discontent, no evidence of suspicion, or dislike, or indifference. There was undisturbed harmony, and yet I felt that there was a coldness that

oppressed me, and for which I could not account. I looked inquiringly at my guide, who said: "Thou art right. It lacks the vital warmth. Yet how much better than the spirit without. There none could rise beyond mere formal alms-giving to the wretched. Here we reach the idea of friendship. This it is that softens the manners of men, breaks down the rude violence of the barbarian, and first moulds society into shape and comeliness. It is the first step for those who would go farther, but it is not enough for thee. Our way lies here?" So saying, she raised a veil which covered one end of the hall, and led me into another apartment Here, as before and afterward, I noticed that I ascended one step on entering the room. I paused on the threshold to admire the beauty of the scene. The ceiling was a lofty dome of clearest blue, across whose immense expanse was spanned a brilliant rainbow. In the centre of the marble floor was an altar, supported by three columns, and on it lay an open volume and a golden censer which sent up clouds of rarest incense to the roof, where the bright hues of the rainbow seemed ever to dance and waver through them. The dome was supported by twelve massive columns, wrought into the semblance of rods confined by a spiral band, and from the richly-flowered capital of each hung a bow and a quiver full of golden arrows. Between the columns were hangings of the choicest tapestry, whose highly-colored figures seemed lighted up only by the rainbow and the flame of the golden censer, and yet it was bright as day. On one I saw Noah with his rescued family kneeling around the altar upon Ararat. On an-

other, I could recognise Abraham receiving angel-visiters at the door of his tent. Another showed Æsop's familiar story of the father teaching his sons union and its strength by his simple device. On the next, I saw the story of the heroic devotion of Damon and Pythias. There, too, was the Roman daughter, and that noble Gertrude who would share the rack with her doomed husband, and the wan, unsmiling king who placed beside him on his throne the corpse of the wife whom persecution allowed to wear no crown in life; with many other instances of love stronger than death. My guide conducted me past these in rapid review, and paused before one, of more magnificent proportions than the rest, which told the touching history of the love of Jonathan and David. She pointed to where the two stood before the stone Ezel, the stalwart frame of David convulsed with grief, as he clasped the form and bowed upon the breast of the tall son of Saul, whose right arm and face were raised to heaven, as in pronouncing the solemn oath of unalterable devotion. She said no word, but, as she pointed, the meaning of the history dawned upon my mind with a fulness it never before possessed. At length she asked: "Hast thou the strength for this?" I paused a moment, ere I replied, "I trust I have—I pray that I may have." With a smile of encouragement, she put upon me a robe of pink, such as decks the clouds at sunrise, placed a bow in my hand and a quiver on my shoulder, and led me among a throng of persons similarly arrayed. Here the intercourse I at once saw to be warmer and more cordial than among those I had left. Each seemed to esteem it a privilege

to serve the others, not only in acts of outward courtesy, but with heart and soul. Affection beamed from every eye. Nothing but words of gentlest kindness, of most affectionate counsel, and of tenderest pity, were heard. There was none to judge his neighbor, but all to aid and bless him. A wonderful unanimity of feeling seemed to pervade the mass. Whatever was done was done at once, for all united in its accomplishment as with one thought and intent. The spirit of the place seemed to enter into me, and I felt that each individual present was a nearer and dearer self. I moved among them, and everywhere kind voices greeted me with hearty welcome, and warm hands grasped mine with tender pressure. I perceived, also, that in the palm of each was the figure of a heart that seemed to palpitate with the warm life-current. Suddenly, as if by preconcert, and yet at no signal that I heard or saw, all turned toward the altar, and a venerable figure, approaching the sacred volume, turned the leaves and read with solemn voice the words, "Are not we all brethren? Hath not the one God made us?" Then arose from the whole company a joyful shout of assent and of grateful thanks. Then he read the parable of the Good Samaritan; and when he had done, a strain of sweetest music seemed to trance the very air. There were those that played on the harp, and sackbut, and many ancient instruments whose names I did not know; but the harmony was perfect and the melody exquisite. Then all joined in a solemn chant, which was first a plaintive wailing for the woes of humanity, then a warbled prayer for strength to assuage and overcome them, and at last

a triumphant burst of praise. I would gladly have remained for ever with them; but my guide touched my arm and said, "These are they that have learned the divine lesson of Love. Thou shalt be of them, but first I must present thee to our eldest sister—she who is the chief in our trinity of the heart."

As we turned toward the farther end of the apartment, I beheld a gorgeous pavilion, which I wondered that I had not before perceived. Its ponderous folds of scarlet and cloth of gold fell in rich masses upon the pavement, and its summit was crowned with a sheaf of golden wheat, that glowed as with an internal light. Along the flowered cornice ran the legend, "Now there abide Hope, Faith, and Charity—these three; but the greatest of these is Charity." The curtain at the entrance was drawn, and on one side was a statue of the many-breasted Isis, the Great Mother, and on the other a colossal Cybele with a cornucopia in her hand. Between them stood a majestic female form, stately and matronly, clad in a robe of white, bordered with blue, and bound by a scarlet girdle. Her countenance was calm and thoughtful, but it breathed a deep love that touched my inmost heart, and I felt impelled to throw myself at her feet and kiss the hem of her garment. When I would have rushed forward, I was startled and held fast by a pale mist that arose between me and the pavilion. Gradually it took form, and I beheld again the pinched features of that frozen and famished mother, as she appeared to me in the wilderness. She stretched toward me her pale, thin hands, as if in supplication, and the mute appeal of her fixed eyes fell cold upon

my spirit. I bowed my head upon my hands and wept bitterly over my sin and my inability to make reparation. It seemed as though she were a barrier I could never pass; when my guide whispered in my ear, "Hast thou not a talisman to exorcise the ghost from the threshold?" With sudden recollection, I plucked from my bosom the little bud that still bloomed there. When she saw it, a warm light overspread her countenance, the icicles that hung from her matted hair changed before me into drops of pearl, and the clinging snow-flakes expanded into clusters of orange-flowers and nodding-lilies of the valley. The rosebud swelled in my hand, and soon it became an infant form with downy wings, that flew from me to nestle on the maternal bosom of her who, by a wondrous change, seemed now to be the same with Charity herself. She smiled upon me benignly, and said, "Know that every impulse of unmixed and unselfish love is a messenger from above, to recall the soul to a recollection of its Divine Fountain. But thy rest is not yet. Come, we will lead thee on to deeper insight and to higher grades."

My guide then took from me my robe of pink, with my bow and quiver, and, clothing me in a garmen of blue like her own, placed a rod in my hand. She then led me through the open door of the tent, and the two sisters passed on by my side, the winged infant hovering before us, and seeming to cast from it a rosy light that illumined our way. As we entered the next apartment, I noticed that its style was entirely different from those through which I had passed. Instead of gracefulness and beauty, it presented an air of stern

grandeur and severity. Yet there was nothing rude or savage. There was everywhere the most perfect symmetry of form and correctness of proportion. The prevailing idea was that of harmony and strictest accuracy. From the high vault above, there hung, by a chain of three gigantic links, a ponderous scale-beam, poised with an accuracy that showed no hair-breadth of departure from the nicest equilibrium in the pendent basins. Over it watched one with a glittering sword, whose eye was never moved from the index that marked its constant equipoise. Near him watched two others, one of whom bore in his hand a plumb-line, which he ever contemplated, and the other a measuring-rod and square. As we approached, the first raised his gleaming blade and cried, "Wo to him at whose approach the scales of Truth waver from the even balance!" I trembled, and would have held back; but Faith urged me on, and Charity wound her tender arm around me to support my tottering steps. "It moves not!" she exclaimed joyfully, as we passed beneath and came to a company who were intently listening to a venerable man seated upon a raised pedestal. His long beard flowed to his girdle; among the white hair on his forehead was the likeness of two luminous horns; a staff, like that I held, leaned against his shoulder; and two tablets of stone were supported in his hand and rested upon his knee. He discoursed eloquently of the beauty and worth of Truth, nnd pointed his hearers to the one great source where may be found all truth in its simple unity. I listened eagerly, and my soul echoed a profound Amen to his warm prayer for direction for all in the true way;

when the hovering infant figure again moved, and my guides led me still onward, placing upon me a garment of emerald green.

The next apartment we entered was wide and cheerful, open on all sides to the light. Instead of pavement, it was spread with a carpet of the brightest greensward, upon which were strewn books, and rolls of parchment, and instruments of singular device. By the door sat one, who seemed deeply intent upon a curious volume that lay half-unrolled upon his lap. He was aroused by our entrance, and turned upon me a face marked deeply with the lines of intense and untiring thought. Inquiring who I was and whence I came, he examined me rigidly in regard to the scenes through which I had passed, and their effect upon my mind. Not the smallest circumstance was omitted, and he insisted upon hearing my interpretation of them all. Apparently satisfied with his scrutiny, he returned to his studies, and we entered. On every side I saw others similarly engaged. Most of them sat, each with forehead resting on his hand, poring on immense tomes. Some were busied with instruments of various kinds, and others bent over fires in which they strove to torture the elements to their will. Some were bowed with age and infirmities, but they pursued their objects with unwavering attention. I knew that I was in the Hall of Wisdom, and I groaned, saying, "Where, in this mass of objects, shall I begin? A life is too short even to commence the work!" Then my younger guide answered, "Of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness to the flesh. He who seeks Knowledge must labor in the

endless detail; he who would find Wisdom, has a shorter path. My gentle sister shall teach thee that deepest, yet simplest lore." Then she pointed to where the eyes of thousands were fixed intently upon an object that seemed to hang self-suspended in the air. It was a glancing sun, surrounded by a golden triangle; and in one of the lower angles was a lustrous pearl, in the other a brilliant aqua-marine, and at the apex a glowing carbuncle, that seemed to shower out from its own substance a dazzling crimson light. But Charity said, "Not yet, sister; here the intellect is cleared, the senses purged, and the memory refreshed, by the revival of all good impressions and the abolition of all evil; but the highest lesson is not taught here."

Taking from me my robe of green, they clothed me in a tunic of dazzling white, confined with a scarlet zone, and placed a golden circlet on my brow and a sceptre in my hand. Then they led me, thus regally caparisoned, into the next apartment, the high walls of which were of brightest vermilion, and the dome seemed one immense hemisphere of crimson glass, the variously-refracted light from which played on the floor and walls like waves of liquid flame. Seated on high thrones against the wall, or gathered in knots upon the floor, were numbers of persons arrayed like myself, but under whose tunics I could perceive garments of the fashion of every age and country. They turned their eyes upon me as I entered, and cried with one voice, "Long-expected, welcome! welcome!" and then resumed their former pursuits, or relapsed into attitudes of meditation and repose. My guides led me through the throng, to what

they told me would be my last trial. Placing me before a recess crowned with a five-pointed star, and in the opening of which hung heavily a veil of scarlet velvet, richly embroidered with blue and white, they left me; but the winged infant still hovered in advance of me. I gazed intently upon the veil, through which I believed some mighty revelation was to come, until every thought, feeling, and wish, seemed centred on that spot with a painful intensity, and I was lost to all else around me. Then the folds of the veil wavered and slowly parted, to reveal only a gigantic black coffin standing on end, with a silver skull and cross-bones worked upon the sable surface. I threw myself upon my knees in a sudden agony of disappointment, and cried, "Is this, then, the dark goal of all my labors, and must all my aspirations end for ever here!" But I looked again, and the winged infant moved toward the coffin-lid, and seemed to pass through its solid substance, turning back on me a countenance of gentlest pity and love as it disappeared. Stricken and subdued as I was, I could not turn my eyes from the dismal object. Then they that were in the room clustered around me, and whispered words of counsel and encouragement, all of which it seemed to me I had heard or read before, but not rightly understood until now. One with pointed beard and wide ruffle of lace came to me and said:—

> "There is no danger to the man that knows
> What life and death are: there's not any law
> Exceeds his knowledge; neither is it lawful
> That he should stoop to any other law."

Then another, with coarse garments and bare feet, advanced to the object of my fixed regards, and traced

in white letters, upon the black expanse, the words, "*Mors janua vitæ!*" As a glimmering of hope seemed to dawn in my breast, another, in scholastic garb, with a roll of Greek manuscript in his hand, came forward and said with solemn joy: "Our birth is death: death, life and liberty!"

"But wo is me!" I cried, "who shall show me the way to see what passes behind that dark portal, if portal it be?"

Then one in garb of plainest drab came to my side, and said softly: "I found it alone, being forsaken. I had fellowship therein with them that lived in dens and desolate places of the earth, and who through a living death obtained this spiritual resurrection and eternal holy life."

I began to take courage again; and, as I still gazed, the surface of the coffin-lid became like a clear mirror, in whose depths I could see an infant standing by his mother's knee, and the infant face was my own; and, as the mother pointed upward, I could see plainly the heaven that once existed to my childish imagination. Then I bowed my head and wept, and all the memories of later years, with their sins and sorrows, seemed to fade from me, and I was once more a little child. When I raised my eyes again, the mirror was like a crystal sea, whose effulgence was beyond that of the sun at noonday; and the shape of it was a triangle, in the corners of which were again seen the pearl, the aquamarine, and the luminous carbuncle; and in its midst I saw an ivory throne, and on it sat One in white raiment, crowned, and with the globe of the earth in his hand. At the foot of the throne stood Faith, Hope,

and Charity; and around was the innumerable company of the redeemed. Then He that sat upon the throne, said, "I was hungry, and thou didst feed me; I was thirsty, and thou didst give me to drink; I was naked, and thou clothedst me; I was sick and in prison, and thou visitedst me."

"Lord, Lord!" I exclaimed, "would that I had been with thee on earth, that I might have followed in thy footsteps and ministered to thy necessities!"

The answer fell clear and distinct upon my ear, "Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto the least of these my little ones, thou hast done it unto me."

Then a still, small voice—that seemed near me or within me, I knew not where, but perhaps in the depths of my own soul—tingled through the silentness, "We command you that you visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan!"

"I will! I will!" I exclaimed with passionate energy. Then He that sat upon the throne seemed to look kindly upon me, and the infant with downy wings again hovered toward me, and the three sisters advanced with joyous looks to embrace and to claim me as their own. As they came near, the image in the mirror faded away—but, as it faded, there arose a triumphal shout, and a burst of rapturous melody that seemed to rend the crystal dome, and—

I leaped from my chair to stare wildly round me at the old familiar friends that filled my room as before. The blue blaze danced on the surface of the crackling coal, and its reflection played and leaped upon the glasses of my book-case. I listened, and

the storm without seemed dying away in distant murmurs. Was that a low wailing of pain beneath my window? No: it was the moaning of the lulled wind; and then came the hoarse cry of the watchman, calling the hour beyond midnight. I picked up the book that had fallen from my hand, to see if it had any part in this mystery. It was the Philosophical Poems of Henry More, and it stood open at the *Insomnium Philosophicum*, where I read thus:—

> "These words I read or heard, I know not whether:
> Or thought, or thought I thought. It was a dream.
> But yet from dreams wise men sound truth may gather,
> And some ripe scatterings of high knowledge gleam.
> But where or heavy passions cloud the eyes,
> Or prejudice, there's nothing can make wise."

LOVE AND HATE.

BY. C. D. STUART.

Ah, why should men to Hate incline,
When Love is mightier far?—
Why words of wrath or blows of steel,
When peace can conquer war?
Should man alone, of things create,
Delight from Vengeance draw,
Whate'er the cause—so poor is Hate—
When Love is nature's law?
Love robes in bloom the varied earth,
Unites the worlds above,
And birds and beasts—whate'er has birth—
Obey the Law of Love.
Blest spirit! infinite as God,
Pervading every zone,
All else must yield to it at last,
And love shall rule alone.

SIX THOUSAND YEARS.

BY C. D. STUART.

Six thousand years, with ruin fraught,
  Have swept across the earth and seas;
Six thousand years! and war has wrought
  The only banners on the breeze:
In dust men's hostile feet have trod
The love of man, the fear of God.

And still, on every sounding gale,
  The trumpet's clangor wakes the din,
And sabres, clashing, drown the wail
  That fain would call some mercy in:
War stains earth's whole historic page
With widowhood and orphanage.

When shall it cease—and fields and plains,
  With mingled tears, and sweat, and gore,
And whips, and gyves, and clanking chains,
  And cringing slaves, be cursed no more?
When Church and State, and priest and king,
Are crushed by Retribution's wing!

God speed the hour! Earth's heart is sick,
  Is drunk with blood, and woe, and crime;
And, Retribution, be thou quick
  When God shall set the blessed time!
The tyrant smite, the slave release,
And give the world an age of Peace!

PRACTICAL JOKES.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

There are numbers of facetious and well-meaning people who delight themselves in this species of amusement: yet a more pernicious or fatal method of entertainment can scarcely be imagined. Most practical jokes have a malicious tendency, as the laugh is always raised at the expense of another; and the feelings of those upon whom they are perpetrated are never once taken into consideration. Some of the most cruel things have been enacted under the cover of a joke; and some of the most dreadful accidents have occurred from the indulgence of this propensity. It is my intention to illustrate this subject by relating an instance which I had from the lips of my dear and revered father, who was unfortunately, and to his everlasting regret, an actor in the tragedy.

In the town in which my father was born and brought up, and which now has merged into a portion of the vast metropolis of Britain, a few young gentlemen who had distinguished themselves at school, and were now engaged in acquiring various professions, formed themselves into a literary association, which met twice a week at the house of a friend. This was, in fact, a sort of debating society, in which subjects were given for discussion, and papers were written and speeches made to

illustrate more clearly the object in view. No drinking was allowed; and quarrelsome members were subject to a forfeit on the first offence, and expelled if they continued refractory. As the society was instituted with a view to mutual benefit, and the members were all friends and school-fellows from boyhood, their meetings were both harmonious and instructive.

"In this society," said my father, "I perfected myself in mathematics, and learned navigation and trigonometry; and this was chiefly to keep on an equal footing with my two friends, John and William W——, who both afterwards became Admirals in the British Navy. My brother and myself, the two W——s, and two fine lads of the name of Rosier, the sons of a widow lady, and great favorites with us all, constituted our class. One night our subject had been 'The belief in Ghosts,' that it had existed in all ages, and appeared to be sanctioned by the avowal made by the Saviour himself—'I am not a spirit.' This led to a long discussion upon the subject. Some of us believed, others disbelieved in supernatural agency; and Edward, the elder of the two Rosiers, declared his skepticism in such a decided manner, that John W—— asked him, if he would like to spend a night alone in a church?"

"With all my heart," was the bold reply. "If I found it disagreeable, it would not be on account of the ghosts that would trouble me."

"Edward," said my father, "I think your courage would fail you; for, independent of all superstitious dread, the loneliness of the place and hour, connected with other circumstances of a mysterious and awful nature, which cling about an ancient religious edifice,

would be enough to daunt a bolder spirit than yours. I am not a coward, as you all know, but I would not like to trust myself alone in such a place."

"Try me—that is all I request," returned Edward; "and if I turn coward, twit me with it ever after."

"And when will you make the experiment?" asked every one in a breath.

"To-morrow night, if you please."

"And the church?"

"Old Lambeth."

"You have made a bad choice," said all. "It is a solemn, awful place, and looks like the haunt of all the ghosts since the time of the Conquest."

"It is my native church. I was baptized there, and I love the venerable pile."

"Well, well, you shall have your own choice, but it would not be mine," said my father; "and now for arrangements—how is it all to be ordered?"

"I know the sexton," said Edward; "he will give me the key. I shall choose the belfry for my station: I don't mean the chamber of the bell, but that portion of the church which is situated directly under it. You must allow me a small table, a book, and four wax candles. The church is so large, that I should be fancying figures in the gloom, without sufficient light. At three o'clock I shall presume my watch ends, as you well know that all ghosts vanish at the first crowing of the cock."

We all agreed to this proposal, and promised to manage all these matters. The table, the book, (which, by-the-by, was Dr. Young's Night Thoughts,) and the candles were to be all ready by ten o'clock the follow-

ing night, and he was to meet us in the porch of Lambeth's old church.

Well, after the meeting broke up, and the Rosiers had shaken hands with us to part for the night, for their path home lay in an opposite direction, Henry lingered a moment behind, and whispered to my father:

"Tom, we must play Ned a trick. I have got a famous plan in my head: you shall hear it to-morrow."

Henry Rosier was a lively, rattle-brained fellow, clever enough, but too volatile to make the most of his talents; he was always up to all sorts of fun, and was the instigator of every mischievous prank in the town. There was not one of us on whom he had not played some practical joke; but his wit and good-humor made him a favorite with all. His brother and he were the most attached of friends, although nothing could be more unlike in character. Edward was a grave, serene, thoughtful youth, whose inclinations led him to the pulpit; but Henry had determined to follow his father's example, and enter the army.

Early in the morning Henry came to my father, and laughing very heartily, disclosed his plan; which appeared so innocent, that not only he, but the two W——s, entered heart and soul into it.

"First of all," said he, "I will go to Jones, the tallow chandler, and get him to cast four wax candles, leaving a hollow tin tube in the centre of the candle, or at the distance which he supposes it will take for the candle to burn down to by the witching hour of midnight; this tin shall be filled with gunpowder, and the candles, when they reach the powder, will be extinguished with a horrible explosion, and such an infernal smell of brim-

stone, that poor Ned will be forced to acknowledge that Old Nick himself put them out."

"We all laughed," said my father, "at the whimsical idea, while Henry, quite beside himself, clapped his hands and cut a thousand fantastic antics."

"It will be fine fun. We will all watch in the porch, and I long to see the grave face that our dear philosopher will make, when whiz, whiz, whiz, whiz, out go all the candles. Hee, hee, I think it will be his last night alone in the old church."

"At ten all was ready, and we accompanied Ned with lanterns, for it was a very dark October night, to that venerable old pile, which loomed through the heavy fog like the ghost of the vanished ages that had once witnessed its glory. For my own part, it was not without a feeling of superstitious awe," said my father, "that I unlocked the old church door, and we found ourselves standing within that ancient place of worship. My friend placed his little table beneath the belfry, which commanded a view up the main aisle, and lighting his treacherous candles, took his seat; and in a gay tone bade us all good-night."

"Edward," said I, "give over this frolic, perhaps you will repent your obstinacy when you find yourself all alone."

"Not in the least," said he; "I feel quite happy, and you may all go when you please."

We withdrew, but only to the porch of the church, leaving the door ajar, so that we could watch him unseen, and enjoy his astonishment when his lights expired.

The church clock struck eleven, but our friend still

continued calm and serene, reading his book. Once or twice, he took a turn round the church, and seemed wrapt in a sort of devotional meditation, which gave a finer expression to his very interesting countenance.

"Ned is a hero," said Henry, in a whisper; "but twelve o'clock will try his mettle yet."

Edward sat down to his book again, and seemed so lost in its pages, which were new to him, that he only raised his head as the clock above him commenced to toll the midnight hour. I thought his cheek looked paler than usual, but the night was very damp and cold; and the wind sobbed and howled its mysterious lullaby through the time-worn turrets of the old gray tower. He was evidently anxious to close his vigil. As he commenced counting the strokes of the bell, one, two, three, his voice was drowned in an uproar. The burning wicks of the candles, first one and then the other, were whirled aloft in the air, and went out amid a thundering din, and a cloud of smoke, which hid the poor watcher from our sight. We all burst into a roar of laughter, which was returned to us in sad and unearthly echoes through the long aisles of the building.

"Ned, my boy, how are you? has the devil flown away with you?" cried Henry, unclosing our dark lanterns, and rushing into the church.

But you may imagine what our feelings were, when we found Edward insensible upon the stony pavement, and to all appearance dead. One of our party ran for a coach, and with bitter tears of unfeigned regret at the sad termination of our frolic, we carried poor Edward home to his afflicted mother.

But this fit was only the prelude to a deeper woe.

Edward Rosier recovered to existence, but his senses had deserted him forever; that fine intellect, which was the pride of his mother's heart, was extinguished in mental darkness, and her adored boy was a moping idiot for life. This circumstance had such an effect upon the gay, thoughtless Henry, that he was never after seen to smile. The consciousness of having planned the joke preyed upon his mind, and literally broke his heart; and before two years had passed away, these two fine lads and their mother slept within the precincts of the old church, which had been the theatre of this frightful tragedy.

TO MY BOOKS.

BY E. ANNA LEWIS.

HALLOWED companions! tutors! ministers!
To ye I bring my overburdened heart—
Bare its deep wounds with many sighs and tears,
And bless ye, while ye soothe its burning smart.
If Falsehood, Envy, Hate, or Death surround me,
Ye fortify and make my spirit strong:
If sickness flings her pallid mantle round me,
Ye speed the weary-wingéd hours along:
If Pleasure lure me to the festive hall—
Nature too long detains me by the brink—
Ye, like kind, watchful parents, gently call
Me hither, at your sapient founts to drink.
Oh! who would spurn the shrine which Wisdom tends—
Oh! who could fail to love such pure and constant friends!

UNFULFILLED ASPIRATIONS.

"How imperfect are all our best efforts! Something still beyond, more beautiful, but shadowy, that we cannot grasp; something that we still want, but cannot find; more grace in our conception than we can chisel upon the marble; a deeper inspiration in our spirit than we can breathe in our song; a mightier idea in our thought than we can utter in words. Who has not felt this?"

In our silent midnight visions, when sweet forms of long ago,
Come to bless our weary bosoms, and relieve their weight of woe,
How their clear celestial music wins our souls to purer spheres,
And we strive the notes to echo, but the sounds are merged in tears!

And the language of the streamlet, of the leaf, the flower, the bee—
Each in its own sphere rejoicing, in the sunlight glad and free—
Thrills the soul with raptured feeling, makes sweet tear-drops fill the eye;
Yet 'tis language past revealing, and for which we vainly sigh.

Oh, our spirits have deep longings for a beauty and a joy,
Which on earth have never met us, in its restless, full employ;
And we gaze, appealing, earnest, to the azure vault above,
And the stars, like eyes of angels, look into our own with love.

When our hearts are chain'd with feelings that bespeak them not of earth,
And with tones all true and tender, we would give them glorious birth,
How the quivering words do falter, in a dialect so strange!—
Upwards, to a higher altar, must those heaven-born feelings range.

Yet there is a clime all holy, free from stain of sin or care,
Free from earth-born feelings lowly, where each thought shall be a prayer;
Where our songs shall flow unceasing, from the spirit's lofty shrine;
And the language we shall utter, shall he holy, pure, divine.

LOUISA.

THE JOY OF THE LAW.

BY M. M. NOAH.

The children of Israel had only two great divine objects constantly before their eyes—God and his law; and amidst so many sufferings and privations since they came out of the land of Egypt, they never forgot their duty and their devotion to both. To the five books of Moses, which contain all the elements constituting happiness on earth and immortality in the life to come, their attachment has never ceased; and the world at this day owes to their constancy and devotion the rich possession of that Bible which they preserved amidst so many privations and sufferings. "Ye are my witnesses," said the Lord, and faithful ones they have been of his unity and omnipotence.

The engraving attached to this article is what is called in Hebrew, "The Joy, or the Triumph of the Law," and represents a ceremony which takes place on the last days of the Feast of the Tabernacles. The five books of Moses are most carefully and elegantly written on vellum, and encased in silks surmounted with silver bells. On each Sabbath throughout the year a portion is read from them, the law being first unrolled, elevated, and presented to the congregation, that they may see and bless the law. Some of these sacred rolls were preserved at the destruction of Jerusalem and the

capture of the ten tribes; and some now in Europe are supposed to have been written before the temple of Solomon was erected.

The Feast of the Tabernacles was one of great rejoicings, the design of which was to commemorate the goodness of God, who preserved the Israelites in the wilderness, and made them dwell in booths, when they came out of the land of Egypt. The festival was instituted to commemorate his goodness, which overshadowed and was a covering to them when they had no houses during their sojourn for forty years in the wilderness, and to make them sensible how happy they were to be in cities and splendid palaces in the land promised to their fathers, who wandered in the howling wilderness without habitations. The law commanded that this festival should be celebrated in the seventh month, September, in memory of their dwelling in booths when they came out of Egypt, which were made of boughs of trees, like arbors or bowers, with palm-trees, thick trees, and willows of the brook: boughs of the citron-tree were also used. Connected with the remembrance of this festival, there was another object in the Feast of the Tabernacles than the mere remembrance of their sojourn in the wilderness, which was to express their gratitude to God for their desired harvest, which they had now gathered; for at the period of this festival their corn was thrashed and their vintage and fruits gathered. For this reason, besides the seven days of commemoration of their dwelling in tents, there was an eighth day added, as an acknowledgment of divine favor for bestowing upon them the fruits of the earth. This day was a distinct solemnity, and has always

been considered the last day of the Feast of Tabernacles.

Maimonides, the great expounder of the law, says: "We go from the Feast of Tabernacles to another solemnity upon the eighth day. It tends to make our joys perfect, which could not be done in tabernacles, but in large and spacious houses and palaces." This day, therefore, was kept with still greater festivity: no servile work was to be done upon it, and praises were sung unto God in the temple, with trumpets and instruments of music. Upon this day *they read the last section of the law, and likewise began the first,* lest they should seem more joyful in ending their sections than in beginning them; and this is the ceremony which our painter has represented of taking the law out of the ark and walking in procession to the reading-desk, where it is unrolled and read—the last of Deuteronomy and the first of Genesis, the end and the beginning; and this is called Simcha Torah, the Joy of the Law—literally, the triumph of the law of Moses.

All the Jewish ceremonies, sacrifices, and ablutions, grow out of the admonitions and restrictions of the law, which, to the early Jews, was a direction so divinely sacred as never to be violated; and these laws contain all the elements of social government, all those principles of justice, of equity, of virtue, and fidelity, which are the cardinal support of civilization. When the New England pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, they resolved to take the Bible for their government until they could form a better one, and they lived under the law of Moses happily and honorably for one hundred years, and professing Christians rejoiced in carrying out

the principles of the Mosaic institutions. What a commentary on those unjust, antichristian doctrines and prejudices which would persecute the Jew for his faith, when that faith is the foundation of Christianity! Light, however, is breaking in upon us on all sides. The time is approaching when the world will do justice to the constancy and fidelity of the Jewish people, and will consider their miraculous preservation as a nation, a proof of divine favor and protection.

TO MARY.

I LOVE THEE!—Oh! if with a spirit's eye
  Thou couldst look in my breast, and see the well,
  Deep, fathomless, where all my love doth dwell—
Thoughts, feelings, to myself a mystery,
  Which I do ever, like an ocean's swell,
  Feel rising to my lips, but cannot tell—
    Thou shouldst have vision of thy wealth of love,
    Which language is all powerless to prove;
(Though its conception still would be above thee—
  Even as, when on the great sea gazing, we
  Feel, but can't syllable its immensity;)
    And, seeing thus how closely Heaven with thine
    Has linked my being—if not thine with mine—
Mightst feel the depth of those fond words, *I love thee!*

R.

THE OLD MAN'S HOPE.

BY MARIE ROSEAU.

THERE sat an old man by the fire's clear light;
His figure was wasted, and shrivel'd, and old;
And he nervously shook, though it was not with cold,
For the flame from the embers burn'd warmly and bright,
As he sat there alone, on that drear wintry night.

He was thinking him sadly of years that were fled;
Of youth's long vanish'd pictures, so splendid and gay;
Of the homestead's rude walls, now going to decay;
Of kindred and friends, who for years had been dead;
And bright hopes of enjoyment, soon shrouded in dread.

'Twas thus that he sat, while the winds mutter'd rage,
Retracing his footmarks o'er life's beaten track;
Recounting youth's pleasure, which ne'er could come back;
And in reading life's volume, whose last-written page
Could scarcely be seen by the dim eye of age.

Then the thought of past moments and hours misspent;
Of the feeble he helped not, who cried in their need;
Of the poor and the hungry he cared not to feed;
Of strong ties of affection his errors had rent;—
And with each recollection deep sorrow was blent.

But there came then a mist o'er the old man's eye,
And he leaned down his head, while the tears fell fast,—
In truthful repentance he mourn'd for the past;
Though often before had the penitent's cry
Been raised from his lips to our Father on high.

Then a change came upon him: there fell on his ear,
  In tones of enchantment, a low gentle strain
  Of music's sweet harmony, tranquil and plain,
That bade all his visions of gloom disappear,
And with whispers of hope soon dispell'd every fear.

'Twas the language of God, and with tenderness rife,
  Recalling the time when his heart had been given,
  In the vigor of youth, to the service of Heaven;
Of the grace which had brought him, through sorrow and strife,
In safety and peace to the borders of life.

It told that all freely each sin was forgiven;
  And spoke of bright regions—the home of the blest,
  Where, released from all care, he would soon be at rest;
And he read when earth's mist from his eyesight was riven,
That the last page of life bore his passport to heaven.

THE ODD-FELLOW'S DREAM.

BY BROTHER EDWARD.

"He that hath a dream, let him tell a dream."

On a lowering afternoon of May, I returned home from the cares of business, much harassed and fatigued, both in body and mind. Throwing myself into my easy chair, I became absorbed in a deep revery, on whose undulated ground was traced a series of thoughts, some pleasant, others sad, but all having more or less connection with the leading ideas of the cares and vicissitudes of life, and the small share of sympathy that is realized by those suffering most from adversity and want.

After a time the eyes, being naturally depressed, found their attention concentrated in the carpet, whose ground-plan was a check, with a kind of figure having some resemblance to small landscapes spread over it. As I gazed, the outer world seemed gradually fading away; and directly under the eye, occupying the place of what had been the carpet, lay a large city. By what process, or principle, this change was effected, is difficult to explain; but I was perfectly conscious of the fact. There were streets, and squares, and tall rows of buildings, wharves, warehouses, and churches, while all the great thoroughfares were thronged with people, hurrying to and fro, apparently with important objects in view.

The scene was full of that exciting interest which is always awakened by an exhibition of human activity,

as represented by the various objects, characters, and pursuits of a great multitude. There were gay dresses, picturesque groups, and various actions full of the earnestness of important business. Many of the structures were very elegant; a few of them wore an aspect of even imposing grandeur; the shops, in their lavish display of goods in all beautiful forms and alluring colors, seemed spanned with rainbows, while here and there a fountain sent up its curve of sparkling waters, giving variety, freshness, and a new beauty to the scene. The panorama, as thus seen in the distance, was pleasing in the extreme. But as my vision became brighter, objects and individual features became clearer, and I found that the picture had darker shades. Suffering and misery, in various forms, were diffused throughout the whole: enclosing walls seemed to give way to my keen vision, and the interior of many dwellings was open to my view.

Here, in a low-roofed, miserable attic, lay a stranger, dying, in a strange land, poor, friendless, alone. Yonder, in that old building, that swarmed with human beings, sat a poor widow, with aching eyes and heart, straining over her nightly task, to give bread to her fatherless little ones; and in the next room a group of ragged children, now wholly orphaned, were about to be cast into the world; to be educated in almshouses, or worse, to roam the streets miserable vagrants, whom society will punish to the utmost severity of the law, though it neglected to raise them above the necessity of punishment. But such groups were endless. The streets, the miserable cellars and garrets, were overflowing with them. There were few, indeed, to

sympathize with any of these—still fewer to relieve; while many were starving, and others were actually dying for want of proper food, or from sheer neglect; and if a passing individual cast relief to the sufferer, it was in such a spirit as rather to humiliate, than comfort the recipient.

At the view of such a scene I was filled with deep regret, and I much wished that my suffering fellow-men had the power and means of relieving themselves of their misery. A gloom appeared in the atmosphere; the very light had a chill in it; and all around wore a most sorrowful aspect. Even those who were better provided for did not seem quite at their ease; and there were none who appeared really happy.

While thus viewing intently the city, clouds of darkness were hastily passing over it, and two vivid flashes of lightning passed in different directions, which were immediately followed by crashing peals of thunder, that seemed to shake the foundations of the city, and a heavy storm suddenly burst upon the scene, with hail and rain, producing a tremendous conflict of the elements. It seemed as if the Heavens and Earth were struggling together in deadly strife: the encounter was terrific. In the darkness which supervened, the city was completely lost to my view. I trembled, and feared the storm and hurricane would sweep me away; but they touched me not, nor affected the rock I stood upon. There was something awfully grand in God's mighty voice; and while the weaker powers, the muscles and nerves of the body, were shaken as with a strange terror, the soul spread forth its wings, awe-struck indeed, but strengthened and exalted by its sympathy with the sublime.

The storm gradually subsided, and the hurricane passed away. A fresh and vigorous breeze from the southwest springing up, the dense clouds which had veiled the city began to scatter and disappear; and the glorious sun sent forth his golden beams, irradiating every avenue and every object.

As the light folds of vapor rolled away in the distance, like a withdrawing curtain, the scene appeared wholly changed. All seemed cheerful and happy; and though of necessity old age, sickness, and disease yet remained, there was an expression of contentment and tranquillity on their faces, wholly new, and totally different from that which they had worn before the storm. Indeed, this joyous and beneficent spirit was contagious. As by a divine sympathy, the observer also became happy.

Gazing on the city with a new and increasing delight, my eye rested on an object it had not before seen. A beautiful Temple, on which was concentrated the largest proportion of the sun's rays, stood in the midst, and towards this the people were flocking from all directions, approaching it with feelings of mingled love and reverence.

My curiosity became excited to the highest degree. I must know something of this beautiful Temple, the very sight of which so dazzles the eyes and warms the heart. While I was revolving in my mind how this should be effected, I observed three female figures leave that enchanting spot, and bend their way towards me. But a moment had intervened, and they stood before me, regarding me with a sweet smile. They were robed in white apparel, and their countenances were bright

and heavenly. The one on my left cast on me an expressive look, raising her eyes and hand, pointing towards heaven. The one before me, whose bright face was lighted with the sweetest confidence, stood leaning against a rock, at the foot of which an anchor was inclined. The third was a peculiarly lovely countenance, her eyes beaming with kindness, and her lap laden with good things, of which she invited me to partake freely.

The first Angel—for such they all appeared to be—thus addressed me: "Listen, O son of man! for I perceive thou seekest for intelligence, and thy desires shall now be gratified. Behold, we have been sent on a mission of love to yonder city of the plain. We have left there our three sisters, FRIENDSHIP, TRUTH, and LOVE; and yonder beauteous Temple has been erected in commemoration of this event."

"Yes!" responded Charity, while a lovely smile, beaming out from the soul, suffused her whole being with its intense refulgence; "and, behold, the mourner hath comfort, the sick are visited, the stranger no more is left to die alone; widows are protected, and orphan children are educated and prepared for life, and the dead are decently buried."

She paused, while Hope, whose countenance beamed with a divine radiance, stretched forth her fair hand, and in the blandest tones thus took up the cheering strain. "As the gigantic SELFISHNESS which men have enshrined, and worshipped with all unholy rites, like Dagon of old, gradually melts away in the warm rays of light and love, I see a still happier period already dawning within the bosom of yon dark shadows. Then every human life will be a ministry of sweetest kindness, and

angels will hasten on wings of joy to carry the tidings to distant spheres. Heaven itself will no longer be a distant and cold inane, separated from life by the fearful abyss of death; but will come down from its hitherto inapproachable height, and hover over the world with the tender closeness of a brooding mother, folding all intelligence within the azure plumage of its radiant wings, and visiting the soul with an influx of its divine glory. Of such a time as this carolled the ancient singers in Israel, when they foresaw that to them who sit in darkness and the shadow of death, light should spring up; that truth should spring out of the earth, and righteousness look down from heaven; that the desert should rejoice and blossom as the rose; that the wolf should dwell with the lamb, and the leopard lie down with the kid; that the deaf should hear, the blind see, the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb should sing; that in the wilderness springs should break out, and streams in the desert. Such a time as this God has graciously promised to the children of men, and all in whom he creates the desire shall hail its dawn with inexpressible delight and pleasure."

"Then, O my sisters," Faith, with a deep voice, responded, "it shall be!"

"Even so," replied Charity. "Then listen, O man!" she added, turning to me, "and learn how it is to be accomplished."

"Pray, inform me!" I cried, earnestly; "and also why such throngs are continually resorting to yonder beauteous fane."

"Hear, then, O brother man!" she answered, graciously, "and know that it is for the purpose of enjoying

a fuller communion with our three sisters; for through their principles the world is to be redeemed from its misery and anguish, and receive the capacity of enjoying the abundant means of happiness which our benevolent Father has so profusely bestowed. Only establish in the world the single principle of COMMON FRATERNITY, UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD, and you have one great family, bound together by the sacred and cementing ties of Friendship, Love, and Truth. This Triune principle is the corner-stone of yonder Temple; and its spirit is now beginning to be diffused throughout the earth. Then, when it more universally prevails, will be clearly seen by all what now appeareth only to the angels, and such as they specially enlighten, that the only sure, as well as the most direct path to the individual welfare, is through the common good. Then the giver will be divested of ostentation, and the receiver of an undue humility; for true love maketh all things equal. Seek, then, our fair and lovely sisters, and learn through them the true mission, the true ambition, hope, and destiny of those who receive and practice those heart-cheering and comforting principles."

As I listened to these divine communications, a sweet peace and a tender joy flowed into my whole being. The heart throbbed with new affections, seeming to put forth fibres that twined themselves around my Brother's heart; the expanding mind, exalted by more generous thought and higher motive, rose into the clear empyrean of pure truth; the spirit, spreading forth its newly-plumed wings, soared away into the infinite; and I stood with arms extended, desiring to be included among the number whose happiness consists in contributing to that of others.

The angels smiled, as they perceived my emotions, and Hope, with a sweet smile, said—" You appear to desire to join this happy throng ?"

I replied, " Indeed I do, and that at once."

" You shall do so," replied Charity, " for I perceive your heart is in the matter; but we must exact three promises from you, which you must faithfully perform; and we, in return, will leave three tokens with you." To which I consented, and gave the triple pledge, and hope to perform them inviolate, as they each so deeply concern the welfare of our Fraternity.

" Yes," said Faith, " and I will commence your initiation into our holy mysteries." Taking a ring from her bosom, she placed it upon my right hand, and said—" I invest you with this pure gold Ring, as a token of membership of that Fraternity over which our three sisters constantly preside. It will also teach you concerning our gracious God's unchanging and perpetual love towards you, which shall cheer thy spirit whenever afflicted with a view of thy own changeableness, and teach you constantly to confide in his Faithfulness; and be assured that all the good and kindness you do to your brethren shall return again to your heart with a tenfold sweetness and reward."

" Yes," exclaimed Hope, " and I present to thee this pure white Stone. On it I have just engraved thy name, which thou perceivest is secret; none but thyself being able to decipher the characters. This thou wilt carry in this small silken bag at thy left side, next to thy person; and though no one can see it, THOU FEELEST IT, and it will encourage thee, in the darkest and most hopeless circumstances, to hope in God, who never really

forsakes his people. Its remembrance shall prove as an anchor, that shall enable thee to outride every storm, until thy little bark shall be safely conveyed into the haven of rest."

At this moment, Charity stepped towards me, and threw around me a beautiful Robe; and in doing so, said —"At all times wear this garment: it is a holy robe, and possesses many virtues; more for others than even thyself. It will warm thy heart towards thy Brethren, and dispose thee, at all times, to cheer them on their way—to speak comfortable words to them; and as God shall bless thee, thou wilt freely give to them the helping hand, and send them on their way rejoicing."

"Thou observest," said Charity, "that there are *three* doors to the Temple, and these are the only true entrances to the building."

"I perceive them," replied I; "but I also think I see some persons trying to get in by the windows, and others scaling the wall with ladders, in order that they may enter by the roof. Pray inform me, why is this?"

"It is even so," answered Charity. "Selfishness is still their highest law; and even in appearing to cast it aside, they are still most deeply selfish. They are not attracted by a love of our fair sisters, nor by a desire to obtain knowledge of them; for they are wholly opposed in habit and in character. As the wolf sometimes entereth the flock in sheep's clothing, that he may more securely glut his own base appetite, so have these put on the garments of fraternity, merely because it gives them entrance into a richer field for the indulgence of their grovelling and selfish propensities."

"Yet," said Faith, "such are the exalted principles of

the Fraternity that you have become a member of, that it will dispose you to forgive even these, and desire that they become conscious of the disgrace they bring upon so glorious a cause."

"Yes," observed Hope; "and ye who have really received the Truth, your example will do much to aid and enlighten such as these, that they may become an ornament, instead of a hindrance, in the Fraternal Family."

"And let us remember," rejoined Charity, "that of all unfortunate men, the most to be pitied is the utterly selfish man. The beneficent, dividing his mouldy crust with one more famished than himself, is rich, for he has the highest joy that wealth can give—that of imparting happiness to others; but he who, though surfeited with abundance, feels that kindness is a luxury which he cannot afford, is the poorest of the poor. Let us learn, then, to pity this most deplorable of all want—the self-wasting, soul-murdering poverty of the heart. Arise; go forth on thy mission of love. Seek, by all lawful means, to diffuse these holy principles, which recognize in man a brother, in mankind a brotherhood, and in God a common Father and Friend. Only by the operation of this principle can society ever be happy and prosperous."

"And the bonds of good-fellowship," observed Hope, "although they now seem removed but a little way from the centre, shall extend, with continually widening circles, until they finally enclose an innumerable host."

"Work on, then," whispered Faith, "with a strong hand, and a true heart. Send abroad the glad tidings on the wings of Truth and Love; set them forth with

the authority of consistent action; and, above all, make them manifest by a true and harmonious life. Know, indeed, that the wide and extended reign of the triune sisters, Friendship, Love, and Truth, is not an idle phantasy of a diseased imagination, but a great, a beautiful, and an approaching reality. My Brother, the tokens we have invested you with will be sufficient evidence to our Sisters of your relation to the Family, who will cheerfully guide you through all the sacred rites and mysteries of the Brotherhood."

As these words were uttered, the form of the speaker seemed to be diffused in a pervading light, which enveloped all the three, and I saw them no more. Startled by their sudden disappearance, I was aroused from my revery, and once more became conscious of the present scene. A clear and beautiful night was shining abroad; and as the deep stars looked down upon me, they seemed beaming with the radiance of such holy eyes as I had just beheld. A delicious perfume filled the air, as if it still retained the sweet breath of angels; a heavenly calm pervaded all the scene; and when I arose, I went forth strengthened in heart and will, by this brief communion with the lost angels of the world, Faith, Hope, and Charity. A shrill sound aroused me from my vision state: I obeyed its call; it was the supper-bell.

THE FALL OF JERUSALEM.

BY EVANGEL.

The capital of the Jewish kingdom, called by pre-eminence the *Holy City*, it is supposed, by most historians, was originally called Salem: by the Canaanites it was called *Jebus;* and several centuries afterwards, it was distinguished by the name of the *City of David.*

Jerusalem was built on three neighboring hills, Zion, Moriah, and Acra. On three sides it was bounded by valleys, separating it from the adjacent hills which girted it about. It was further inclosed by walls, which were fortified with numerous towers. The compass of the whole city, round about, was between four and five miles. Mount Zion was distinguished by noble and costly buildings, among others, the citadel and royal palace: but Mount Moriah was invested with peculiar honor, as having been the site of the offering of Abraham, and the *locale* of the great Temple. In close proximity with the city, was the Mount of Olives, the valley of Kidron, with its brook, which took its winding way by the Dead Sea—the valley of Jehoshaphat—the villages of Bethany, Bethphage, the Garden of Gethsemane, the pool of Siloam, and Calvary—all classic names, and endeared as household words to every reader of the sacred Scriptures, from their having been the scenes of the Saviour's sojourning and sufferings. Great

and glorious was Jerusalem in this, the day of her pride and splendor. David was the honored instrument of its preparation, but to his successor was reserved the greater glory of completing and dedicating the Temple. The zeal of both, however, was eminently conspicuous, and they shared alike in the splendid sacrifices required for its erection. The munificent contributions of David were lavish in the extreme, consisting of a hundred thousand talents of gold, and a thousand talents of silver, a profusion of precious stones, besides vast quantities of brass, iron, wood, &c. He also bequeathed three thousand talents of gold of Ophir, seven thousand of refined silver, with which to overlay the walls of the sacred edifice. In fine, the value of the materials collected for the Temple before David's death was such as to defy calculation. Not only did the aged monarch make such vast preparations for the work, for the assistance of his son, but he gave him also the exact plan according to which the whole was to be made. In all this he himself was instructed by the same God that revealed to Moses the pattern of the Tabernacle on Mount Sinai. King Solomon consecrated himself to this stupendous work; and by the aid of many thousand laborers the stately edifice silently ascended, and, at the end of seven years, stood completed in all its glory. The summit of Mount Moriah, on which it was erected, was enlarged by art to make room enough for the courts of the sacred house. It was built much of the same form as the Tabernacle, but was of much larger dimensions. It consisted of the sanctuary itself, with its magnificent porch, facing the Mount of Olives to the east. And at the western extremity was the Holy of Holies. These

formed only a small portion of the sacred edifice; they were surrounded by spacious courts, chambers, and other apartments, which were much more extensive than the Sanctuary itself.

First, there was the *Court of the Gentiles*, into which persons of all nations were permitted to enter; this comprised an area of more than fourteen acres. The next was the *Court of the Women*, so designated by the Jews, not because none but women were permitted to enter, but because it was their appointed place of worship, beyond which they might not go, unless they brought a sacrifice. The gate which led into this court was supposed to be the "Beautiful Gate" referred to, Acts iii. ver. 2. The *Court of Israel* was separated from this, and divided into two parts—one the Court of the Israelites, and the other the Court of the Priests; only on special occasions could the people enter the latter, when they laid their hands on the animals they offered.

The sanctuary proper was gorgeously decorated. It was all overlaid with shining gold, and decked with carved figures and precious stones. There was the altar of incense, the ten tables with their ten golden candlesticks, and vessels of pure gold. In the Holy of Holies was the sacred Ark that was made in the wilderness, holding within it the two tables of the law, and overshadowed above by its golden cherubim, and at each end of it another cherub larger than those on the Mercy-seat, before all which hung a costly veil. Towards the middle of the Sanctuary stood the huge brazen Laver, which rested on the back of twelve oxen, made of molten brass: there were also smaller lavers

for washing the flesh of the victims that were sacrificed. The great brazen Laver was typical of the fountain of uncleanness, where the priests were required to wash before ministering at the altar of sacrifice.

The imposing ceremonial of the dedication of the Temple by Solomon, which took place B. C. 1004, is described as one of surprising splendor, in which the elders of the nation and a vast concourse took part. Sacrifices, almost innumerable, were offered on the occasion; and amidst the swelling harmonies of their solemn worship stood King Solomon, on a brazen scaffold, and blessed the people. After his celebrated prayer, one of the most sublime invocations to the Deity on record, a miraculous fire descended from heaven, and consumed the sacrifices that were on the altar, while the whole congregation were prostrate to the ground, doing homage before the God of Israel.

The Holy City, with its superb sanctuary, once the perfection of beauty—the joy of the whole earth—was, however, doomed to overwhelming destruction. The temple, after various profanations, was utterly destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, after having existed, according to Josephus, four hundred and seventy-four years.

The second temple, built by the Jews after their return from their captivity, which existed about five hundred years, although the boast of the Jewish nation of that day, was yet the occasion of the deep lamentations of the venerable sires who had witnessed the superior glory of the first. There was wanting in this second temple the five distinguishing signs which gave such supernatural splendor to the former,—the Ark, the Mercy-seat, the Shechinah, and the Urim and Thum-

min. Yet was the ancient seer divinely commissioned to proclaim to the Jews the prophetic announcement,—the "glory of this latter house shall be greater than the former." This declaration, indeed, must have been difficult of comprehension by the Jews, whose system of worship had such direct reference to outward symbols and types. The comparative expenditure of means in the erection of the two temples, showed a vast disparity with respect to the latter. "According to the common acceptation of Scripture accounts," says Dr. Prideaux, "it was estimated that the precious metals employed in the construction of the first temple must have amounted to upwards of eight thousand millions sterling,—a sum greatly exceeding the combined wealth of all the monarchs of the world."

The religious system of the Jews was eminently adapted to subserve the purpose for which it was designed,—that of pointing to the advent of the Messiah. Luminous, however, as were these types, the Jews did not perceive their true significancy, for when, on one occasion, the Saviour said to them, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up," they knew not that he referred to the temple of his body, for they responded, "Forty and six years was this temple in building, and wilt thou rear it up in three days?"

The Scriptures of the New Testament abound with similar allusions. In one instance, where the same figure is employed, Christ is referred to, as "The chief corner-stone of an holy temple in the Lord," and elsewhere, as "The true tabernacle which God pitched, and not man." The various offices of the ancient temple are also referred by the sacred writers for their ex-

position to their great antetype—the Divine Redeemer. The Shechinah, the crowning glory of the first temple, was the sublime supernatural emblem of Him "in whom dwelt the fulness of the Godhead bodily." He was the true temple of the Deity, revealing to mortal vision, through the veil of his humanity, the glories of the infinite God. He was emphatically, "God manifest in the flesh." The predictions of ancient prophecy were all verified in the advent, the passion, and the death of Him, who, by "the one offering of Himself," has superseded the rigid ministration of the law, sacrifices, and covenants, and introduced in their stead, "the ministry of reconciliation." A truth so momentous to the interests of humanity, received the most unequivocal and divine attestation in the supernatural events which accompanied the Crucifixion, when the "veil of the temple was rent in twain." It was when anticipating that fearful event, the Divine Redeemer wept tears of compassion as he looked upon the beloved city and its guilty inhabitants.

What wonder, then, that the Jewish sires should themselves thus sorely lament the desecration of their sacred temple, and the fearful desolation of their favorite city. But we refrain from further dilating upon the touching scene our artist has portrayed so effectively, in favor of a pen more capable of describing it. Some weeks prior to the lamented decease of our esteemed friend, Major Noah, he kindly proposed to furnish an article on this subject; and since we have been deprived of this expected pleasure, it mitigates in no small degree the disappointment, to be able to present the following interesting sketch in its stead, from the hand of his son.

Claxton — McRae

The Jews weeping over the Fall of Jerusalem

E. Walker, N York

THE DAY OF VENGEANCE.

BY MANUEL M. NOAH.

EIGHTEEN hundred years and more have passed without shedding a ray of happiness upon the Jewish nation. Assailed, in the early periods of their history, by the Assyrians, the Medes, the Persians, the Greeks, and Romans—by each successively oppressed and proscribed, their armies destroyed, and the sceptre of Israel broken, the people chosen by the Lord to establish his unity and omnipotence were dispersed throughout the world, with no other shield than their Law, and no other buckler than the righteousness of their cause. Since the time of Vespasian, their history has been traced in blood and tears. Eleven hundred thousand were massacred at the siege of Jerusalem, millions perished during the reign of Adrian, and in combating on the plains of Palestine for their rights as a nation. With the sword of desolation hanging over them, they persisted in the supremacy of their belief over the idolatry and infidelity of the times—they remained true—and they perished. The world regarded their efforts with wonder and astonishment; their resistance was termed obstinacy—their struggles rebellion. The lapse of ages prove that it was a natural and proper defence of their rights; reason and truth have triumphed, liberty spreads her wings over a portion of the remnant, while

their persecutors exist only on the page of history. Their annals afford to this day a contemplative picture on which nations can reflect and be instructed. As a people, they solemnize days, chronicled in their history by good and evil, by rejoicing or humiliation; and among them none teach so effectively the all-wise dispensation of an overruling Providence as the tenth of *Ab*, (or August,) for never was the Divine displeasure called forth so thrillingly awful as on that day, which to this remote age is observed as a day of fasting, mourning, and humiliation. Thrice severally on that day was destruction and captivity hurled upon them as a nation; and twice, by a fatal destiny, was the Temple desecrated and destroyed.

Shortly after the Day of Atonement, a day of humiliation set apart by Moses,* in the year 606 B. C., Nebuchodonosor, the King of Babylon, laid siege to Jerusalem; and, on the 9th of Ab, he burned down "the house of God, and brake down the wall of Jerusalem,"† and the children of Israel, with their king, Jehoiachin, were led captive to Babylon. Then was this day set apart for a day of lamentation and expiation, on which all Israel to this day mourns. In the impressive language of Mrs. Hemans did Israel lament:

"Beside the streams of Babylon, in tears
Of vain desire, we sat; remembering thee,
O hallowed Zion! and the vanished years,
When Israel's chosen sons were blest and free;
Our harps, neglected and untuned, we hung
Mute on the willows of the stranger's land;
When songs, like those that in thy fanes we sung,
Our foes demanded from their captive band."

* Leviticus, xvi. 29, and xxiii. 27.

† 2 Chronicles, xxxvi. 19.

The captivity of Babylon lasted seventy years, during which time Israel, through the wisdom of the prophet Daniel, rose into favor—so much so that Cyrus restored them the Holy City; and, with the favor of Darius and Artaxerxes, they rebuilt the Temple under Ezra the scribe, to whom is due the honor of combining the various parts which now form the accepted portion of the Bible termed the Old Testament.

The children of Israel, governed by their high-priests, continued under favor of the Babylonian monarchs until their subjugation by Alexander of Macedon, who, impressed by the wisdom of their high-priest, Jaddua, forbore giving siege to Jerusalem, but took them also under his protection. After his death, Jerusalem was the scene of constant warfare; and it sustained a siege by the Egyptians under Ptolemy Soter, who subjugated the city by a fraudulent surprise on the Sabbath, and carried a hundred thousand of the inhabitants into captivity. The Israelites continued, until the rise of the Asmonean family, to be under the yoke of the Egyptians and the Syrians—their country the scene of constant violence and bloodshed.

Judas Maccabeus rescued his country and people from Syrian bondage, and they enjoyed peace and prosperity until the quarrels of the brothers Aristobulus and Hyrcanus, second king of Jerusalem. After many years of civil war, the two brothers chose Pompey, the Roman general, as an arbitrator between them; but the hastiness of Aristobulus exasperated the Roman, who laid siege to Jerusalem, and subjugated it on the fatal 9th day of Ab—verily, "The day of Vengeance!"

Pompey, however, with great liberality, left the Tem-

ple and the treasures of the sacred edifice untouched. They continued under the tyranny of the Roman government for many years, but at length rebelled, during the reign of Nero, who dispatched his general, Vespasian, to subdue them. Vespasian, aided by his son Titus, overrun the country, but it was reserved to the latter to subdue and destroy Jerusalem and the Temple, which latter act was consummated on the 9th day of Ab, A. D. 70.

In the accompanying sketch, the artist has, with singular ability, pictured the deep desolation which covered, not only the land but the people, when the devastating hand of war and its accompanying horrors had swept Judea from the map of kingdoms, and blotted Israel from the scroll of nations. To this day the Holy City remains a shattered monument of the departed glory of Israel, surrounded by a handful of the faithful lamenting its desolation, and looking forward to the fulfilment of those prophecies which foretell its restoration to power.

"The Day of Vengeance" is solemnized alike in this country, as it is wherever the remnant of Israel abide; and in what country are they not to be found? But a day of happiness is to be seen in the vista of years, and Israel may once more rejoice. The example set the world by the United States has shown that toleration can stimulate to good deeds—that the Israelite can, and has received the entire confidence of his Christian brethren—that to an Israelite is to be ascribed greater meekness, and more virtues, than to the generality of his fellow-citizens. Yet, in darker Europe they still remain under the oppressor's yoke, bereft of every suffrage save

a name—bereft of country, habitation, speech, they are, in the language of Byron—

"Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast."

They but sojourn on the earth, for

"The wild-dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country—Israel but the grave!"

IS IT REAL?

BY T. W. RENNIE.

Is it real, or but seeming—
Is it sober truth, or dreaming—
That our lower world is growing
Better, as it grows more knowing?

—Treads the foot of Power lighter?
Burns the hope of nations brighter?
Heard is now the voice of singing
Where the wail of woe was ringing?

Beats the heart of Labor prouder,
Speaks it in a language louder,
Now, than when, to Power kneeling,
All its privilege was *feeling*?

Does the eye that from the lowly
Turned, as they were outcast wholly,
Now with dewy moisture glisten
While the ear is bowed to listen?

Are the homes no more unfriended,
Starving, sick, and unattended,
Where the poor or freeze or swelter
In unchristian guise and shelter?

—Yes! man, YES! the world *is* growing
Better, as it grows more knowing;
And will grow, till each in other—
Of earth's millions—hail a BROTHER!

THE FAVORITE'S ESCAPE.

BY MRS. L. MATHER.

CHAPTER I.

It was a bright autumnal afternoon—the rich, mellow, yet subdued light of the beautiful Indian Summer shed a joy and a blessing over many happy homes, and transfigured the many-hued leaves of the forest into diadems of glory. It was just the season for meditation and dreamy revery, when the cup of joy seems to be infused with a chastened tenderness and sadness, which speak of past hours; of once happy communings with lips, now, alas! touched by death's icy seal; of broken friendships; of sorrow and of change. There is something indescribably pleasing in the Autumn—something which, even amid the decay of leaf and flower, whispers to the heart most soothingly and trustingly—elevates it above the tumult, the din, and confusion of earth—gives it high and holy glimpses of the heavenly state, and imparts a delight which vibrates through the whole being.

Leonore Walter felt all these varying feelings, as she sat by her window, which commanded a fine view of the forest, and she decided upon a solitary walk to a neighbor's, thinking thus to enjoy to the utmost the mingled feelings which were swelling her heart and moistening her eyes. She quickly arrayed herself for her walk, by throwing a shawl over her finely proportioned shoulders, and the closely fitting, long-caped sun-bonnet just showed

the auburn hair smoothly parted over her high, white forehead, while from behind her ears floated out upon the breeze several stray ringlets of her silken hair. She kissed her three children as she left them in the charge of old Janet, a servant, who had never been absent from her a day since her birth. Her dark blue eyes rested for a moment most lovingly upon Lilla, the pet canary, who was enlivening the house with songs, and then she tripped off as lightly as though she herself were a bird.

The three children, Florence, Eugenia, and Ernest, then sat down on the carpet, and amused themselves with their toys and books. The latter, which contained many pictures of animals and birds, were a source of great amusement and enjoyment to their young minds, just catching indistinct and feeble glimpses of the wonders of the earth and sky.

"What a beautiful bird that must be!" eagerly exclaimed Florence, as she pointed one out in the book to her little brother. "Oh! I wish that we had it here alive."

"It *is* pretty, but not half so pretty as our Lilla," said little Ernest.

"Oh no!" said Florence, "no bird ever was so pretty as Lilla. Forgive me, Lilla," said she, going up to the cage, "for wishing any other bird here when *you* are so dear and so good."

The canary seemed perfectly satisfied with this apology, and hopped about full of gleeful song.

"I wish Lilla was out of the cage for a few minutes," said Eugenia; "it would be so pleasant to have it for company while mother is gone."

"We can take it out, and then put it back again, just

as mother does," said Florence; and accordingly she let Lilla out of its cage, and it flew about joyfully from one object to another, warbling its sweetest melodies, to the unbounded gratification of the children.

Just as they were deciding to return it to its cage, old Janet came in and left the door open, and the bird, taking advantage of its liberty, flew out upon the lower branch of a tree in the rear of the house. Florence seized the cage and ran out after it, crying, "Dear Lilla, *do* come back—it will *kill* mother if you don't," and then with sobs and cries she offered it its accustomed food; while Eugenia gave way to her grief, and stood silently apart, wiping away the flowing tears, which seemed as if they would never cease. Little Ernest, as he was seated on the ground by the cage, could only lisp, "Sweet, good Lilla, don't go—don't go."

In vain were all their cries and entreaties—in vain their despair, for the bird left the tree and flew towards the forest, and they followed it on, *on*, ON into the very heart of the wild-wood; and at last, when by alighting almost on the ground, they thought they were sure of it, it suddenly, almost from their very grasp, soared majestically out of their sight. Words cannot adequately paint the utter sorrow and despair which settled upon the children's hearts, as with the tenantless cage they sadly turned their steps homeward. Little, childish, evanescent sorrows they had had, but this was *their first great sorrow*—a foretaste of the bitter chalice, which their lips must often press, if for any length of time they should travel earth's thorny path.

"What will mother say?" burst from the lips of Florence, as she sank on the grass with bitter apprehen-

sions of her mother's distress and loneliness at the loss of her favorite.

Although the children loved it dearly, they knew nothing of the strong links of hallowed memory and association which made Lilla deservedly a favorite with its mistress. They only knew she *did* love it intensely, and watched over its welfare from day to day with untiring solicitude and care. For the present we will leave them on their sorrowful return, and sketch a few of the leading incidents of the mother's life.

CHAPTER II.

Leonore St. John was the only child of parents in affluent circumstances, who resided in the romantic city of New Haven. They were noted for their hospitality and benevolence, as well as the graces of high religious and intellectual culture. Had not Mrs. St. John been a woman of strong mind and excellent judgment, the young Leonore might have been spoiled by the lavish praises bestowed on her beauty. But her mother's lessons counteracted all evil influences on that subject, for she truthfully and gently instilled into her mind, that there was no enduring beauty save that of the mind—that "the beautiful lives in the depths of the soul"—that the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit" never grew dim by the mists and trials of time. And so Leonore learned to drink daily at the fount of true beauty and joy, and she grew up in all the freshness and dew of a holy, religious trust, while her mind was expanding in the sunshine of science and literature. Well was it for her, that

a gentle and yet strong-minded mother had thus early sown the good seed in the heart, and prepared it for the hour of conflict and of trial, for that hour soon came.

When Leonore was in her sixteenth year, her father died suddenly, and through the perfidy and flight of a friend in whom he had trusted, the wife and daughter were left almost destitute. One by one the friends of their prosperity dropped off from their society, and failed to recognize them whenever they met; yes, they who had clustered round the hospitable board of Mr. St. John, and who had ever been greeted with a heart-felt, earnest welcome, now scarcely noticed the downfall of his family from the high station they once occupied. How Leonore and her mother sorrowed for the death of him who was the sole attraction of earth to them! But Mrs. St. John lifted her weeping eyes to heaven, still radiant with the clear light of a serene and hopeful faith, for she "knew in whom she had trusted," and she set herself, with the energy which was her predominant characteristic, to the work of gaining an honest living by her own industry. Happily for her, she understood housekeeping in all its details, although it was a long time since she had undertaken to perform them all alone. With the assistance of a kind friend, she hired a suitable tenement, and advertised for boarders. Hard as was the parting, she and Leonore left their elegant mansion, endeared to them by holy ties of the past, and went to their new home to engage in the arduous duties of housekeeping and taking boarders. There was one who was faithful to the very last, and that was old Janet, who had lived many years with Mrs. St. John, and in the day of her trials clung closer than ever.

"You need not say any more to me, ma'am," she sobbed out, as Mrs. St. John urged her to accept of an advantageous situation which had been offered her. "I have lived with you ever since Miss Leonore was born, and you have always been so good to me, I *can't* leave you *now*."

Mrs. St. John was inexpressibly moved. "God bless you, Janet," she said; "as long as we have a home you shall share it with us."

And Janet was a great assistance in the large family over which her mistress presided, for her advertisement had gathered a number under her roof, who were happy to be members of her family. They were mostly students, young men, who looked up to her as to a mother, for advice and instruction. Mrs. St. John preserved the same courtesy and dignity in waiting upon the table, and in all her household arrangements, which had so strongly marked her when she moved in aristocratic circles. She and Leonore were happy, for they were doing their duty nobly; and they would have been perfectly so, could they have had the beloved head of the family with them. Leonore had been early taught that labor was a duty that she owed to herself, as well as a command of God, and she assisted her mother cheerfully in every department of labor.

As their boarders increased, Mrs. St. John hired a stout girl, and Leonore went a short distance from home every day, to learn dress-making, thinking it would be eventually more profitable for them. There, in the fashionable shop, she often saw those ladies who had formerly praised her beauty so much—now they did not seem to know her. Thanks to her mother's instruction,

she heeded not their neglect, for she felt that, despite the storms of adversity, she was all, and more than she ever could have been in prosperity. Besides, her education was not wholly neglected. When the business of the day was over, and she had come home into her mother's little room at the back of the house, where they generally sat alone in the evening, and taken her favorite low seat in the corner, there would be heard a low knock, and then a rich, manly voice saying, "Mrs. St. John, may *I* come in?" which interrogation was responded to, not by words, but by Leonore's jumping up from her seat and admitting him. How busy were they then! The centre-table was drawn closer to the grate, and studies were reviewed, and poetry discussed, &c. This was, indeed, an unfading oasis amid the sandy desert of work-day toil, and it sweetened and made light the labors of the ensuing day.

Leonore was an apt scholar, and indeed how could she help learning when the voice of Ernest Walter was gently encouraging her, when his dark, melancholy eyes lighted up with satisfaction at every fresh development of his scholar's mind? How expansive is his forehead, and the masses of black hair fall over it, as he slightly stoops to explain a passage in French to his lovely scholar on her low seat by his side!

It is now nine o'clock. "No more study to-night, Leonore," said her mother, with a sweet smile to herself and Mr. Walter; and so he arranges the table, shakes hands (as is his invariable custom) with the mother and daughter, and then retires to his own room.

Ernest Walter is an orphan, with no relative in the city, and this was the reason why he was rather melan-

choly, and sought the refined society of Mrs. St. John and her daughter; and not only that, but he saw he could be of assistance to Leonore, and divert her mind by introducing the society of books, and by keeping fresh therein her studies, which were not completed at her father's death. He came to Yale College about the time that Mrs. St. John advertised for boarders, and he at once established himself as a member of her well-ordered household. He was poor, but was educated at the expense of an uncle, then a resident of South America. He had fine talents, an amiable disposition, and enlarged devotional feelings, though on account of his parents' death, and his consequent loneliness, his mind had a tinge of melancholy.

Towards the close of a beautiful summer day, he was returning to his boarding-house, but he involuntarily stopped to hear the song of a canary-bird, which was in a cage hung outside of a shop window, labelled "for sale." A young girl was standing by the cage, apparently absorbed in thought, but as she partially turned her head at his approach, he saw that it was Leonore St. John, and that the tears were running rapidly down her cheeks.

"Is this you, Leonore, and sobbing, too?" he anxiously inquired, as he took her hand in his own and drew her towards him.

His kind manner redoubled her tears, and as they turned away and went homewards, she said, "Do not think harshly of me, Mr. Walter, for sobbing here in the street, for I cannot help it. That bird was my own Lilla, my dear father's present when we were all together and so very happy. You can know *how* happy, for *you* have had beloved parents to watch over you and

pray for you." She paused, for the hand that still enclosed hers trembled, and looking up into his eyes, she saw that they were filled with tears. "Forgive me, Mr. Walter, for touching upon such a sad theme, and making you as mournful as myself."

"You are forgiven, Leonore—only after this call me *Ernest*, even though I *am* several years older than yourself, for I once had a sister, innocent and lovely as you are, who called me so. She is sleeping sweetly now amid the flowers of our village church-yard."

"Mr. Walter—*Ernest*, *do* forgive me for making you so sad, and do not tell mother that I have seen Lilla. Indeed, I think it knew me, and as it carolled forth its sweetest songs for me, I half imagined I was at the dear old home, and my father with us. Do not tell mother, for she will wish to purchase it, and we are not able. Well do I remember our sad parting with it, after father's death," and the tears again gushed forth from her eyes.

Leonore went to her chamber and washed away all traces of tears, and as she sat on her low chair reading that night by the window, her mother suspected not that she had had such cause for disquiet. But hark! what sweet notes float out upon the air, close to the very spot where she is sitting? She gazes out of the window, and her mother also, drawn by the melody, approaches.

"It is Lilla, dear mother, and that explains why Mr. Walter has not come in to see us this evening. Yes, here is my name on the paper in the cage. How good Ernest is!"

"Ernest," echoed her mother; "how long is it since you have given him such a familiar appellation?"

"Only to-night," said Leonore, slightly blushing;

"but, dear mother, he requested me to do so." She then told her mother of their meeting and conversation, and of his sadness.

"I do pity him, and esteem him very highly indeed, Leonore, and you do right to call him Ernest, if he requests it. I wish you *had* such a brother for a protector, when I am gone."

Leonore threw her arms around her mother's neck at this allusion, and Mr. Walter, who had just come in, in time to hear Mrs. St. John's remark, said, "I *will* be a brother to Leonore, and be her protector to the extent of my ability, if you will allow it."

Mrs. St. John pressed his hand warmly, and *looked* the gratitude which she could not speak.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. St. John was dying—the labors and cares which she had taken upon herself had proved too much for her, although she had borne up steadily and serenely even to the very last. There was a pang which shot across her faithful and loving breast, as she thought of leaving Leonore alone in the world, and she stretched forth her thin, white hand and murmured, "Ernest! why are you not here?"

"Dearest mother," said the pale Leonore, tenderly, "Ernest *will* come—he does not willingly forsake us."

"I *do* believe it, my sweet Leonore; and I commend you to 'the Father of the fatherless,' in all trust and confidence. You may, you *will* have trials, my child, but lean on *His* arm. And should Ernest live to return,

you will have a faithful, loving human heart to rest upon. Kiss me once more, and now farewell, till we meet in the endless home."

Leonore kissed her mother, and with one more feeble pressure of her child's hand, her spirit soared to those calm regions where death, decay, and separation are unknown words in their angel dialect.

And now Leonore was alone—*alone:* how keenly she felt this, as, the night of her mother's burial, she sat in the little room, where her mother, Ernest, and herself had spent such precious hours! As she gave way to the mighty grief of her heart, she had not noticed poor Janet, who was kneeling by her side sharing her grief, nor the silence of the favorite canary. She looked up—yes, there was still left her the faithful heart which had watched over her childhood, and she embraced the old servant again and again. And Lilla—the gift of her father, and still later, her beloved Ernest's gift—*that* was with her to cheer her; but where was the donor?

Where was Ernest? After graduating with honor at Yale, his uncle, to whom he was so much indebted, had sent for him, fearing that he was dying, and Ernest had reluctantly left his home, as he called it, to obey the summons. He and Leonore were sitting as usual in Mrs. St. John's room, Leonore engaged with her studies, when Mr. Walter broke a long silence by saying:

"I must leave here immediately, Leonore, for South America, as I, to-day, have received a letter from my uncle, who is in a very precarious state. Although I have never seen him, yet I love him very much, and feel under the greatest obligations to him. It makes me very mournful, indeed, to leave you and this dear

The Favorites Escape

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home, where I have spent such blessed hours. But duty calls, and the sweet home affections and feelings which have again sprung up green and fresh for me beneath this roof, must be torn asunder."

His voice was inexpressibly sad, and as poor Leonore stole a glance at his fine countenance, she saw the tear-drops falling down his cheeks. What could she say to comfort him? She had not till this moment found out that she *loved* her *tutor*—her *brother*, as she had termed him, ever since the memorable evening of their walk; and now the hot tears gushed from her eyelids, and she bowed her face on her hands and wept bitterly. Presently a trembling hand was placed on those auburn curls, which clustered in profusion on her neck, and that same mournful voice said:

"Do you, dear sister, sorrow for my departure? Is it possible that your heart feels for me?" And then, as her sobs redoubled, he added tenderly and sweetly—"Leonore, will you not be to me *more* than a sister? May I not look forward to a happy future, with you as my life-companion?"

Leonore raised her face, all dewy as it was with tears of affection, and her clear, answering glance, fell like sunshine upon the troubled depths of his spirit, while she confidingly placed her little hand within his own. The next morning he took his departure, for his wardrobe was packed the preceding evening, and in the little sitting-room, in the presence of her mother, Leonore received the first kiss of love, of betrothal, and, alas! of separation.

A year had now passed since Mr. Walter left, and one letter only, written soon after his arrival at his un-

cle's, had reached Leonore. That letter stated that his uncle lived but a short time after his arrival—that he had bequeathed to him all of his property—and although he spoke sadly of the present, surrounded as he was by strange faces and mementoes of the departed, yet he spoke most hopefully of the future, when Leonore would be his own, and all the visions of his life be realized.

It was towards the sunset of a bland, autumnal day, that a stranger, with dark hair, quite pale, and of a foreign appearance, was seen walking down one of the principal streets in New Haven. Suddenly a familiar tone arrested his attention, and pausing before a shop, he saw a female closely veiled, but with graceful figure, standing by the counter. "Will you purchase this canary-bird?" she inquired, in a low, almost heart-broken tone, of the proprietor. Ernest Walter, for it was he, stepped gently up by the side of the lady, and whispered, "Leonore." She turned round, gave a cry of delighted joy, as she pronounced the cherished name, "Ernest." It need hardly be said that Lilla, for it was the favorite, was not sold, but joyfully kept by its mistress.

As they were walking along, Ernest said, joyfully, "I have found you, dearest, at last. To-day, as soon as I landed, I went to the home where I left you, but only learnt that your mother was dead, and that you and old Janet had removed. I made inquiries of several of my old fellow-students, but they could give me no information respecting you. With a heart sick with 'hope de-

ferred,' I was walking along undecided what to do, when your dear voice arrested my attention. How thankful I am, that we have again met—met to part no more! But how pale and thin you are, my Leonore!"

"We removed," said Leonore, "almost immediately after mother's death, as we were unable to carry on the establishment alone, and that event, and your long absence and silence, brought on a slow, nervous fever, from which I had barely recovered, when dear, old Janet was taken sick from her unwearied watching and anxiety on my account. It was then my turn to take care of her, which I did, most affectionately. In the mean time, sickness and death had diminished our finances, while my health was not good enough to earn sufficient, by my needle, to support us, and so one after another article of furniture was sold; and to-night, I resolved to part, almost with my own existence, in parting with Lilla. Here is our home, Ernest," said she, as they approached a small tenement in the suburbs of the city. They entered, and Janet joyfully received "Mr. Ernest," and welcomed, warmly, the restored favorite.

As Leonore threw aside her bonnet and shawl, Mr. Walter was struck by her altered appearance.

"This will never do," he said; "the roses must again bloom on your cheeks, Leonore."

"But, Ernest, you are not well, surely, for I think you are as much altered as myself."

"Very true, and that makes me recollect that I owe you a recital of the events which have taken place since I left you. My uncle died soon after my arrival, and there were many and embarrassing settlements to make

ere I could come into possession of the property which he willed me. Besides, there was a long-contested law-suit, of which I had to remain and see the issue. My strict attention to business, in order to return as early as possible, and the difference of climate, caused a severe attack of sickness, from which I have but just recovered. Happily, the law-suit was in excellent and honorable hands, and, by the time of my recovery, every thing was adjusted to my satisfaction. One precious letter I received from you, but I was unable to answer it. How often did your image arise to my view, in those hours of death-like sickness! And how many phantoms of fear crowded around my bed-side; fears of your death, of your doubting my affection! *Have* you ever doubted me, Leonore?"

"Never, *never* for a moment," responded Leonore, "although I was fearful of never more meeting you on earth."

Suffice it to say, Ernest Walter and his Leonore were united in a perfect union—such as seldom takes place on earth. Theirs was

> "Perfect esteem, enlivened by desire
> Ineffable, and *sympathy of soul*,
> Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will
> With boundless confidence, for naught but love
> Can answer love, and render bliss secure."

Many wondered that the distinguished Ernest Walter, for he *was* distinguished, as soon as it was known that he had returned rich from South America, should marry a poor girl like Leonore St. John, when so many fair ladies smiled most sweetly upon him. He heeded not their surmises; but not far from the beauteous

banks of the Hudson, he selected a cottage home, knowing Leonore's taste for the country, and adorned it with all that was beautiful and useful, while he, himself, although fitted to adorn the highest ranks of scientific pursuit, labored daily in a seminary of his own founding, to prepare young men for college, and young women for excellence in any station of life which might fall to their lot. He was benevolent, happy, and useful, and there was no tinge of melancholy on his intellectual face. His visions of a happy home have been more than realized, and Leonore was as beautiful as ever—ay, more so—her husband, her children, old Janet, and Lilla, were *her* world of intense love and joy.

CHAPTER IV.

We left the children sorrowfully retracing their steps homeward with the empty cage. They had but just seated themselves in the sitting-room, when they saw their mother returning with a buoyant step and rosy cheeks, and the light of love dancing from her eyes. The heart of Florence beat rapidly, and she took Eugenia's and Ernest's hands in hers, while tears of sorrow ran down their little faces. Mrs. Walter came in and threw off her bonnet and shawl, then turned with a glowing countenance to meet her children, but was astonished at their silence and tears.

"Mother, dear mother, Lilla has gone," sobbed out Florence, as she knelt at her mother's feet: "I let it out of its cage."

"How *could* you do so, my dear child?" inquired

Mrs. Walter, as she sat down and covered her face with her hands.

"Mother, *I* was to blame," said Eugenia, in plaintive tones; "I told sister to do it."

"No, mother, I was old enough to know better than to let it out. Punish *me*, not sister."

"You are both punished, dear children, in the loss of Lilla, for you both loved it. You are too young to understand why I loved it so well, but its loss will make me sad for many weeks and months."

"*Do* forgive us, mother," said Florence, winding her plump, snowy arms around her mother's neck. Leonore drew both her beloved children to her breast, and kissed them fondly, although her lips quivered with suppressed emotion. Neither was little Ernest forgotten, for his mother kissed away the moisture from his black eyes, and smiled sweetly upon him.

The evening of the day that had been so beautiful set in with a cold storm, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter, as they drew towards the glowing blaze of the wood-fire, thought of their favorite, and so did the children, who sat silent and dejected. Neither books nor play had a charm for them. They watched their mother, when she was not aware of it, and saw the silent sorrow struggling for utterance. When she put them to bed, she caressed them again and again, and when she had left them, they cried themselves to sleep. When Leonore went down stairs, she heard the "pitiless pelting" of the storm; she saw the empty cage; the tears welled up from their fount, and like a weary bird, she sought a place for repose and shelter, even her husband's heart, and as he folded her in a tender embrace, she murmur-

ed, "Dearest Ernest, you will not chide me, I know, that my tears flow for Lilla, when I think of the happy homes its voice has made even yet more joyful—when I think of the blessed dead, whose memory, by countless ties, is linked with that of our lost bird—when I think of the many hours of *your* absence, which its songs have enlivened—when I associate its melody with our children's sports and happiness. But I will mourn no more; you and the dear children are with me—old Janet still lives to enjoy much of life, and although Lilla's brief and beautiful existence is cut short, we will so live, that *our* days on earth may be filled with song and praise, to be resumed in celestial strains above."

"You are right, my Leonore, and I blame no one for strong attachments, even to inanimate things. The flower, which was bestowed as a memento of love, may be cherished, even though faded—the tree, whose foliage has been hallowed by revelations of friendship or devotion, is a sacred thing—and the moss-grown rock, upon which have been seated kindred beings, is as holy as a shrine. Our deserted cage shall teach us a solemn lesson. Soon our spirits will leave these frail bodies, even as our bird forsook its prison, and soar upwards to a holier realm, to be reunited to our loved ones." A smile of holy joy beamed on their countenances as they retired for the night, and as they gazed upon their children, they saw the crystal tears still on their cheeks, a memento of their suffering and repentance. Even in sleep, they were calling—"Lilla."

The next morning was as calm as though there had been no storm; and Mrs. Walter's sweet face, also, bore

no evidence of the storm of sorrow. Just after breakfast, old Fido, the house-dog, came in with the lifeless body of the "favorite." The parents controlled their feelings, but the children were overcome completely, and cried aloud. They buried the bird on a little flowery knoll, where the voices of singing birds seemed to chant a requiem over the grave of the canary. The children often visited the spot,—and this one example of disobedience, and its attendant sorrow and repentance, deterred them ever after from any similar offence, and they grew up affectionate and excellent beings, the pride and joy of their parents. Florence, Eugenia, and Ernest have long since been acquainted, by their mother, with the history of the "Favorite;" and never have they forgotten their mother's tears and silent sadness, when informed of "the Favorite's escape."

ALONE!

BY JAMES NACK.

Nay, ask not of the secret grief
That burns my heart away,
For what admits of no relief
'Tis useless to betray;
One cause for gloom might well appear,
Were all the rest unknown—
Where'er I am, whoe'er be near,
I am alone!—alone!

At times I seek some festive place,
Where gay companions throng,
While pleasure brightens every face
With laugh, and jest, and song.
But lost to me the cheerful sound,
Unheard the kindly tone,
And with a thousand friends around,
I am alone!—alone!

Yet there is one who had a charm
My sadness to dispel,
When round me twined her gentle arm,
With love no words could tell,—
A love that seemed to have no will
Or wish except my own.
Oh, Clara! could I see the still,
I should not feel alone!

Young, beautiful, and innocent,
Her very sight could bless!
Her looks, than words more eloquent,
Did all her thoughts express;
And then I did not feel the curse
That on my lot is thrown;
For soul with soul did we converse,
And I was not alone!

But Youth is still a thing of light
And joy. Why should I doom
A cherub God has made so bright,
To share my lonely gloom?
Though all the comfort thou couldst lend
That may to me be known,
Go, Clara! seek some happier friend,
And leave me all alone!

THE SUM OF PHILOSOPHY.

Do fortune's smiles upon thee wait,
With honor, power, and high estate?
Let not thy heart be too elate—
  All this shall pass away.
Art thou the sport of fortune's hate,
Forsaken, poor, and desperate?
Still bear the worst with mind sedate—
  All this shall pass away.
Our joys and pains are brief in date;
The deeds we do of good or great
Alone survive our mortal state,
  And never pass away!

A NEW-YEAR'S GREETING TO MY DAUGHTER.

BY JAMES NACK.

So it is gone! Another year!
  A drop of time lost in the sea
  Of dark and deep eternity,
In which we all must disappear!
Well, since so transient our career,
The blessings that attend the way
More precious grow with every day:
  So is it with my EVELINE,
  And ever was since she was mine;
Since first she nestled on my breast,
And on its beatings rocked to rest;
And when her little arms at length
To twine around me gathered strength,
  And her young eyes replied to mine
  With love's intelligence divine;
When first her lips began to frame
Sweet murmurings of a father's name;
Or with more eloquence of love
  Those rosy lips to mine were prest,
Oh, closer still I clasped my dove,
  And could have died, so very blest!

Years passed—the infant passed from sight—
  A glorious child stood in her place,
With golden curls and eyes of light,
  And fairy form and seraph face;
Her feet went dancing as they trod,
  In fullness of her heart's delight;
Her voice sent carols up to God:
I heard it not—but God knows best—

I felt so happy, sure he smiled
In love on father as on child:
I know it, for we have been blest!
And though at times we feel his rod,
He blest us, and we *shall* be blest!

My child! my friend! my playmate dear!
And dearer still with every year,
Since more and more I seem to find
An answering sympathy of mind,
My pleasures, hopes, and views that shares,—
In part, my studies and my cares!
Oh, while we live, can each depend
At least on one unfailing friend!
For friendship, like a dream, expires;
And love itself burns out its fires;—
But who, my child, shall rend apart
The links that bind us heart to heart?
I'll hold thee fast, whate'er my lot,
My child! my friend that faileth not!
And thou—betide thee good or ill—
Cling to me close and closer still,
And lay thy head upon my breast,
Thy refuge, and thy place of rest!

Roll on, ye years! if, as ye roll,
Ye bring more treasures to her soul!
I know not, and I care not much,
How she may look to other eyes—
I praise her not for form or face;
More happy far to recognize
The beauty which alone can touch
The soul,—the mind's immortal grace;
The heart, unknown to sin's control;
The spirit, robed in light divine,
Still soaring to its native place:—
These be thy glories, EVELINE!
The wings that yet shall lift thee far
Above the bondage of our clay,
And make thee as the Morning Star,
That shineth unto perfect day!

OLD BACHELORS.

They are wanderers and ramblers—never at home,
Making sure of a welcome wherever they roam;
And every one knows that the Bachelor's den
Is a room set apart for these singular men—
A nook in the clouds, of some five feet by four,
Though sometimes, by chance, it may be rather more,
With skylight or no light, ghosts, goblins, and gloom,
And everywhere termed The Old Bachelor's Room.
These creatures, they say, are not valued at all,
Except when the herd give a Bachelors' Ball.

Then, drest in their best,
In their gold-broidered vest,
It is known as a fact,
That they act with much tact,
And they lisp, "How d' ye do?"
And they coo, and they woo,
And they smile, for a while,
Their fair guests to beguile;
Condescending, and bending,
For fear of offending.

Though inert,
They exert
To be pert,
And to flirt,

And they spy,
With their eye,
And they sigh,
As they fly,

And they whisk and they whiz,
And are brisk at the quiz.

For they meet Advancing,
To be sweet, And glancing,
And are fleet And dancing,
On their feet, And prancing.

Sliding and gliding with minute pace,
Pirouetting and setting with infinite grace,

And jumping, And racing,
And bumping, And chasing,
And stumping, And pacing,
And thumping, And lacing,

They are flittering and glittering, gallant and gay,
Yawning all morning, and lounging all day.
But when he grows old,
And his sunshine is past,
Threescore years being told,
Brings repentance at last.

He then becomes an odd old man:
His warmest friend's the warming pan;
He's fidgety, fretful and weary; in fine,
Loves nothing but self, and his dinner, and wine.
He rates and he prates,
And reads the debates:
Despised by the men, and the women he hates,

Then prosing, And poring,
And dozing, And snoring,
And cozing, And boring,
And nosing, And roaring.

Whene'er he falls in with a rabble,
His delight is to vapor and gabble;

He's gruffy, And musty,
And puffy, And fusty,

He sits in his slippers, with back to the door,

Near freezing, And grumbling,
And wheezing, And mumbling,
And teazing, And stumbling,
And sneezing, And tumbling,

He curses the carpet, or nails in the floor.

Oft falling, Oft waking,
Oft bawling, Oft aching,
And sprawling, And quaking,
And crawling, And shaking,

His hand is unsteady, his stomach is sore.

He's railing, Uncheery,
And failing, And dreary,
And ailing, And weary,

And groaning and moaning,
His selfishness owning,
Grieving and heaving,
Though naught is his leaving
But pelf and ill health,
Himself and his wealth.

He sends for a doctor to cure or to kill,
Who gives him advice, and offence, and a pill,
Who drops him a hint about making his will.
As fretful antiquity cannot be mended,
The mis'rable life of a bachelor's ended.
Nobody misses him, nobody sighs,
Nobody grieves when the bachelor dies.

THE BACHELOR RECLAIMED.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

"So you are determined not to marry?"

"Absolutely."

"And why?"

"In the first place, I never expect to be able to support a wife according to my ideas of comfort. In the second place, I have no hope of meeting a woman who will sympathize sufficiently with my feelings and views to be a congenial companion. Thirdly, I cannot bear the idea of adopting as constant associates the relations of her I may love. And fourthly, I consider housekeeping and all the details of domestic arrangements, the greatest bore in existence."

This colloquy took place between two young men, in the garden of one of the fashionable hotels at Saratoga. It was a sultry afternoon, and they had retired under the shade of an apple-tree, to digest their dinner, which process they were facilitating by occasionally puffing some very mild, light-brown Havana cigars. The last remarks were uttered in a very calm and positive tone, by McNiel, a philosophical and quiet gentleman, who had a most sensible theory for every thing in life. Among other things, he took great pleasure in the conviction that he thoroughly understood himself. The

first time his interest was truly excited by a member of the gentler sex, he had acted in the most extravagant manner, and barely escaped with honor from forming a most injudicious connection. To guard against similar mishaps, he had adopted a very ingenious plan. Being uncommonly susceptible to female attractions, he made it a rule when charmed by a sweet face, or thrilled by a winning voice, to seek for some personal defect or weakness of character in the fair creature, and obstinately dwell upon these imperfections, until they cast a shade over the redeeming traits, and dissolved the spell he feared. When this course failed, he had but one resource. With Falstaff, he thought discretion the better part of valor, and deliberately fled from the allurements that threatened his peace. Thus he managed not to allow love to take permanent possession, and, after various false alarms and exciting vigils, came to the conclusion that no long siege or sudden attack would ever subdue the citadel of his affections.

But McNiel had so braced himself in a spirit of resistance, that he had made no provision against the unconscious lures of beauty. He could chat for hours, with a celebrated *belle*, and leave her without a sigh; he could smile at the captivating manners which overcame his fellows. Regarding society as a battle-field, he went thither armed at all points, resolved to maintain his self-possession, and be on the watch against the wiles of woman. He had seen lovely girls in the drawing-room, followed their graceful movements in the dance, heard them breathe songs of sentiment at the piano, and walked beside them on the promenade. On these occasions, he coolly formed an estimate of

their several graces, perfectly appreciated every finely chiselled nose and tempting lip, noted with care the hue and expression of the eye, but walked proudly away at parting, murmuring to himself, "All this I see, yet am not in love."

But who can anticipate the weapon that shall lay him low, or make adequate provision against the inexhaustible resources of love? McNiel had sat for a week at table, opposite an invalid widow and her daughter. He had passed them potatoes not less than a dozen times, and helped the young lady twice to cherry-pie. The only impression he had derived from their demeanor and appearance was, that they were very genteel and quiet. On the morning after his conversation in the garden, he awoke just before sunrise, and found himself lying with his face to the wall, in one of the diminutive chambers in which visitors to the Springs are so unceremoniously packed. His eyes opened within six inches of the plaster; and he amused himself for some minutes in conjuring the cracks and veins it displayed, into imaginary forms of warriors and animals. At length his mind reverted to himself, and his present quarters. "Well, I've been here just a fortnight," thus he mused, "and a pretty dull time I've had of it. Day after day, the same stupid routine. In the morning I swallow six glasses of Congress Water at the spring, with the hollow eyes of that sick minister from Connecticut glaring on me like a serpent, and the die-away tones of that nervous lady from Philadelphia, sounding like a knell in my ears. I cannot drink in peace for those everlasting Misses Hill, who all three chatter at once, and expect me to be entertaining and talkative so

early in the morning, with my stomach full of cold liquid, and a long dull day in perspective! Then comes breakfast. The clatter of plates, the murmur of voices, the rushing of the black waiters, and the variety of steams, make me glad to retreat. I find a still corner of the piazza, and begin to read; but the flies, a draught of air, or the intrusive gabble of my acquaintances, utterly prevent me from becoming absorbed in a book. It has now grown too warm to walk, and I look in vain for Dr. Clayton, who is the only man here whose conversation interests me. I avoid the billiard-room because I know who I shall meet there. The swing is occupied. The thrumming on the piano of that old maid from Providence, makes the saloon uninhabitable. They are talking politics in the bar-room. The very sight of the newspapers gives me a qualm. I involuntarily begin to doze, when that infernal gong sounds the hour to dress. No matter; any thing for a relief. Dinner is insufferable; more show and noise, than relish and comfort. How gladly I escape to the garden, and smoke! That reminds me of what I told Jones, yesterday, about matrimony. He laughed at me. But there's no mistake about it. Catch me to give up my freedom, and provide for a family; be pestered with a whole string of new connections, when I can't bear those I have now; never have a moment to myself; be obliged to get up in the night for a doctor; have to pay for a boy's schooling, and be plagued to death by him for my pains; be bothered constantly with bad servants; see my wife lose her beauty, in a twelvemonth, from care; my goddess become a mere household drudge; give up cigars; keep precise hours;

take care of sick children; go to market;—never, never, *never!*"

As his revery thus emphatically terminated, McNiel slowly raised himself to a sitting posture, in order to ascertain the state of the weather, when a sight presented itself which at once put his philosophy to flight and startled him from his composure. He did not cry out, but hushed his very breath. Beside him lay a female form, in profound slumber. Her hair had escaped from its confinement, and fell in the richest profusion around her face. There was a delicate glow upon the cheeks. The lips were scarcely parted. The brow was perfectly serene. One arm was thrust under her head, the other lay stretched upon the coverlid. It was one of those accidental attitudes which sculptors love to embody. The bosom heaved regularly. He felt that it was the slumber of an innocent creature, and that beneath that calm breast beat a kindly and pure heart. He bent over the vision, for so at first it seemed to him, as did Narcissus above the crystal water. The peaceful beauty of that face entered his very soul. He trembled at the still regularity of the long, dark eyelashes, as if it were death personified. Recovering himself, all at once something familiar struck him in the countenance. He thought a while, and the whole mystery was solved. It was the widow's daughter. They occupied the adjoining chamber; she had gone down stairs in the night to procure something for the invalid, and, on returning, entered in the darkness the wrong room, and fancying her mother asleep, had, as she thought, very quietly taken her place beside her, and was soon lost in slumber. No sooner did this idea take possession of McNiel,

than, with the utmost caution and a noiseless movement, he stole away, and removed every vestige of his presence into a vacant apartment opposite, leaving the fair intruder to suppose she alone had occupied the room.

At breakfast, he observed the mother and daughter whisper and smile together, and soon ascertained that they had no suspicion of the actual state of the case. With the delicacy that belonged to his character, McNiel inwardly vowed to keep the secret forever in his own breast.

Meantime, with much apparent hilarity, he prepared to accompany Jones to Lake George. His companion marvelled to perceive this unwonted gayèty wear off as they proceeded in their ride. McNeil became silent and pensive. The evening was fine, and they went upon the lake to enjoy the moonlight. Jones sung his best songs, and woke the echoes with his bugle. His friend remained silent, wrapped in his cloak, at the boat's stern. At last, very abruptly he sprang up, and ordered the rowers to land him. "Where are you going?" inquired Jones. "To Saratoga," was the reply. "Not to-night, surely?" "Yes, now, this instant." Entertaining some fears for his friend's sanity, Jones reluctantly devoted that lovely night to a hard ride over a sandy road, instead of lingering away its delightful hours on the sweet bosom of the lake.

Six months after, McNiel married the widow's daughter; and the ensuing summer, when I met him at Saratoga, he assured me he found it a delightful residence.

MEMORY.

BY ALIQUIS.

THE FACULTY OF MEMORY, which receives and retains ideas and images, and which exhibits them again with or without the exercise of volition, early became the subject of philosophical research. There are many curious phenomena connected with this power of the mind; it is sometimes as recreant to its trust, when most its service may be required, as the veriest bankrupt: at other times, in a fit of strange caprice, it obtrudes upon us in a most unwelcome and unceremonious way, heaping upon us things and thoughts we would willingly bury in oblivion. Yet, after all, memory is indispensable to our moral economy; its aid is as much required in things mean, as things immense. Without this mysterious private secretary, we could not enact our several parts on the arena of life; our boasted being would be reduced to a mere vegetable existence. Memory is said to be essential to every kind of action; timid animals are instigated to avoid capture, and to flee from the attacks of the more ferocious, more from the remembrance of the consequences of previous suffering, than from what we are accustomed to call instinct. It is recorded that on the first discovery of the Falkland Islands, hares and foxes, as well as birds, quietly suffered themselves to be taken. If a dog, for example, is well

punished for any offence, he is not likely often to repeat the act. We can only speak of the function as an attribute of mind in metaphors; such as the tablets of memory, a storehouse of ideas, and the like; but the thing is intangible and incomprehensible as to its nature. Memory seems to require an increase of its retentive power over objects derivable through the senses of sight, sound, and touch; for example, a cherished form and face, the accents of a voice we have loved, a magnificent landscape, or a superb structure, make a deep and indelible impression; and we recollect the pleasure with which the ear drank in the delicious cadences of some simple melody. Memory discovers less tenacity in retaining impressions from objects of purely an abstract character. Differences in organic structure constitute the comparative acuteness or obtuseness of its powers; these, however, are susceptible of very great improvement. Classification, a process as essential to the historian in the arrangement of his facts, forms, too, the basis of memories. A habit of deep and undivided attention, also becomes an indispensable ingredient in the culture of the memory: it is the absence of this that impairs its function, and makes the minds of many as porous as a sieve.

Plato compared the faculty of memory, in its different degrees of retention, to tablets of wax; one soft, and therefore easily impressible, the other hard, and consequently less susceptible. The poet Simonides has the merit of first suggesting a system of mnemonics; rythm being the earliest expedient adopted as a vehicle for aiding memory. Seneca, by the mere effort of his natural memory, it is said, could repeat, in their exact

order, 2000 disconnected words, upon once hearing them recited. Many other remarkable instances of the kind might be cited. Let one other suffice :—Magliabecchi, on one occasion, having borrowed a manuscript from a friend, was called upon after having perused it to recite as much as he could remember; to the amazement of the author, he immediately wrote it out in full, from memory, without missing a word. And we learn by the *Cork Examiner, of April* 4, 1850, that Professor Miles, on the occasion of his recent lecture on *mnemotechny*, at the Cork Institution, exhibited, in his own person, some extraordinary illustrations of what may be achieved by this wondrous faculty. At the solicitation of the lecturer, one of the audience wrote a line of figures on a board prepared for the purpose—there were twelve or fourteen numerals in the line—and this he repeated until he had reached the sixth line—he read them out deliberately, and the professor, who had his face turned from the board, repeated every figure as correctly as if he had been studying them for days, and this after a *single* hearing. Not satisfied with this proof of his singular power, the lecturer commenced at the last figure and went through them reversely as correctly as he had enumerated them in the first instance.

Memory is, indeed, a mighty magician. It possesses the mysterious power of summoning from the sepulchre words, deeds, and events which were supposed to have been long since buried in oblivion. Alike the good and evil deeds, the griefs and joys, the triumphs and disasters of life, are chronicled by this faithful scribe. Upon a retrospect of the checkered scene spread out before our mental vision like a microscopic panorama, how do

we become startled at the recognition of the ghostly pageant! On the other hand, what would become of the wondrous book of the world's experience—its admonitory teachings and sage lessons of science and wisdom, without this treasure-house in which to garner its many facts? Memory, being a constituent property of mind, must endure "mid the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds," and carry its chronicles for enrollment upon the imperishable records of eternity. How important, therefore, that we place a proper sentinel over actions and sentiments of such momentous tendency!

THE LOOK.

At the rebuking glance of His meek eye,
He who denied his Master, turn'd and wept:
Though all men did, *he* never could deny.
Oh, faithless Peter! sure stern conscience kept
Her vigil o'er thee, in that shame-felt hour,
And deep remorse across thy bosom swept—
In memory of those words of gentle power:
"Ere the cock crow, shalt thou deny me thrice!"
From those pure lips, fell no reproachful word,
Albeit *denied!*—yea, bought with *Judas'* price!
Only deep sorrow in his soul was stirr'd.
O, meekest Saviour! still thou art denied;—
And through our ceaseless sins, too, daily crucified!

E. J. Eames.

THE VEST-MAKER.

BY MRS. E. LOUISA MATHER.

I.

"Rough winds may howl about thy path,
And darkness round thee lie;
But ever shall thine eye discern
A rainbow in the sky!

"For on thy heart thou bear'st a charm
By some good angel given,
To strengthen thee amid life's ills—
'Tis *confidence in Heaven!*"

In a small apartment, on the ground-floor of a medium-sized white house, with its windows looking out on the pretty door-yard, filled with sweet-scented plants, flowers, and shrubs, sat a pale, intellectual-looking girl, of nearly seventeen, busily plying the needle, while a neat willow basket, partly filled with completed vests, showed the nature of her daily employment. The room was as scrupulously clean and orderly, even as that of Eugene Sue's Rigolette. There was a little bed in one corner, with its flowing drapery of white almost concealing it from view, and the two windows which admitted the glorious sunshine and reviving air, also boasted spotless white curtains. A diminutive table was ensconced under the looking-glass, and was well filled with books bearing the impress of time as well as use, while the pens, ink, and paper beside them spoke that

the little vest-maker was of a literary turn. Two or three chairs comprised the rest of the furniture, with the exception of a low, cushioned chair, whereon she sat, near the window, where a thriving rose-tree shed its aroma over the humble room and its unassuming occupant.

This front window looked forth on the busy, bustling activity of the main street in the thriving village of Willowdale. Directly opposite was the spacious brick hotel, with its gay, swinging sign, ornamented with the emblematic American eagle, and showing in staring gilt capitals, the name of the proprietor—William Barlow. Just beyond the hotel, was a tailoring establishment, and by its side the bakery; several dry good's stores were displaying their commodities temptingly in their capacious windows, while on this side was the office of the "Willowdale Republican," the weekly, which was the joy and pride of the enterprising inhabitants, and last, but not least, the post-office, which sent out its tri-weekly missives of business, friendship, and love, and brought back the reverberation of the great world's heart-beat. Many handsome and pleasant houses also graced the main street, likewise the dark stone church, with its inclosure of green grass, ornamented with beautiful shade-trees. But it is time that the vest-maker was described.

A dark-colored, ninepenny calico dress fitted perfectly to a slender, yet elegant figure; the short, flowing sleeve revealed an exquisite hand and arm, and the neatly fitting gaiter showed a foot that bore a companionship to the hand in smallness and delicacy. Her dark, chestnut-colored hair, with its innumerable braids,

shadowed a pure, lofty forehead, and was gathered into a knot at the lower part of her head, while her eyes, which were neither black, blue, nor gray, but seemingly an admirable mixture of all, were as soft as the gazelle's, and interesting from their pensive expression.

And well might Amie Attwood's eyes be filled at times with a mournful look, for she was an orphan. Her parents, once among the élite of Willowdale, met with sad reverses; her father, humbled by his fall from his high station, and not having enough of energy and moral courage to retrace his steps, pursued the same old thorny path, which has allured so many victims, and sunk into the drunkard's untimely and unhonored grave, leaving his delicate wife and young daughter to a conflict with the stern, unfeeling world. It *was* a conflict, truly, when those two lone and unprotected females left their home of ease, where their every want had been anticipated, their every wish gratified, to seek for themselves the means of living.

They removed to the very room now occupied by Amie, who, while her mother prepared their plain food and attended to the other details of housekeeping, learned the art of vest-making. After they had become accustomed to their new mode of life, they really enjoyed it, despite the pleasure and the sadness of the past; and when Amie, with her work, which she did at home, was seated at her mother's feet, happy in their lowly lot, Mrs. Attwood felt that there was yet joy in store for her.

A few brief months of this pleasant companionship, and then an epidemic, which proved fatal to many of the inhabitants, severed these hearts so united by affec-

tion, poverty, and trial, and Amie had no one who called her relative. The kind old lady who owned the house, still permitted her to stay under its peaceful roof; and after satisfying the funeral expenses, which left her but the scanty furniture alluded to, she resumed her needle—resumed it in solitude and tears, after the first heavy shock of bereavement, with a beating heart and a tremulous hand. Affliction had, however, performed a wise and benevolent ministration for Amie—she had, indeed, learned effectually

"How sublime a thing it is
To *suffer and be strong.*"

II.

"Careless, thoughtless, laughing child,
Roamer in the wood-path wild;
Busy as the toiling bee,
Though less prudent, far, than he;
For the future hour hath not
In thy heart one stable spot."

The dew was scarcely off the blossoms in the door-yard, when, one sweet morning, Amie saw the gate opened by a little blue-eyed fairy, who bounded up the alley, and said entreatingly to her, "May I come in and look at your pretty roses?"

"Oh yes, my dear," said Amie, as she went to the door, and took the little creature's hand in a gentle manner, and led her to the favorite rose-tree.

"*Mother* loved roses dearly," murmured the little girl, while her lip quivered with feeling.

"Where is your mother?" inquired Amie with a faltering voice, as she thought of her own mother's former love for those exquisite flowers.

"Father says she is in heaven, and that we can never see her again on earth; but when we die we shall see her again, and love her more than we did here."

Amie obeyed the impulse of her loving heart, and folding the child in her arms, while the tears fell fast on her forehead, she exclaimed, "Yes, dear child, you *will* see her again on that 'summer shore!' and I, also, who have neither father nor mother on earth, trust to meet them there, where we can 'rest in our love.' But what is your name?"

"It is Addy Melville. Father is staying at the hotel a few weeks, and then we shall go back to the city. I have seen the rose-tree and *you* too, many times, as I passed by with my nurse, and to-day I ran across the street on *purpose* to see you. Now, will you tell me *your* name? for I have loved you *ever so long!*" said she, as she looked up into Amie's face, with her blue, coaxing eyes, through eyelashes still moistened with tears.

"Yes, my name is Amie—Amie Attwood."

"There is father looking for me—I must go, or he will feel very bad about me; but may I come again?"

"Yes, come when you will," said Amie; and Addy, after kissing her new acquaintance, bounded like a fawn across the street to her father.

Amie's eyes followed the flying figure of her new-made friend, and saw her seize her father's hand. She could see that he was a noble, though sorrowful looking man, apparently about thirty years of age, with a countenance which, once seen, could never be forgotten, bearing, as it did, the impress of mind, of feeling, of benevolence, of all the god-like attributes belonging to

a pure and perfect manhood, brought out into bold relief by the purifying touch of sorrow.

"Where have you been, Addy?" inquired Mr. Melville, after they were seated in their own room.

"Oh, to see the most beautiful lady in the world!"

"But you have not seen *all* the ladies in the world, Addy, and therefore cannot be a good judge," said her father with a smile; and *such* a smile! it was like a ray of living sunshine, investing the wearer with an almost superhuman beauty.

"I *know* there cannot be a prettier or kinder lady in the world, father. I had seen her a great many times, and her pretty rose-tree, too, when I was walking out with Sarah; but *she* would never let me go in; so *this* morning I went over and asked her to let me go in and see the roses. And, father, she said, 'Yes, my dear,' and it sounded sweet, like music."

"Did she not think you a very bold little girl?"

"No, father, I am sure she did not; for when I told her that mother used to love roses, and that she was in heaven now, she took me in her arms, and I felt her tears fall on my face. She told me she had no father nor mother, and that her name was Amie Attwood. I wish *you* would be her father, and she could live with us, for she has to sew from morning till night. I always see her by the window sewing, the last thing before I go to bed."

"What kind of sewing, Addy?"

"She makes vests. Will you go over with me some time, father? for she says I may come when I will."

"I cannot promise—perhaps I may."

Amie was as much pleased as Addy, at this sudden

acquaintance and love, and her needle, which erst would be dropped by the pressure of sad thought, in solitude, now moved briskly as she listened to the language of innocent childhood, so fresh, gushing, musical, and joyous.

What a charm there is in childhood, with its delight in the ever unfolding present, its boundless trust in the far-off and untried future! Man, immersed in selfish, bustling care and work, needs oftener to look into the pure faces of children, to realize their earnest faith and hope; for truly "of such is the kingdom of heaven." Their companionship rebukes vanity, ambition, deceit, and pride—removes the hard, flinty covering of the spirit, engendered by a contact with "the cruel and the cold" of earth, and unseals the fountain of affection, making the heart-garden bloom with fadeless flowers. With the love, trust, and sympathy of childhood around us, we realize more deeply the great fact that we are all brethren, that "God hath made of one blood all the nations of men." Yes, children have a high and holy mission to perform in our hearts! let us reverently heed it.

III.

"There is no limit to thy wondrous flight,
Far-reaching mind!
Beyond the smile of day, the hush of night,
Thy realm we find;
And thou dost hover round the lowliest flower
That lifts its petals to the morning hour."

Mr. Wyllis Melville was holding in his hand the last number of the "Willowdale Republican," and as Mr. Barlow passed by his open door, he inquired, "Do you

know who it is that writes in this paper over the signature of 'Amie?'"

"No, sir, I do not. Perhaps it may be Miss Amie Attwood, who lives in Widow Brown's house, opposite to us. Before the family were reduced, Miss Amie, though quite young, was a superior scholar; but since her parents' death, she has had to support herself wholly, by making vests, with which she is supplied from the shop near by, so I should not think *she* would have much time to write. Poor thing! how I have pitied her, as I have seen her small fingers always at work, early and late; and she so beautiful and well born, without a relative to speak one encouraging word. She is coming across the street now, sir."

Mr. Melville looked out of the window, and as he saw Amie advancing, with grace and ease characterizing every movement, although encumbered by a large willow-basket, and as for an instant he caught the sadly sweet expression of her eyes, he did not wonder at the enthusiasm manifested by Addy, and he secretly wished that he could aid the young girl without wounding her sensitiveness with a formal offer of assistance. His eyes followed her figure as she returned from the shop where she had been with her finished work; and then he saw Addy run over to the house, and for a few moments they were both busy in the yard, forming a bouquet.

It was a day of recreation for Amie: she had worked often far into the night to accomplish her basketful of vests, and now this was a holiday, which she intended to devote to her thoughts and her pen; for she was indeed the writer whose thoughts, so sweetly and purely

expressed, had arrested Mr. Melville's attention, and caused him to make inquiries of the landlord.

How dear were these seasons of relaxation to poor Amie! How redolent with joy almost divine, were those hours when she chronicled the long pent-up feelings of her bosom—when she yielded to the witchery of romance, or attuned her harp to thrilling strains of poesy! Those hours atoned for all weariness and pain, all solitude and sadness; for her gifted mind rose above all the sorrows and poverty of this work-day world, her pinions were unfurled for the spirit-home, and no longer trailing in the dust, were soaring upwards to the clime of rest and reunion. These seasons, so full of beatitude, appreciated only by those who like Amie feel the god-like gift of poetry ever in their hearts, but whose cares and duties forbid the revelation of their feelings, imparted a freshness and glory even to the long days of toil, made the simple fare a luxurious feast, granted visions celestial to her lowly couch. This day she was to have a companion in her musings, for Addy had her father's consent to spend the day with Miss Attwood. She sat with her bouquet on one end of the table, in fresh water, while Amie's pen was quickly tracing the graceful sentiments in no less graceful characters, and the blue eyes of the child expanded with wonder to see a bright glow in Amie's eyes, to view the reflection of the rose on her cheek. Hour after hour passed, and still the child sat by the table, gazing upon Amie and her new employment.

At last the communication was finished, and Amie, after folding and superscribing it to the Editor of the Republican, said, "Dear Addy, it is almost three o'clock.

Are you not tired and hungry? I had forgotten our dinner."

"No, ma'am," earnestly replied the child, "I should never tire of looking at you, and never grow hungry if I could see you write."

"You are a little flatterer," said she, as she kissed playfully Addy's forehead.

"I don't know what that is," said Addy, innocently, looking up perplexed into Amie's face; "something good, I hope."

Amie laughed outright, and then the little girl laughed because Amie did, and by this time she had set on the table bread, cake, sweetmeats, and pure cold water, and they partook of it with good appetites and happy hearts.

"Now, shall we take a walk?" inquired Amie of the little one.

"Oh yes, but first will you write my name on this little piece of paper?"

She wrote Addy's name, and then they took a long walk by the church, into the grave-yard, deposited the letter in the post-office, and then came back through a beautiful shady path, which terminated at the rear of Widow Brown's dwelling.

"How I wish father had been with us," said Addy, after they arrived home. "May he come over here, and walk out with us, some pleasant day?"

Amie smiled at Addy's zeal in her father's behalf, and replied, "Your father would not enjoy it as much as you do."

"But I *know* he would, and I shall have him come some time. But I must go back and see him now. Good night."

"Have you enjoyed yourself as much as you expected, Addy?" said Mr. Melville, on her return, as he placed her on his knee.

"Yes, a great deal more, for Miss Attwood did not sew on the vests to-day. She wrote a long letter; and see, father, here is *my* name, which I asked her to write for me."

"It is a very handsome hand, certainly," said her father.

"And she is so much prettier when she writes, too. Her eyes sparkle, and her cheeks are just like roses. I told her how I liked to look at her and see her write, and she said I was a flatterer. I did not know what *that* was, but I said I hoped it was something good, and then she laughed, and I could not help laughing too. Then we took a long walk, and I asked her just before I left, if *you* might come over and walk with us."

"What did she say to that, Addy?" inquired Mr. Melville, with a smile.

"She said *you* would not enjoy it, but *I* told her you would. Would you, father?"

"I cannot tell, Addy. You know I am not acquainted with Miss Attwood. You will feel very sad to leave her when you go home, will you not?"

The tears started into her eyes, but after a moment's thought she quickly said, as she flung her soft, dimpled arms around her father's neck, and laid her moist cheek to his, "*She* can go too, father, and then I can learn every thing of her."

"If she is willing to instruct you, she *may* go home with us," said Mr. Melville, who now saw a way to

benefit the orphan girl without infringing upon her pride or delicacy.

"Shall we go to-night, and see if she will go home with us?" said the impatient child.

"Yes, for we must go home next week."

IV.

"The friends whom time hath proved sincere,
'Tis they alone can bring
A sure relief to hearts that droop
'Neath sorrow's heavy wing."

It is evening, a clear, cold, frosty, moonlit evening, and in Mr. Melville's splendid city mansion all is warmth, light, and gladness. He himself does not look so old as he did three years since, in Willowdale. Amie, too, with the rich flush of hope and health mantling her delicate face, is a member of that small household, and as she is studying at the elaborately finished centre-table, with Mr. Melville for her teacher, she is the picture of content, and more than once since her sojourn in her new home has her heart repeated the impassioned language of the poet, even as it did this evening:

"Thou, who look'st
Upon my brimming heart this tranquil eve,
Knowest its fulness, *as thou dost the dew*
Sent to the hidden violet by Thee;
And as that flower from its unseen abode
Sends its sweet breath up duly to the sky,
Changing its gift to incense,—so, O God,
May the sweet drops that to my humble cup
Find their way from heaven, send back, in prayer,
Fragrance, at thy throne welcome!"

Addy is seated on a stool at her feet, and is looking up to her with the same mixture of love and admiration as of old. The daily instruction of Addy was a great pleasure to Amie, and she feels perfectly at home in Mr. Melville's house, for he has assured her of his constant care and protection, his wish to be a father to her, and that his home may be hers as long as she desires it. The daytime he invariably spent in his own room, but he always devoted the evening to Amie's culture and instruction. Very marvellous, truly, was her progress under his tuition, and often did he pause almost breathlessly to hear the strange melting words fall from Amie's lips, and *that* transforming smile would glorify his countenance, and Amie would be delighted to merit *his* praises. She had other teachers also, and the best music-teacher in the city. Mr. Auguste Clement finally said he could teach her nothing further, for she was an enthusiast in the art, and comprehended intuitively all his instructions. Mr. Clement, however, contrived to call upon some pretext almost every day, either to bring some new music, or a new book, or to give her an invitation to attend a lecture or concert. He was an excellent, accomplished, and pleasing young man, devoted to his profession, although not requiring it as a means of subsistence, as his parents were among the wealthiest in the city. Mr. Melville, too, favored his visits, and considered him an unexceptionable companion for his adopted daughter.

"Why did you not attend the concert to-night with Mr. Clement?" said Mr. Melville, on the evening which we mentioned in the commencement of this chapter.

Amie looked up from her book, and replied:

"I did not wish to leave you and Addy alone, and you know we are *all* going to-morrow night."

"Mr. Clement, too?"

"Oh no!" quickly replied Amie, with downcast eyes, blushing as she felt her second father's eye was upon her. But she did not see that *his* eye lighted up with joy at the announcement. Wyllis Melville! there is more than a father's love in thy heart for thy adopted daughter. He continued:

"You must not keep yourself so much at home, Amie—society has claims upon you, and your friends may feel that they are debarred from your presence, perhaps, by my wish."

"No—they surely cannot think *that*—and it is so much pleasanter at home with *you* and *Addy*, that I do not care for society."

Again that smile, and Wyllis Melville had *almost* said to Amie, "Then let us be all in all to each other—let us be united, *never* to part,"—but then he thought again, "I demand *love*, and Amie's heart is mine only by the ties of *gratitude*—I will not be thus selfish." And so he stilled the throbbings of love in his noble heart; and thinking only of *her* future advantage, he said calmly, yet tenderly, "We have *all* been too selfish in staying at home, and I will once more emerge from my retirement, and introduce you, Amie, into society."

Amie ventured no reply, but bent her eyes most resolutely upon her book, for she felt saddened at this, to her, strange resolution.

True to his word, Mr. Melville and his adopted daughter were seen at parties and concerts—but he went not for his own pleasure or amusement. He felt it to

be his duty to introduce Amie into society, although, if he had followed the dictates of his heart, he would have preferred his own home-circle, and Amie's presence, to all the pleasures of the universe. Amie attracted much admiration wherever she went, not only for her beauty and grace, but also for her rare mental attainments, which had gained for her an enviable celebrity. Mr. Clement was very devoted in his attentions to her, to the evident delight of his parents.

At one of the gayest parties of the season, Mr. Melville met Mrs. Tremont, a gay, dashing, interesting young widow, and, moreover, slightly related to him by marriage: "Good evening, cousin Wyllis," said she: "why do you sit moping here with Addy all the evening, alone? Come, take a stroll with me around the rooms, for the sake of 'auld lang syne.'"

They went into an adjoining room, just as Amie was preparing to play upon the piano. After much urging, Mr. Clement had at last prevailed upon her to perform thus publicly. "But, Mr. Clement," she exclaimed, "I shall play nothing that is difficult or tedious, or foreign, or that is the rage. Positively, I shall perform nothing but 'The last rose of summer.'"

"As you please," said the happy Mr. Clement.

Mr. Melville stood as if entranced while listening to the sweetly plaintive tones of Amie's voice; then, with eyes dimmed with feeling, kept on his stroll with the lady.

"Miss Attwood is an admirable performer," remarked Mrs. Tremont, in a complimentary manner.

"She is an enthusiast in every thing pertaining to poetry or music," was the reply.

"Yes, I have heard of her rare talents, and Mr. Clement evidently appreciates them."

"Certainly—and his taste is generally considered a good criterion," said Mr. Melville, calmly.

"I have understood that there is a prospect of his alliance with your protégée."

"Nothing more likely," was the careless rejoinder.

In the course of a few evenings, the same company were assembled in another mansion. Mrs. Tremont was the inseparable companion of Mr. Melville, who could not politely rid himself of her society; while poor Amie, who would most gladly have fled to his side, from Mr. Clement's too undisguised admiration, was forced to receive his compliments and remarks.

"Just look at Mr. Melville and Mrs. Tremont," said he: "what an animating tête-à-tête they are engaged in! Really, I should not wonder if Mr. Melville should be a votary of Hymen again!"

"No wonder," thought Amie, "he wished to get *me* into society, in order to pay his devoirs to this agreeable widow." She felt a sickening sensation at her heart, and turned deathly pale. She excused herself to Mr. Clement by pleading a slight indisposition; and Mr. Melville, who watched her slightest movement, was by her side in a moment, saying, "What is the matter, Amie?" The tones of his voice, instead of reassuring, only embarrassed her the more, and she replied in a faint voice, "I am not well—I will go home; but do not leave on my account," she added, as she saw him preparing to depart. But he did go; and as he supported her the few steps which led to their home, he saw by the moonlight the tears on her face. Soon they were in the

luxurious parlor; and Amie, who was about to retire to her own room, was gently detained by Mr. Melville, who seated her on the sofa and placed himself by her side. "Tell me, Amie," said he, tenderly, "the cause of your agitation,"—and he laid her head on his shoulder as if she had been a weary child.

"I cannot," said poor Amie, and she wept bitterly: "do excuse me, Mr. Melville; I am weak and nervous, but hope to be better to-morrow."

She essayed to rise from the sofa, but could not.

"Well, Amie, you need not tell me any thing you do not desire to." Then rising, he assisted her to her room, and said "Good night" so sweetly to her, that her tears flowed more copiously than ever.

V.

"There is a name which on my lips,
Though seldom breath'd, forever dwells,
Like hidden music rock'd to sleep
Within the ocean's painted shells.

"And this is *love*—the only one
Of Eden's torn and trampled flowers,
Which, shelter'd by some angel's wing,
Still lives to bless this earth of ours."

The next morning, Amie was really sick, and medical aid was procured. Addy was constantly by the bedside, and Mr. Melville often watched over her when sleeping, noting her countenance with looks of anxiety, alarm, and affection. The physician said her disorder was caused by violent mental agitation, and that she needed the utmost quiet. To add to Mr. Melville's anxiety, Mrs. Tremont had come to pay a long visit to

"cousin Wyllis," as she termed him; and thinking she might appear to better advantage in *his* eyes, volunteered her services in the sick-room. But the physician perceived Amie was always worse after her presence and Mr. Melville's, and he forbade any one but the nurse and Addy to visit her room.

One day, several weeks after Amie was taken sick, Mr. Melville met the nurse going down stairs, who informed him that she was sleeping quietly, and evidently very much improved, so that he entered the room for a moment, gazed upon the pale face of the sleeper, and kissed Addy, who was faithful at her post of duty and love. As he turned to leave the room, he saw a half-opened book upon the table, just as she had left it from perusal. As he took it up, a piece of paper fell upon the carpet. What was his surprise to find the following simple lines, addressed to himself, and undoubtedly, by the hurried look of the writing, which was pencilled, written the very evening she was taken sick.

I love thee!—thou hast been to me
  Companion, father, friend, and guide—
And must I calmly turn from thee,
  And leave *another* at thy side?

At thy dear side, where I have spent
  The purest hours to mortals given;
Where knowledge has its riches lent,
  Where *thou* hast taught the path to Heaven!

Yes, I must leave!—another's hands
  Will lovingly be prest in thine—
More radiant and enduring bands
  Will circle round thy heart than mine.

And yet my love is pure, sincere,
  A guileless offering—yet we part—
Its seal a glittering, crystal tear,
  Upspringing from the orphan's heart

The *orphan's* heart! And must I go
  From this blest ark of peace and love,
To wander o'er the waves of woe,
  A homeless, and unsheltered dove?

Oh, give me back my humble home!
  Its lowly toil, its earnest peace—
Till on a glorious shore I roam,
  Where tears and suffering all shall cease!

As he finished reading there were tears in his eyes, but above and around all, was that fascinating smile. Amie *had* suffered—*was* suffering; but oh! had *he* not also suffered? He had resolved not to listen to the pleadings of his heart and urge Amie to become his bride, knowing that she would accept him out of gratitude, despite the disparity of age, and thinking that she loved Mr. Clement. Now joyfully he repeated, again and again, in the depths of his heart, "Amie loves me!"

Mr. Melville had dearly loved the young wife, the chosen of his boyhood, whom he had so sincerely lamented; but in Amie he had found an intellect akin to his own—a greater companionship and affinity; and yet so noble was his nature, he wished her to choose for herself out of the number of those who so much loved and admired her. He had resolved to suffer without complaining, in order to insure her future happiness in life; now, how great was his reward in the consciousness of her love for him!

A few weeks more, and Amie recovered her health in a measure, but she was as drooping as a lily, and there was something at her heart which affected her spirits, although uppermost was a noble resolve, which would at times illumine her countenance. One beautiful spring evening, soon after her recovery, she was seated by the window in the soft moonlight, as she imagined alone, for she thought Mr. Melville was in his room, and she knew Addy had gone out that evening. She bent her head upon her hands, and busy memory recalled the past, when kind parents watched over her and she rejoiced in their affection. Then she lived over again hours of bereavement and labor—hours that had lent, even through the mist of tears, the rainbow tintings of faith and hope. Then she thought of the happy seasons spent with dear little Addy and her second father; but now, the trial hour was approaching—she must leave them and go again to the village where reposed the ashes of her dead—she could not stay and see *his* smile given to another; no, not even for Addy's sake—it would break her heart. "I will go," she murmured plaintively, as she lifted her tear-bathed face to the tender glances of the moonlight, "I will go, and God, 'the Father of the fatherless,' will sustain me."

"Where will you go, Amie?" said Mr. Melville, as he bent over her with his smile of light.

She could not bear that smile *now*, she was so wretched at the thought of leaving him, and she answered in blended tones of pride, feeling, and affection, "*Anywhere*, so I shall not stay in *your* presence. Hear me, Mr. Melville, my more than father, my benefactor and instructor, and charge me not with ingratitude. I

must leave Addy and you. I fain would stay and instruct your child, but I must be true to myself, and tell you that I cannot remain here after you are married."

Here the truant sobs burst out, and Mr. Melville inquired, in a low tone, "And why not stay, dear Amie, after my marriage? Do I not love you tenderly? Have you not been Addy's dearest friend and instructor? And have you no regard for *my* feelings?"

"No regard for *your* feelings!" bitterly repeated Amie. "Yes, I *have*, and therefore I cannot see in Mrs. Melville, one who would care only for her own selfish plans, who would not appreciate your intellect, your affection, and your worth, who would transform this sweet home into the temple of fashion and heartless display. No, Mr. Melville, ask it not. If you will confide your child to my care, I will devote my life to her instruction; but ask me not to stay here."

"And are you sure my future bride is so soulless, so selfish?"

"Mrs. Tremont," said Amie with spirit, "*is* soulless, *is* selfish, but for *your* sake, I trust she will live with higher aims."

"Who told you, Amie, I was intending to marry Mrs. Tremont? *I* certainly have never said so."

"And who, then, is your intended bride?" said the astonished Amie.

"Amie Attwood, if she will accept me!" joyfully exclaimed Mr. Melville, as he folded her to his heart and imprinted his first kiss upon her snowy forehead.

VI.

"She left in the spring-time of being, while flowers
Sprang cheerily up to embellish the hours.
Bright, beautiful being, they miss you on earth,
They list for the sound of your innocent mirth!
The angels have led you in silence away—
For them there are shadows, for you there is day!"

Now, after the lapse of years, turn we again to the mansion of Mr. Melville. Amie *did* stay after his marriage, and was joyfully called "mother" by Addy, who was the happiest being in existence. Can we recognize our little friend in the tall young lady of sixteen, who is sitting by the centre-table reading? She has the eyes, the smile, the noble bearing of her father; but the little fellow in his mother's arms, whom she calls "brother," is the "softened image" of Amie Attwood, or rather, Amie Melville. *She* is sitting by her husband's side, absorbed in hearing him read one of Tennyson's poems, while the lights and shadows of feeling alternately play over her sweet face. Mr. Melville's countenance is beautified by a hallowed joy and love; life, for him and his Amie, is a full, deep stream, on which they sail along with a feeling of security, knowing their "Father is at the helm," guiding their bark onward through storm and sunshine to the haven of the "better land." They realize the value of trial and affliction, for they have both tasted of the bitter cup. Their earthly love is almost merged into the heavenly, and truly can they exclaim,

"It hath been said that love doth bind the heart
More strongly to the fading things of earth:

Not so with us—our spirits have no part
With feelings that are but of mortal birth:
We love for heaven!"

Yes, when the sunset hour, robed in hues of memory and hope, was attuning their souls to the symphonies of eternity, then they felt the presence of the dear departed—then looked they up with faith-illumined vision to the heavenly Jerusalem, where dwell the prophets and martyrs, the reformers and saints, the pure and true-hearted, who have "passed on" to that quiet shore, where the wing of the tempest is never unfurled, where breaking hearts and tear-worn faces are never found, where love, *love* only is the light, glory, and joy; where the "inhabitant thereof shall not say, I am sick." Their faith, "from seeming evil, still educing good," bathed the whole universe in the visible smile of the Father; they realized that *His* chastening hand was raised but for healing and blessing. It was this which comforted their hearts, when Addy, in the very blossoming of her earthly existence, was transplanted to the bowers of the eternal home. "She is not dead, dear Wyllis!" said Amie, with tears in her eyes, but the light of Christian love in her soul: "let us repeat our favorite sentiment—

'There is no death! what *seems* so is transition:
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portals we call death.

'She is not dead! the child of our affection,
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.'"

"I do believe it, Amie, and I ask not that she should come back again to earth, where the thorns of coldness,

deceit, and vanity, might wound her sensitive nature; but in the language of another heart, bleeding under bereavement, but subdued by resignation, I will say,

'Come but in dreams! let me once more behold thee,
As in thy hours of buoyancy and glee,
And one brief moment in my arms enfold thee—
Belov'd, I will not ask thy stay with me.
Leave but the impress of thy dove-like beauty,
Which memory strives so vainly to recall,
And I will onward in the path of duty,
Restraining tears that ever fain would fall:—
Come but in dreams, my child!'"

MARGARETTA.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

When I was in my teens,
  I loved dear Margaretta;
I know not what it means,
  I cannot now forget her.
That vision of the past
  My head is ever crazing;
Yet when I saw her last,
  I could not speak for gazing.
Oh, lingering rose of May!
  Dear as when first I met her;
Worm in my heart alway,
  Life-cherish'd Margaretta!

We parted near the stile
  As morn was faintly breaking;
For many a weary mile
  Oh, how my heart was aching!
But distance, time and change,
  Have lost me Margaretta!
And yet 'tis sadly strange
  That I cannot forget her!
Oh queen of rural maids,
  Dear, dove-eyed Margaretta—
The heart the mind upbraids
  That struggles to forget her!

My love, I know will seem
  A wayward, boyish folly;
But, ah! it was a dream,
  Most sweet—most melancholy.
Were mine the world's domain,
  To me 'twere fortune better
To be a boy again,
  And dream of Margaretta.
Oh! memory of the past,
  Why linger to regret her?
My first love is my last,
  For that is Margaretta.

THE PRISONER OF WAR.

BY MRS. M. E. HEWITT.

The Peninsular war was over, and a young officer of the returned army was seated in the *salon* of one of the principal *café's* of Paris, over a bottle of claret and a newspaper. Suddenly he grasped the paper convulsively, and fixed his gaze earnestly upon a paragraph, which for an instant seemed to claim all his attention, then, clasping his hands tightly over his eyes and leaning forward upon the table before him with both elbows, he murmured, "False! false! Married? Impossible!" Then springing up from his attitude of despair he paced the room hurriedly, every feature of his handsome face, from the straightforward intense gaze of his dark eyes, to the firmly compressed lips, expressive of amazement and perplexity. Resuming his seat once more, he again recurred to the ominous paragraph, as if to assure himself that he was not the victim of an illusion; but no—there it was, in bold, unmistakable print, among the latest intelligence from the Muscovite dominions. "It is stated that the gallant General Carlovitch has asked the Czar's approval of his marriage with the young baroness Helene Dashkoff. The ceremony will shortly be solemnized at St. Petersburg, with all becoming festivity."

For a while the young man sat buried in thought.

He thought of his parting with Helene on the evening before he left for Spain. He thought how her image had cheered him on in battle, with the hope of glory and the reward of honors, that should elevate him to a position as lofty as her own, when he might ask the hand of her he loved without fear of a repulse from her proud relatives; and now, what but dire disappointment remained to crown his aspirations?

Jules De St. Medard was the last representative of an ancient, but impoverished house, who, on the death of his last remaining parent, found that the only patrimony left him was his sword and the inheritance of an unsullied name; and taking service in the imperial army, he had already risen, by his unflinching courage and bravery, from the rank of Lieutenant to that of Colonel.

At the hotel of the still young and handsome Madame Belcour, who had been the schoolmate of his mother, and her friend in after-life, Jules met and loved her orphan niece, Helene Dashkoff, the daughter of a Russian noble, high in the service of the Autocrat during his lifetime, and who, in dying, bequeathed his only child to the care of Madame Belcour, the sister of his deceased wife.

That both Jules and Helene were handsome, in the fullest sense of that much abused term—both every thing that a hero and heroine ought to be, the reader will believe as a matter of course.

Of the state of their affections Madame Belcour had no suspicion; for looking upon Jules in the light of a son, and feeling for Helene a truly maternal tenderness,

she had supposed them to be animated only by fraternal regard; and when Jules took leave of them to join the Peninsular army, bearing with him the honorable scars of former battles, Madame Belcour saw nothing unnatural in his agitation, or alarming in Helene's grief at parting with him who had been her playmate and teacher in childhood, and the sharer with her in so many pleasant hours.

But Jules had now returned laden with honors, and burning to lay his laurels at the feet of Helene. His first visit had been at the hotel of Madame Belcour, where he learned from the porter that Helene, with her aunt, had been suddenly recalled to St. Petersburg, whither they had accordingly gone several months previous to his arrival in Paris. And now, how were his cherished hopes blighted by the fatal intelligence conveyed in the paragraph he had just read! Could she indeed be false to him? or was she about to be sacrificed to the arbitrary will of the Czar? Ah! his heart, while it bled for his own disappointment, pleaded ardently for her. But henceforth, for him, love was dead. Henceforth, for him, the battle-field, with its hurried charge, its fierce mêlée. Onward! Glory! these should be his watchwords.

The next important step for France and for Jules de St. Medard, was Napoleon's invasion of Russia. "The States of Europe must be meted into one nation, and Paris be its capital," said the Emperor to Fouché, who had ventured to make some reflections on "so important a crisis." "Did not you once tell me," he continued, "that the word *impossible* is not French?"

On the 24th of June, says Lockhart, the grand imperial army, consolidated into three masses, began the passage of the Niemen. The Emperor rode in front of his army to reconnoitre the banks; his horse stumbled, and he fell to the ground. "A bad omen, a Roman would say," exclaimed an attendant. There came on at the same moment a tremendous thunder-storm, and thus began the fatal invasion.

The result of this disastrous campaign is well known to the reader. Napoleon, at last convinced of the necessity of abandoning Moscow, commenced his retreat on the 19th of October, and after immense loss and suffering the poor remnant of the grand army arrived at the Beresina.

Thus far throughout the campaign, Jules had been ever among the foremost in danger; fighting with desperation, yet always unhurt, he seemed to those about him to bear a charmed life; but at the passage of the Beresina, one of the most fearful scenes recorded in war, when the Russian cannon opened upon the retreating multitude on the bridges and crammed together near the bank, each anxiously expecting the turn to pass, and the larger of the bridges went down, precipitating all that were upon it into the dark, half-frozen river, Jules, who had stood his ground bravely, waiting to conduct his division over the bridge, where, torn by the incessant shower of the Russian cannonade, the French fell and died by thousands, overcome by loss of blood from a wound he had received, sank fainting upon the bank of the stream, as the shriek of terror arose from the doomed mass of human beings, high over the hurra's of the Cossacks and all the roar of artillery.

When Jules again awoke to life, the cold skies of a northern midnight, lighted up by the stars in their intense brightness, were bending over him. To the left, lay some abandoned huts, and on the right, high upon the bank above, stood in tall outline the walls of an ancient chateau. At this moment, some peasants, who had been rifling the dead around him, approached Jules, and finding that he was still alive, observing, too, that he wore the uniform of an officer of rank, and remembering that Platoff, the veteran hetman of the Cossacks, had promised 200,000 roubles and the hand of his only daughter to the man who should capture Napoleon, forbore to deal him a final blow for the sake of further plunder, in the hope of obtaining a substantial reward for the capture of a prisoner of war, of whose rank they were so uncertain.

Accordingly, his captors conducted Jules to the chateau, they being serfs on the estate, and arousing the old major-domo from his slumbers, gave their prisoner into his hands, with strict injunctions to hold him fast until some orders regarding his further disposal should arrive.

He was accordingly conveyed to a large apartment, grand with its stately antique furniture, where a fire was speedily kindled, and the surgeon of the estate was called to dress his wound,—for to deliver Napoleon up, alive and in tolerable health, was of some consequence to those into whose hands the imaginary prize had fallen.

Jules slept soundly on his luxurious couch, after the toil and horror of the past day, and awoke in the morning refreshed, and wondering at the attention that had

been so mercifully bestowed on him by his enemies. To the surgeon, who explained to him, on his next visit, that his ignorant captors hoped their prisoner might prove to be no less a person than the Emperor himself, Jules disclosed his name and rank, and at the same time gave the required promise not to attempt to escape—a vain endeavor in a country so overrun with soldiers and peasantry in arms—and so he was permitted to enjoy the range of the house, on parole.

For a while the days dragged on wearily enough for the captive. His wants were well supplied, and his wound was quite healed, but ominous doubts as to his future fate would obtrude themselves constantly, with the question of whether he might not be doomed to make expiation under the knout for the deeds of the consolidated imperial army.

One day there was an unusual stir in the chateau, and the major-domo, who was a little less ignorant than the other serfs about him, told Jules, in reply to his question, that their lady, the Countess Narishkin, was expected to arrive on the morrow: but as to whether she were young or old, or of aught else besides the fact that his lady was coming, the man was hopelessly uninformed.

At mid-day on the morrow, the carriage containing the Countess and her female attendants, guarded by armed outriders, drove up to the main entrance; and Jules, from his window, watched the descent of the ladies from the vehicle. Three elderly women, enveloped in furs, with infirm steps left the carriage and entered the house below. One of these, from the greater richness of her apparel, and who tottered even more in her

gait than the two who followed her, leaning heavily on the arm of a male attendant as they ascended the steps of the terrace, Jules supposed to be the Countess, and our prisoner, who had not before realized that his imagination had arranged it otherwise, confessed to himself that he was disappointed.

An hour after the arrival of the Countess and her suite, a servant announced to Jules that his lady requested his presence in the parlor. As he entered the room, the Countess arose from her *fauteuil*, and courteously advanced a few steps to meet him. Although slightly bent with years, the gracefulness of her figure was visible through the mass of velvet and furs in which she was habited; and the eyes that looked out from beneath her smooth gray locks and the velvet hood that fell over her brow, partially concealing her face, retained, even at her advanced age, a remarkable fulness and brilliancy that belied her cracked, unmanageable voice, and the tremulous shaking of her head and frame.

"I welcome you to my house, young sir," she said, "though I regret that the chances of war should have made you a prisoner here. Let me hope that my people have made your residence under my roof as little irksome to you as possible?"

Jules hastened to assure her of the humanity with which he had been treated; and desiring him to be seated near her, the Countess continued: "Intelligence of your capture, and of your detention here, has already reached St. Petersburg, and I learn that orders for your departure to-morrow, under a strong escort, for the capital, have already arrived. I fear—I fear that your life is in peril."

"I have ceased to regard life as a desirable boon," replied the young man, "and should welcome death, did it come as death should come to a soldier—in the battle's front, and face to face with the foe."

"So young, and already weary of existence?" returned the Countess. "If the glory and the honors you have acquired have lost their power to charm, are there no tender ties that bind you to life? Are there no father, mother, sister, who would mourn your loss in bitter anguish? Is there no plighted heart that would break with its excess of misery, over the ruin of its young affections? Have you left none behind for whom you could wish to live?"

"None! not one!" sighed Jules. "I am an orphan, and alone. There was one bright ray upon my pathway—one being whose image beckoned me on through the smoke and crash of battle, onward to glory—but that is past, and woman's love henceforth is naught for me. And yet I would not die like a malefactor, by the hands of the executioner, could I escape it. Ah! why did I not perish with my comrades at the Beresina, rather than be preserved for this!"

"There is one way of escape," rejoined the venerable Countess, "and I trust you will believe that it is with humiliation I make a proposal which, even at my advanced age, causes me to blush for thus outraging the delicacy of my sex. By the laws of Russia, a woman of the nobility who marries a man beneath her in point of rank, ennobles him—and if he be a foreigner, he, by such a marriage, becomes at once a subject of Russia, and endowed with all the privileges of his class. I am eighty-five years of age—like yourself, I am alone: I

have no son, no heir to my vast estates. Be, then, my son! With the name of husband, be my child, my heir. Let the bonds of the Church make your claim to my title and wealth lawful: then, with the blessing of Heaven, return to France, and amid the pleasures of its gay capital, with the liberal income your rank will secure to you, strive to forget that you are bound by mere nominal ties to a being who, at most, can live but a few years to be a legal barrier between you and a happier destiny."

"Generous woman!" exclaimed the young man, taking her hand, "I welcome your proposal in the same spirit of candor as that in which you have spoken. Not that it will save me from the doom I dread—not for the rank and wealth it will confer—but I honor you for the nobleness of your heart, and for your confidence in mine. No, I will not return to Paris! I ask no happier destiny than henceforth to remain with you, to protect and admire so much goodness, always."

There was feasting that night in the great hall of the chateau, and in the lowly dwellings of the serfs; and all were merry over the tidings that their old Countess had wedded the young French officer. For herself, the aged lady, dressed in the full court costume of Russia, with its odd crown-shaped head-dress, over which fell the nuptial veil, had appeared among her people, and, with tremulous steps, had joined in one of their national dances; and after gracing the feast for a few moments, was now in her dressing-room, attended by her women, preparing her toilet for the night.

There was a knock at the door of the apartment, and

Jules de St. Medard asked to be allowed to read to the Countess while she was under the hands of her tiring women. "Enter, enter, *my lord!*" she quavered; "I shall be delighted to hear you"—and Jules entered accordingly. It was a luxurious apartment, throughout which was shed a softened light from the hanging lamp suspended from the lofty ceiling; and across a deep alcove, within which were placed the dressing-table and its appliances, was drawn a curtain of antique tapestry.

Jules seated himself at the table beneath the lamp, and commenced reading from Tasso's noble "Gerusalemme Liberata," and at every pause the Countess would exclaim, in her uncertain tones, from behind the curtain, "Beautiful, my lord!" And at that exquisite stanza,—

> "On high were the clear stars; the gentle Hours
> Walked cloudless through the galaxy of space,
> And the calm moon rose, lighting up the flowers
> With frost of living pearl: like her in grace,
> The enamored maid from her illumined face
> Reflected light where'er she chanced to rove;
> And made the silent Spirit of the place,
> The hills, the melancholy moon above,
> And the dumb valleys round, familiars of her love—"

a voice, not of the Countess, but a young gushing voice—a voice that thrilled through every fibre of his heart, and caused Jules to spring up from his book with surprise, cried, "Beautiful! my lord!"—and there, upon a low divan, all alone—for the maids had vanished—arrayed in white bridal robes, sat his own beloved Helene!

And Helene explained to the enraptured Jules how she had been recalled to St. Petersburg by the last illness of her grandmother, the aged Baroness Dashkoff—how she had written him a score of letters, which, of course, he never received—how General Carlovitch had married her aunt, Madame Belcour, who had been the General's early love—how the Czar, to mark his appreciation of her father's services, had bestowed on her the extinct title and the estates of Narishkin, in addition to those of Dashkoff—how, when she received intelligence from her major-domo of Jules' capture, and imprisonment in her chateau, she determined to save him, if possible; and how, for protection against the lawless soldiery they might chance to encounter on their journey, her women and herself had adopted the disguise in which, as well as in the *dénouement*, she had proved herself so excellent an actress. Need we add any thing further, dear reader, to assure ourselves of the happiness of Jules de St. Medard?

WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

The scene which is so admirably portrayed in the accompanying engraving, will ever constitute one of the most stirring episodes in the great drama of our National Independence. This memorable event, so interesting to every lover of his country, has been often made the subject of the painter's art; and the recent painting by Leutze has tended to increase that interest. By the politeness of Mr. Brueckner, the artist, we are permitted the pleasure of enriching our volume with the present effective picture. It will, we think, be generally admitted to be a production of eminent merit, skilfully arranged in the grouping, and full of character. The gallant leader is conspicuous in the action, as he ever was on the battle-field,—and the cautious Quaker, seemingly remonstrating against the hazardous exploit, alike tell their own story. At the early dawn of an austere winter's morning, in December of 1776, when it was feared the city of Philadelphia would be besieged by the British, during Howe's proclamation of pardon to all Americans who would sign the oath of allegiance, and when our forces were enfeebled by the delinquency and disaffection of the troops, Washington projected and performed the perilous passage of the Delaware. The river was so thickly blockaded with ice as to be almost impassable, and so dark was the frozen sky, that the lives of the adventurers were mainly indebted for safety to the stentorian lungs of one of their party, General

Knox, who acted as pioneer, rather than to any skill in their pilots. But no danger could divert from its purpose the brave heart of our heroic chieftain: for when it was urged against the further progress of the war that Philadelphia might possibly be taken, and he was asked what in that case he would do, he replied: "Retreat beyond the Susquehanna river, and thence, if necessary, to the Alleghany mountains." The details of the movements of our army at this eventful crisis, are familiar to the reader, they form part of our national history; we subjoin, however, the following extract from Lossing's deservedly popular volume, entitled, "1776; *or the War of Independence;*" the best compend of the War of Independence that has ever appeared.

"Washington arranged to cross the river in three divisions. General Cadwallader was to cross at Bristol, and march to Burlington; General Ewing was to cross a little below Trenton, to intercept the retreat of the enemy in that direction; while the Commander-in-chief, with twenty-four hundred men, was to cross nine miles above Trenton, to make the principal attack. But Generals Cadwallader and Ewing were unable to pass, on account of the floating ice. Washington alone succeeded.

"On the night of Christmas the bold expedition was undertaken. Owing to the great quantities of floating ice, the crossing was not accomplished until about three o'clock in the morning, December 26, at which time there was a considerable fall of snow. The troops were formed into two divisions, commanded by Generals Sullivan and Greene, under whom were Brigadier-Generals Stirling, Mercer, and St. Clair. Washington was with the division led by General Greene.

"About eight o'clock in the morning the enemy was attacked at two points simultaneously, by these two divisions. The surprised Hessians, after a slight skirmish, attempted a retreat to Princeton, but were intercepted; and, finding themselves hemmed in on all sides, were obliged to lay down their arms and surrender themselves prisoners of war. Between thirty and forty Hessians were killed, among whom was Colonel Rahl, the commanding officer. The Americans had ten killed and wounded. The number of prisoners was nearly one thousand, and the spoils consisted of six brass field-pieces, a thousand stand of arms, and considerable ammunition. As the enemy were still in his vicinity and superior to him in numbers, Washington deemed it prudent to recross the Delaware into Pennsylvania with all his prisoners, on the same day, which was accomplished at evening. The British and Hessian troops at Bordentown retreated to Princeton, and thus the whole line of the cantonments of the enemy was broken up.

"This brilliant and successful feat of arms greatly surprised the British commander, and inspired the Americans with renewed courage. Only a week before, General Howe was waiting for the freezing of the river, to enable him to take quiet possession of Philadelphia, and Lord Cornwallis, by permission, was about to sail for England. He was immediately ordered back to New Jersey with additional troops, and all the British forces assembled at Princeton, for the purpose of making an attack upon Washington, who had again crossed the Delaware and took post at Trenton, with a view of attacking the enemy at his general rendezvous."

Washington crossing the Delaware

MY STUDY.

BY ESTELLE ANNA LEWIS.

THIS is my world—my angel-guarded shrine,
Which I have made to suit my heart's great need,
When sorrow dooms it overmuch to bleed;
Or, when aweary and athirst I pine
For genial showers and sustenance divine;
When Love, or Hope, or Joy my heart deceive,
And I would sit me down alone to grieve—
My mind to sad or studious mood resign—
Here oft upon the stream of Thought I lie,
Floating whichever way the waves are flowing—
Sometimes along the banks of Childhood going,
Where all is bud, and bloom, and melody;
Or, wafted by some stronger current, glide
Where darker frowns the steep, and deeper flows the tide.

Yes, 'tis my Cáabà—a shrine below,
Where my soul sits within its house of clay,
Listing the steps of angels come and go,—
Sweet missioned heralds from the realms of day.
One brings me rays from regions of the sun:
One comes to warn me of some pending dart:
One brings a laurel leaf for work well done:
Another, whispers from a kindred heart;—
Oh! this I would not change for all the gold
That lies beneath the Sacramento's waves—
For all the jewels Indian coffers hold—
For all the pearls in Oman's starry caves.
The lessons of all pedagogues are naught
To those I learn within this holy Fane of Thought.

WETZEL, THE INDIAN-HUNTER.

Many passages in the stirring history of our western frontier are so startling and romantic as to challenge for their thrilling interest the most wild and wonderful details of fiction. The story of Wetzel—one of the pioneers of the forest, and one of the most daring of adventurers—is of this kind. We subjoin the sketch from Howe's Historical Collections of Ohio.

While hunting, Wetzel fell in with a young hunter who lived on Drunkard's Creek, and was persuaded to accompany him to his home. On their arrival they found the house in ruins, and all the family murdered except a young woman who had been bred up with them, and to whom the young man was ardently attached. She was taken alive, as was found by examining the trail of the enemy, who were three Indians and a white renegado. Burning with revenge, they followed the trail until opposite the mouth of the Capitiva, where the enemy had crossed. They swam the stream and discovered the Indian camp, around the fires of which lay the enemy in careless repose. The young woman was apparently unhurt, but was making much moaning and lamentation. The young man, hardly able to restrain his rage, was for firing and rushing instantly upon them; Wetzel, more cautious, told him to

wait until daylight, when there would be a better chance of success in killing the whole party. At dawn the Indians prepared to depart. The young man selecting the white renegado, and Wetzel the Indian, they both fired simultaneously with fatal effect. The young man rushed forward knife in hand to relieve the mistress of his affections, while Wetzel reloaded and pursued the two surviving Indians, who had taken to the woods until they could ascertain the number of their enemies. Wetzel, as soon as he was discovered, discharged his rifle at random in order to draw them from their covert. The ruse took effect, and taking to his heels he loaded as he ran, and suddenly wheeling about discharged his rifle through the body of his nearest and unsuspecting enemy. The remaining Indian seeing the fate of his companion, and that his enemy's rifle was unloaded, rushed forward with all energy, the prospect of prompt revenge being fairly before him. Wetzel led him on, dodging from tree to tree, until his rifle was again ready, when suddenly turning he fired, and his remaining enemy fell dead at his feet. After taking their scalps, Wetzel and his friend, with their rescued captive, returned in safety to the settlement.

A short time after Crawford's defeat, in 1782, Wetzel accompanied Thomas Mills, a soldier in that action, to obtain his horse which he had left near the site of St. Clairsville. They were met by a party of about forty Indians at the Indian Springs, two miles from St. Clairsville, on the road to Wheeling.

Both parties discovered each other at the same moment, when Lewis instantly fired and killed an Indian, while the Indian wounded his companion in the heel,

overtook, and killed him. Four Indians pursued Wetzel. About half a mile beyond, one of the Indians having got in the pursuit within a few steps, Wetzel wheeled and shot him, and then continued the retreat.

In less than a mile farther a second one came so close to him that, as he turned to fire, he caught the muzzle of his gun, when, after a severe struggle, Wetzel brought it to his chest, and discharging it, his opponent fell dead. Wetzel still continued on his course, pursued by the two Indians. All three were pretty well fatigued, and often stopped and treed. After going something more than a mile, Wetzel took advantage of an open ground over which the Indians were passing, stopped suddenly to shoot the foremost, who thereupon sprang behind a small sapling. Wetzel fired and wounded him mortally. The remaining Indian then gave a little yell, exclaiming, "No catch that man, gun always loaded." After the peace of 1795, Wetzel pushed for the frontier on the Mississippi, where he could trap the beaver, hunt the buffalo and deer, and occasionally shoot an Indian, the object of his mortal hatred.

He finally died as he had lived—a free man of the forest.

Joel Welsel

CONSTANCE,

OR THE VICTIM SAVED.

BY W. D. WADE.

"ITALY, lovely land! A few short weeks, and I shall tread your classic shores, and breathe the soft air of your enchanting clime! Oh, what joy to think that I am about to realize the hopes of the past year, and see the wonders of the Old World, on which fancy has so often pleasurably dwelt!"

This enthusiastic outburst proceeded from the lips of a fair girl of seventeen, the youngest and only remaining unmarried daughter of a wealthy American merchant who was about to visit Europe, partly on business, but also for the benefit of his health. The rapturous soliloquy was uttered from the fulness of her joy at having, that morning, won her father's consent to her accompanying him on his travels; and she hastened to her room, in a tumult of delight, to compose her fluttered nerves, and commence preparations for the pleasing event. The steps of a visitor over the thick rich carpet had escaped her notice as she thus gave vent to her feelings, and she turned in surprise on hearing her cousin's voice in reply to the exclamation, making this rejoinder—

"Ay, dearest Constance! And you will see all this under the most favorable auspices—in the most brilliant

light. There will be nothing to disenchant you. I congratulate you sincerely. May you have as pleasant a tour as you anticipate!"

"But your tone is mournful, dear Henrietta," replied Constance to the welcome intruder. "Do you think I may be disappointed?"

"Did my voice then convey that impression, my sweet cousin? Believe me, I did not intend it. Far be it from me willingly to cast a shadow over your young glad hopes. Besides, I really do not expect that *you* will be disappointed! To *you* all scenes will be presented under the charming illusion that unclouded happiness casts over those places which are hallowed to the mind by sweet poetic associations, in a redolent atmosphere pregnant with delightful visions to the gay and youthful."

"Why then did you involuntarily speak in so sad a tone, since you admit the charms of the proposed trip?" inquired Constance.

"Because—to confess all—I have just had a letter from my betrothed."

"Indeed!"

"Yes: and to you I can speak freely; for you know that without my parents' consent I never will marry, not even my gifted and admired Albert, neither would I relinquish all hope of being his wife. Our compact, therefore, was to wait six years, and see if Fortune will bless his endeavors to win fame and competence. He has gone to visit Italy—that is, to pursue his studies there, to labor hard in obscurity, to practise self-denial—not to enjoy ease, leisure, and society! Pardon me that, for a moment, I thought with regret

of the different aspect under which the same country would be presented to the rich man's favored daughter and the poor struggling artist. I fancied I saw you travelling in ecstasy through the Eden-land, visiting its gardens and vineyards, its romantic scenery of rocky solitary passes, sparkling cascades and mountain castles, or city of palaces—then sauntering by moonlight along those beautiful bays, and reciting, with a heart at ease, the verses of the native poets, beneath the genial sky that inspired the immortal lays, or listening to the bewitching music, as it is wafted o'er the placid waters, with a soul attuned to harmony by the magic possession of health, wealth, and youth! I thought of this, but with it came the sad contrast of him who, within the same realms, was chained by adverse circumstances to ceaseless toil, without time or means to spend in moonlight rambles or midday excursions—perhaps depressed in spirit and sore at heart! Oh, how different on him would fall the passing strains of music than on the child of prosperity and happiness! In fact," continued Henrietta, "I ought to be ashamed of this tirade, for am not I myself viewing through a jaundiced medium? Let the momentary unpleasantness pass, and now tell me when you start, for I would fain enter into your joyful spirit, and sympathize with your happiness, as I was foolishly doing with fancied distress."

"It was settled, at breakfast, that we should sail next week, in the steamer, and I shall have plenty to do, at such short notice; so pray stay, like a good soul, and help me."

"That will I, Constance, love," rejoined the ami-

able cousin; and the two girls joyously set about a complete rummage amongst the contents of divers drawers, closets, boxes, etc., to collect, assort, or reject all the finery and essentials for the delightful trip.

In such feminine occupations the week sped rapidly away, and the appointed sailing-day found Constance Hildreth and her father fully equipped for the voyage and journey, taking a farewell breakfast with the friends and relatives who had assembled to witness their departure.

The spirits of the young lady were not so buoyant as on that day week, when the idea of pleasure was the predominant one. Now sorrow and regret were uppermost. For the first time, she was about to quit her native land. The ocean would soon intervene between her and the friends now surrounding her, and for the first time it occurred to her that she might never again behold them or her native land!

To a sensitive heart the parting hour always brings temporary sadness, and Constance felt the reflex of the solemn faces on her young heart. Already she perceived that it was not merely a jaunt of pleasure that she was commencing, but that she was entering on an important era in her life, so many words of warning and counsel were bestowed, on all hands. Some of these well-meant exhortations had for their object her own self; others, from the old friends of her father, were in reference to the care she must take not to over-fatigue the venerable invalid with sight-seeing, etc.

It is not surprising that poor Constance looked grave, in view of the awful responsibility suddenly devolving

upon her; but a bright smile enlivened her tearful countenance as she replied to the earnest entreaty of her father's only sister to be careful of the old man's health —"Never fear me, aunt! I am light-hearted, but not selfish. My pleasure shall not be purchased at the expense of dear papa's health or ease."

"I know it, love," said the aunt, kindly. "I meant no offence, but young people, in their eagerness for pleasure, so often overlook the comfort of older folks, and regret, when too late, the price paid for it."

The bustle of getting on board, succeeding the parting from the ties of home, served to dissipate the melancholy of the young traveller, and, as she stood on the deck of the gallant steamer, Constance found that with the enlivening sea-breeze her hopes of enjoyment revived. Being exempt from sea-sickness—the penalty which so many are doomed to pay for venturing on the ocean—Constance relished the passage amazingly, and as Mr. Hildreth had business that required his presence at once in Italy, they made no delay in reaching that country, with the determination afterwards to visit France and England.

To Constance all was as delightful as she had anticipated, and when her father informed her that his affairs were settled, and the rest of his sojourn in this fascinating land should be devoted to pleasure—for he was ready to gratify her wishes by accompanying her to the various places of amusement, and to see the vaunted objects of attraction—she felt at the summit of felicity. This was when they were in Leghorn. They had spent two days in Genoa, now of course *Rome* was her choice, for she naturally longed to see with her own eyes those

classic remains and mighty monuments which reading had rendered so familiar and interesting to her mind.

To Rome, then, father and daughter repaired, and daily drives recruited the health of the one and gratified the taste of the other; but that which most enchanted Constance, in this renowned city, was the soul-entrancing music, and the splendid pageantry of the gorgeous religious ceremonies which she witnessed in the ancient Catholic cathedrals. Curiosity, at first, attracted her to view the celebrated edifices adorned with the most magnificent paintings and sculpture, and embellishments of the highest specimens of art, and the (to her) novel sight of the imposing *spectacles* presented on various occasions, according to the usages of a pre-eminently seductive form of worship, in which music contributes so largely to captivate the senses.

Nowhere, perhaps, is music—both vocal and instrumental—carried to greater perfection than here, where every facility is at command to render effective the mighty choir that is exciting devotional feeling to a pitch of enthusiastic fervor, intense, and, for the time, overwhelming.

Constance felt the full force of this, and so freely did she express her admiration of the dazzling splendor of the glittering pageants, the apparent deep devotion, the soul-absorbing music, that a slight feeling of alarm pervaded the bosom of her parent; yet he trusted that the dangerous admiration would be but temporary and evanescent.

Amongst the most constant attendants on our tourists, at home or abroad, was a distinguished Abbé—Father Ambrose—whose polite manners and assiduous

exertions to procure any thing they desired, and in every way to promote the pleasure of their stay in Rome, had obtained the gratitude of Mr. Hildreth, who, for some time, did not in the least suspect any sinister motive on the part of the attentive ecclesiastic who had proved so admirable a cicerone. But suddenly his eyes were opened. The father was astonished that he had not sooner been aware of the sunken rocks that lay beneath the tranquil sea over which they were unsuspiciously sailing, and which, at an unexpected moment, might shipwreck all his hopes and bereave him of his beloved child!

The incident that first awakened the fears of Mr. Hildreth that the conversion of Constance was the object of the wily priest's zealous manœuvres, occurred at the public rejoicings on the occasion of two young American *heretics* being received with pomp and ceremony into the Romish Church. All that could create a desire to attain a notoriety so flattering to vanity, and raise up imitators of this glorious example, was unsparingly used by the well-trained proselytizing ministry. The heroism of the young girls, in tearing themselves from friends and old delusions, was eloquently and triumphantly descanted on; and the apostates looked so self-satisfied, so interesting, when placed in the conspicuous light they occupied on being publicly welcomed into the bosom of the newly-adopted Church, and congratulated as "brands saved from everlasting burning," that Constance viewed the imposing scene with sparkling eyes and heaving bosom. Her father happened to catch the approving glance that she cast on her companion, the Abbé; he noticed the flush of excitement

on her cheeks, and overheard the insidious remarks of the priest, who was evidently fanning the embers of enthusiasm that might kindle to a blaze of fanatical fervor, and add another to the boasted list of proselytes, for well had he marked the incipient leaning of the young lady to the way in which he would have her go.

"God grant that it may not be too late to counteract my imprudence," mentally exclaimed Mr. Hildreth, on making the fearful discovery. "Not another day shall my darling remain in Rome, at all events."

At dinner Mr. Hildreth announced his intention of departing on the morrow for Switzerland, for certain reasons which were imperative. Constance had no idea of the cause of this abrupt departure, but there was one present who was at no loss to guess the meaning of it. Well did Father Ambrose interpret this sudden determination, as he scrutinized the countenances of Constance and her parent, whilst the conversation turned on the ceremony of the morning. But his habitual caution and self-command prevented his revealing, by any muscle of his practised features, the knowledge he had gained of Mr. Hildreth's aroused fears. Inwardly provoked, he resolved, nevertheless, if possible, to secure so hopeful a convert as Constance seemed likely to prove.

"You surely intend to visit Naples and Venice before you leave Italy?" inquired the priest, in blandest tones.

As the American merchant had determined not to delay longer than three days in any one town within the Papal dominions, he had no reluctance in mentioning the route he intended to take, for it did not

appear to him that any use could be made of the information. He knew not the system that was arrayed against him, nor the power and art of the man with whom he was speaking. How could he divine that the zealot was, at that very instant, arranging a plan to foil the escape of the promised accession to "The Church," in the person of the fair Constance?

That evening was the Abbé busily employed in writing and dispatching letters, on the subject of the young American lady, whose tastes, feelings, inclinations, and weak points, had been accurately marked by the keen observer. Her disposition and present tendency towards Romanism, as evinced by her admiration for its gorgeous rites and ceremonies, was distinctly described, and a cunningly devised scheme for following up the advantage as clearly laid for the various parties to whom the missives were directed. The priest concluded with the remark—

"The father suspected me, and is exulting in having got her out of my clutches. His vigilance will relax on leaving Rome, but thus you see is a train laid by means of which, go where they may, an unseen and unsuspected power will forward the work already begun, and the glory of this fresh accession to our Church will repay our endeavors to win this feeble-minded, vain girl, whose example will be of essential service to decoy others, and particularly as she belongs to the far-off Western Hemisphere, the land of boasted Freedom and Protestantism."

Nothing calculated to alarm Mr. Hildreth occurred during the rest of the really delightful tour that the travellers made through the Papal States. But an un-

seen influence was incessantly operating to undermine the unsteady principles of the enthusiastic and too susceptible girl. The clever observer of dispositions—her first clerical friend at Rome—had well noted the character of Constance, and judiciously adapted his allurements to it. It had been no unimportant part of his study to learn to make the weaknesses of others subservient to the strengthening of the power of his order; thus Father Ambrose was celebrated for his zeal and success.

As the churches in these countries are always sure to attract the notice of foreigners, many were the seemingly accidental displays of some new and imposing feature connected with the religious worship, intended to inspire awe and veneration, and make a deep impression on the excitable Constance. Wherever she went she was met with marked attention, and some polite emissary was ever on the alert to present a beautiful or touching sight illustrative of charity or devotion, and everywhere the power of sacred music assailed and led captive her charmed senses, and cast a seeming sanctity over the devotees!

At Naples, Constance had seen one lovely girl take the novitiate's veil, and she had felt the soul-entrancing strains of the veiled choir vibrate on her brain until it reeled with devotional fervor, and she felt ready to forsake the world and resign herself to the heavenly occupations she fancied the happy lot of the cloistered females. Then the sight of the beauties and enjoyments of the outward world, sedulously placed before her by her affectionate father, dissipated the temporary hallucination, and with eagerness she visited every place of

note and interest. The squalid misery of the poor greatly shocked her sensitive feelings, and to a degree impaired the pleasure derived from the pure atmosphere, the beautiful scenery, and interesting sight-seeing.

At Venice, Constance was enchanted with the dreamy languor produced by the sweet gondola-excursions from spot to spot, each lovely and interesting, and hallowed by strains of delicious music, gently wafted "o'er the moonlit sea." But here, as elsewhere, the charm was at work, and never did the touching vesper hymns appeal more fervently to the heart of an innocent and religiously-disposed creature, than did these solemn melodies, as they fell on the ears of Constance, now sounding near, then at a distance, as if in every quarter pious effusions were ascending from innumerable lips.

On one occasion, whilst within an ancient and stupendous edifice, an old priest was showing the splendid paintings with which it was decorated, Constance mentioned her surprise at the universality and, apparently, the ceaselessness of the devotion which was accompanied with the delightful lays with which she had, on the previous night, been regaled. He answered warmly and affectionately, as it appeared:

"Alas, my poor child, you are ignorant of the sweet provisions of the *only true Church* for the soul's comfort on earth, and its eternal salvation, or you would not wonder at the constant fervor of its privileged members."

Could the artless girl suspect that this man had his instructions in reference to her, and that well he knew

the device by which this impression had been produced? that the music had been expressly hired, and that the gondola containing the performers had followed their movements accordingly? The result, as anticipated, was to establish a favorable impression of the pleasing system of devotion.

Whilst the conversation was taking place, and Constance was unreservedly expressing the pleasure she had experienced, all at once, within the grand and gloomy building, arose the full deep chorus of an hundred voices, which, with the rich organ-tones, filled the vast space as a solemn requiem for the dead was commenced. Oh, with what grandeur and magnificence were the last rites celebrated! Nor was Constance left to the unaided operation of the scene to sway her feelings; for whilst one officious cicerone sedulously occupied her father's attention, the venerable priest beside *her*, whispered in her ear, at the door of the church—

"My daughter, ponder well on what you have seen and heard! Listen to the dictates of your heart, and reflect well on our faith! Can you avoid choosing that blessed Church whose care for your soul extends beyond the grave—which will continue its supplications for your happiness after you have departed hence, and by prayer obtain a mitigation of your suffering?"

Constance, greatly agitated, replied not, but pulling her veil down, took her father's arm, and during the return (by water) to their hotel, both were feeling the spell of sadness that, for a time, is cast over the spirits of any thinking person, by a burial scene, even though it be under ordinary circumstances, and in the simplest form, but in this case particularly solemn and impressive.

"Come love, cheer up," said Mr. Hildreth; "don't let the dismals last any longer. It is no use to go mourning through life because we must one day leave it; rather let us live so that the last hour may have no terror for us, in the mean time, with thankful hearts, enjoying the blessings kindly conferred upon us. As to the ceremony we have just witnessed, I do not see the fittingness of so much vain pomp and ceremony, besides its vast expense, whilst so much misery, arrayed in rags, appealed for relief at the very threshold of the church! If our funerals have not such a train of fine-robed priests and choristers, neither are they disgraced by the painful attendance of an assemblage of miserable, half-famished creatures, whose very poverty will preclude any great amount of masses to be said for their souls, as the infatuated are taught to believe avail for the remission of sins. Are not they, then, thus believing, doubly to be pitied? Give me still my own faith and my own land!" fervently exclaimed the old gentleman.

The daughter sighed and remained silent. Trivial and incidental as a well-chosen set of expedients, all bearing on the one point (her conversion), seemed to be, they did not fail to have a very powerful effect on Constance, on whose attention there was continually pressed a notice of many alleged returns of Protestants to the welcoming bosom of the fond Church, from which their forefathers had strayed. The very fact of the seemingly disinterested exertions to win the stranger-lady had an unknown flattering power over a guileless mind, whilst in reality it was not due to the individual merits, abilities, or wealth of the single proselyte that all this ma

nœuvering was brought in play, save as means to induce others to swell the lists of a tottering establishment.

Let us pass over the remainder of the tour, with this brief sketch, and come to a small town in one of the Cantons of Switzerland, where Mr. Hildreth has been taken sick, and is delayed for some weeks. The only medical attendance to be had is that volunteered by the Curé of the little church; but Constance is indefatigable in her attentions to her invalid parent, and is assisted by the innkeeper's daughter.

How often has it been found that the best arranged plots and the most cunningly devised contrivances of human sagacity have been defeated by some unforeseen event, apparently insignificant and accidental! So in this case—where such judicious pains had well-nigh resulted as desired by the unseen regulators of unsuspected collusion—a deviation from the original route of travel, not resulting from caution or suspicion, had withdrawn our tourists from the dangerous surveillance and machinations to which they had been consigned by Father Ambrose, and placed Mr. Hildreth under the care of an estimable and not intriguing parish priest, who was uninstructed of the designs in reference to the proposed proselyte.

The sick man had restless nights, and Constance, who dearly loved her indulgent father, willingly sacrificed her hours of repose to soothe his nerves, and distract his attention by reading aloud, of which the Bible always formed a principal and the closing part. Constance soon noticed that Gianetta (the innkeeper's daughter) always contrived to be present on these occasions, and listened attentively to catch every word

that fell from the lips of the American lady, when reading the precious volume. One evening, after the close of the chapter, and when Mr. Hildreth had dropped into a calm sleep, Gianetta said to Constance, with a heavy sigh,

"Oh my dear lady, how happy are you to belong to a country where freedom exists, political and religious! What would not I give to enjoy your privileges!"

"Indeed! what privileges do you then covet?" inquired Constance, who was surprised at the marked earnestness and unfeigned dejection of her new friend.

"Surely you are at no loss to divine my meaning!"

"Truly I am."

"Ah! well! I allude especially to your being permitted fearlessly and openly to do as you have just done—to read, and that aloud, your Bible for the solace and comfort of your father and yourself—whilst I must venture by stealth and in peril to listen to you, trusting my secret to the ignorance of those who would denounce me did they know what book the American heretic was reading to me."

"Is it possible that your kindness in bearing me company is liable to bring you into trouble?" exclaimed Constance; "if so I will choose some other book when you are present, and only read the Bible to my father when we are alone."

"No! no! not so by any means, I beseech you!" eagerly retorted Gianetta; "I am so glad of the opportunity of hearing it, and truly thankful that I understand English sufficiently to comprehend you, who are kind enough to read slowly, and explain to me. I esteem it a great happiness."

"Have you not Italian versions of the Sacred Book?"

"Yes, there are some; but only they are permitted to possess one, who will read without drawing any conclusion therefrom at variance with the teachings of 'the Church.'"

"And you!" said Constance.

"I am not of the irreflective passive order. I cannot help judging in some measure for myself, nor can I disguise my sentiments; therefore it could only be at peril of liberty and life, that I possessed a copy."

"You do indeed astonish me!" remarked Constance.

"Yet it is too true. Oh lady, you know not the value of freedom, for you are accustomed to it as to the pure, free air, which we may inhale without a thought of the blessing. But let us once have been consigned to a dungeon's pestilential atmosphere and dreary gloom, then how highly we shall prize the light of heaven and its fragrant breath!"

"You speak feelingly, as if you had experienced the shocking contrast. Can this be!"

"Alas, yes! I have tenanted a noxious prison; I have suffered for freedom of thought; ay, and should again pay dearly, were it not that our present Curé is a very different man to the last!"

"Much should I like to hear an account of your persecutions, if it might be without danger to you, Gianetta."

"Well, lady, you are so kind and considerate, that I will venture to tell you all. It is a relief to have some one to confide in, who will not be tempted to betray me. Oh, it is a dreadful state for a country when no one can put confidence in another, neither man nor

woman; where the ties of nearest kindred are no barrier to betrayal, if heresy is concerned; where any one is liable to suspicion and consequent imprisonment; and not a word of indignation against the authors of our misery, spiritual or temporal, may be spoken without some lurking spy being on the alert to denounce the offender!"

"Think you then that there are spies in your father's house at the present time?" inquired Constance.

"Not that I am aware of; but how are they to be recognized? It may, however, be that there are none especially, for, as I was saying, the present Curé is very different to the last."

"Yes! so you said, Gianetta; what became of him? is he dead?"

"Dead! No! Not to my knowledge. God forgive me for the sinful wish, but I can scarcely refrain from saying, would he were, for not until he is dead shall I feel safe, and who knows how many victims are trembling under his rigor."

"He must surely have been a bitter enemy for you to feel so towards him."

"That was he, and you shall judge for yourself. Fortunately, however, he went to Rome about a year ago; he is now in great repute with his Holiness, on account of his zeal and success in proselytizing; so what would become of an insignificant girl like me did he deign to persecute me now! Poor Gianetta would not come out alive did Father Ambrose hear what we are saying."

"Father Ambrose!" exclaimed Constance; "surely it cannot be him whom I met in Rome."

"Good Heavens, it is he!" said Gianetta, in terrible

alarm. "You have met him! Who knows but this is a diabolical plan of his to make me betray myself! Oh, it would be too cruel to take advantage of my belief that you were a friend, although a stranger."

"Indeed I am both," replied Constance, greatly shocked and affected. "But be comforted, my dear girl, no one has dared to employ me as a spy."

"Pardon my hasty exclamation; if you knew how I had been treated, you would not wonder at the terrible idea!"

"Freely I excuse you, and my heart bleeds," said Constance, "to think what you must have undergone ere you could suspect even me. It is a sad confirmation of your representation of the state of society here. Yet can it be that the man who seemed to me so mild, agreeable, and kind, is the individual of whom you have bitter cause of complaint?"

"Doubt it not, my lady. He can be any thing,—intolerant, fierce, cruel, and implacable, when he has one in his power,—and gentle, affectionate, and insinuating, if this course be requisite to gain his end."

"But I was a stranger! What object could he have in seeking to please me?"

"His darling object—proselytism—and he is a deep, designing, bigoted man. But I will tell you my short story, as you desire, then you may form your own conclusions."

To this Constance eagerly consented, and the Italian girl continued—

"From a child I was ever of an inquiring disposition, and by nature enthusiastic; therefore, until my fifteenth year, I was delighted when fête-days brought into play

all the gorgeous and exciting ceremonies of the Church. The beautiful images of the Holy Virgin and child gaudily dressed, and all the paraphernalia, which you must have seen, made a spectacle very gratifying to my imagination. I was a firm believer in the relics of saints and their miraculous power. I was a docile pupil, too eager to believe the legends of the monks, and willingly perform any penance enjoined on me by Father Ambrose. He was my tutor and confessor, and, I believe, was not a little proud of my proficiency in the mysteries he imparted to me; also of my ardent faith, when I naively expressed regret that I could not become a distinguished martyr (like the Christians of old), and be canonized. Finally, he proposed that I should be a nun. Then, said he, in time, you may attain the dignity of abbess, and rule over others, to the glory of the Church, and be distinguished, honored, and powerful. Oh, had you heard the glowing pictures he drew of a monastic life—the holy serenity, the exalted piety, the placid temper, unruffled by the cares, sorrows, and trials of the world—you might have thought, as I did, that the life within a nunnery approached almost to angelic beatitude!"

"I have often had visions to this effect—but continue, I pray you," said Constance.

"At this period, I desired nothing so much as to be received as a novitiate, but my mother's illness was deemed a sufficient excuse for delay. Although my family were zealous Roman Catholics, none of them wished me to forsake the world; therefore they rejoiced to see the attachment which gradually sprang up between myself and Luigi, the son of an old friend of my

mother. By degrees, I thought with reluctance of the novitiate which was shortly to commence, but Father Ambrose was inexorable—I must fulfil my promise, and make trial of the life I had so lately desired, said he. If I, then, did not like to embrace it permanently, it would be time enough to retract."

"That seemed fair enough!" interposed Constance.

"No doubt it does so to you, as at the time it appeared to me. But he knew full well, as I afterwards found, that the first step taken, the white veil received, and few have the courage (if indeed they might be permitted) to refuse the black veil! Think what obloquy falls on the recreant girl who falters in her progress! Oh, few indeed escape when once in their toils. Have not I had an opportunity to know? Now and then, I grant you, a solitary exception is allowed to occur. One whom they are sure will do no harm, or rather be of service in encouraging many, by keeping up the delusion so inveigling—that they can make a fair trial of the life they are thinking of adopting, and yet be at perfect liberty to draw back should they so desire. In vain had my lover pleaded with the priest to sanction his addresses to me, for Luigi had incurred the suspicion of being heretically inclined, and to punish him Father Ambrose used all his influence over me to disappoint his hopes, and also to make sure of me. All that Luigi said to me to dissuade me from renouncing the world, I was compelled, by awful threats, to repeat to the priest at the confessional; and thus he knew how to deal with both of us. Besides, I was prohibited from giving a hint to my adorer that what, in full confidence, he urged to forward his suit, was betraying him into a

fearful predicament. Indeed, I knew not the full extent of the mischief I was doing my true-hearted Luigi, who wished to save me from the cruel blight that full well he knew would fall on my heart and life if I followed the counsels of the stern father, since that heart he felt was his. He could form some idea of the misery in store for me, as his own wretched sister was hopelessly immured, a mere wreck of her former self, in the very convent I was about to enter. In his eagerness to dissuade me, he dropped unguarded expressions of doubt on many things which I had deemed indisputable truths; for he had read books prohibited to me and others generally, and it appeared that a foreigner, who had resided in his house for some time, had shaken his faith in our religion. This Luigi finally imparted to me (and I looked on the circumstance with horror), cautioning me, as I valued our mutual safety, not to mention what he had said. I wept bitterly. I dared not promise secrecy, nor yet tell him that I was bound in conscience to betray him. My feelings were so intense that I fainted. This so occupied his attention that he thought no more of exacting a promise from the girl he loved!"

Here Constance exclaimed, "Poor girl! No wonder you suspected me of being a spy, if you could be wrought on to act so cruel a part to a loving heart!"

"You are right!" replied Gianetta. "It was a thrilling trial to endure, and may possibly look a treacherous part to enact; but to me it seemed a sublime proof of piety and faith, to break the dearest ties for religion's sake. Yet dreadful was the struggle before I could bring myself to denounce my Luigi to Father Ambrose,

my stern director. On my very next interview with the confessor, he divined, by my tremor and pallid countenance, that something important was pressing on my spirit. Oh, that is indeed a dreadful hour to look back on! He bade me not try to deceive him, he frightened and soothed me by turns—threatening eternal damnation to Luigi and me if I withheld a syllable, or the smile of Heaven if I did my duty—until the whole conversation was minutely detailed. Then, when he knew all I had to tell, I trembled more than ever. 'Unhappy girl!' he thundered in my ear, 'you have listened to this heresy, and even thought of screening the offender, and you have felt the insidious poison slackening your nerves, so that you doubted whether or not to deal truly at the confessional, or risk the soul's salvation of the idol you have set up in your heart! Return at once to the path of duty. Enter the convent to-morrow, and try to expiate your impious reluctance *to confess every thing*, or to-morrow's sun will be the last your lover ever sees. He shall be immured in a dungeon, and you will be summoned to bear witness against him.'"

"What did you say to this horrid cruelty and tyranny?" interrupted Constance, with indignation at the system which sanctioned it.

"'Oh, spare him,' I implored. 'Spare him—it was his love for me that brought him into this danger!' 'Then sacrifice you your love to save him!' was the reply of the priest. 'Obey me implicitly, and instead of at once denouncing him, I will first try persuasion to reclaim him. When you are lost to him, he may perhaps listen to reason, and he must know that

his offence—heresy persisted in—is punishable by death!'

"'May I not see him once more?' I said, in agony of spirit.

"'For what purpose?' inquired Father Ambrose, after a pause.

"'To tell him that I have resolved to become a nun, and to take leave of him forever. Oh, grant me but one interview, it will give me courage to meet my fate!'

"'Be it so! But beware, no warning to him! No warning on your part, and remember that I hold you answerable to report to me the words that pass between you, that I may have a chance to save him from eternal ruin!'

"'Do I not know the penalty? Fear me not, Father,' I said submissively. Oh, with what an aching heart did I return home—to the home I was about to quit, as I thought, forever!

"Father Ambrose undertook to obtain the consent of my family to my immediate removal, and I sought the abode of Luigi. He was in the vineyard, and there, beneath the clustering grapes, with the loveliest scenery delighting the eye, fragrant air stealing softly over my burning brow, and love wooing me to enjoy life in this beautiful world, I was to renounce all, and consign myself and him to utter wretchedness! Rushing joyously to welcome me, Luigi exclaimed—'See how every thing smiles on our young hopes! Here is peace and plenty to greet my beloved! Say, will you not be mine at once, and end this struggle that is wearing you out? Marry me to-day, or even to-morrow, and then Father Ambrose will leave you in peace.'

"'Oh, think it not,' I cried in frantic accents, 'it would seal our doom!' Frightened at what I had said, I stopped short.

"'What means my Gianetta?' he exclaimed in surprise.

"'Ask me not,' I said. 'But it cannot be. No! we must not oppose the directions of our spiritual advisers. For my sake bear up manfully under the inevitable separation. It is needful for the welfare of both, this much I may say. Attempt not to dissuade me. Nothing can alter my fixed determination. I will not peril my faith by marrying you after what you have confessed. To-morrow I commence my probation!'

"'Great God! what do I hear?' burst from my agonized suitor. 'Oh, Gianetta, your love is not like mine! If you willed it not yourself, no one could force you to forsake me. Your parents and mine have consented to the match.'

"'Yes, I know they did, but oh how shall I convince you that my love for you has decided me to reject you? One day, perhaps, you will do me justice.'

"'How you torture me,' said he. 'What is this mysterious motive? Tell me, that I may combat it.'

"'It may not be,' I replied; 'therefore, do not let us waste this precious opportunity in useless debate. One thing—my last request—I trust you will not refuse.' He nodded assent, seeming too much overcome to speak, and I continued. 'Remember the severe laws against heresy and seceders from the true faith. Beware, in your anger, of speaking to others as you have to me! There is possibly one chance of our meeting again before my final seclusion for life. It is if

your faith once more become firm and pure, for then only could I trust myself to see you without peril.'

"'Ah, it is so! I see! The' ——

"'Stop,' I cried. 'Say not a word, I beseech you!' My manner and tone awed him. I fancy I must have looked the terror I felt lest he should further compromise himself. As for me, I feared not. Any penance that might be inflicted for trying to save him would seem light. I only thought of repairing the wrong I had already been forced to do him. More bitter than death was the parting to both. That with my weeping family was greatly deadened by this previous scene, and I was borne away in triumph to the convent.

"Oh, how dark and dreary seemed life to me within my narrow cell! How rebellious was my heart against my new destiny! How different to my foreshadowing was this monotonous existence in its daily round of passionless routine or heart-broken despair!

"As might be expected, I soon singled out the sister of my lost Luigi, and after a short acquaintance, I confided to her all relating to her brother and myself.

"'The Lord have mercy on him,' said she, fervently, 'for dreadful will be his life and death, if he brave the anger of the Father Ambrose! He has but one passion —religious ambition! Power he wields with an iron hand, and woe betide the mortal on whom he pounces for a victim, if he or she be contumacious!'

"'But my sacrifice will surely propitiate the priest, and save your brother,' I exclaimed in dismay.

"'Alas, poor girl! be not too sure of that,' replied the nun.

"'But I can draw back at the last moment, and return to my home,' I retorted.

"'Little do you yet know of the secrets of our prison-house,' was the ominous rejoinder. 'But we must be cautious; does he know that the sister of your lover is here!' she inquired, to which I said, I believed not, for I had omitted to mention that, at the time seemingly unimportant, particular to my confessor.

"'That is lucky,' remarked my friend; 'I am lost to happiness and the world, myself. The gates of return are hopelessly closed on me; but you, the loved one of my dear brother, must, if possible be saved. If he be dear to you, be cautious; I have uttered no heresy to be confessed,' she said with marked emphasis; 'so be silent respecting our interview, if you wish to save Luigi or yourself from, at least, perpetual imprisonment. We must not arouse suspicion of being in concert, or I shall have no power or chance to counsel or aid you.'

"I readily promised secrecy and caution, for I began to be afraid that Luigi might not be tractable enough for his safety. The night is waning fast," continued Gianetta; "so I will skip over the story of my friend's conversation with me, in which she explained the cause of her renouncing the world, the character and doings of Father Ambrose, and the persecution that would await me did I appear reluctant to fulfil his wishes, and the punishment that would be visited on her brother in order to intimidate both him and me.

"I followed her advice, and kept all this secret within my own breast, resolved to save my beloved had I even, at last, to suffer a horrible penance in expiation of my duplicity. Besides, I had not courage to doom my

friend, *his* sister, to the dreadful solitary confinement in the dungeons of the convent for her advice to me, which would certainly ensue if I were as candid and faithful as I had previously been in my confessions!

"The words of my lover were engraven on my memory, and now that I knew how false were many of the asseverations of Father Ambrose, I doubted whether I had not mistaken my duty, and cruelly betrayed confidence in obeying at a false shrine!

"Sad is the lot of a nun who discovers, too late, that her faith is shaken. That which before was unflinchingly endured as leading to heaven, becomes overpowering when she is doubtful, and yet afraid that doubt itself is mortal sin! unable to believe as formerly, yet bound to appear steadfast, on pain of contumely and fearful punishment.

"Teresa opened my eyes to this consequence, by acquainting me with the severities that had been practised on herself and others, for more trifling offences than Luigi had committed. By her advice I affected to be somewhat reconciled to my lot, and so passed tolerably well through the greatest portion of the period of probation. But as it drew to a conclusion, I announced to my parents—who had sometimes been permitted to see me—that I had resolved not to profess myself, if they would receive me back, and intercede for my release. They were surprised; for they, too, had imagined that I was resigned to the proposed step; but for which semblance I should not have been allowed to see them.

"My mother was pleased at the thought of my speedy return home, but my father was not so sanguine; and

now began incessant persecution of me. Father Ambrose was furious at the idea of being thwarted. The abbess was mortified, considering that it reflected on the community. And then I learned what it was to be debarred the light of heaven, and to breathe the unwholesome air of an underground cell!

"They thought to break my spirit by fasting and despair, for I was informed that Luigi was no more—having endured the torture for his contumacy in persisting in heresy—and I was charged with being tainted with his pernicious doctrines, which served for a pretext to subject me to the punishment visited on me. At the terrible announcement of Luigi's fate, I exclaimed, in bitter anguish: 'Alas, then he died through my means!'

"'He perished on account of his own obstinacy,' sternly replied the unfeeling Father Ambrose; 'you only did your duty when you denounced him!'

"I made no answer, but I felt that I had indeed unintentionally caused his death. The measure of my misery seemed full. What had I to live for? It was on this feeling that the subtle and remorseless priest relied to produce compliance; and on my remarking that henceforth it was immaterial what became of me, for the world could have no pleasure for me in future, I was, after completing my term of penance, restored to my former cell. Illness succeeded my incarceration, and agony of mind produced mental torpor. As Teresa was unsuspected of having any agency in my late refractory spirit, she was allowed her turn in nursing me, in my helpless state. She could not weep when she learned the cruel fate of her poor brother; her anguish was de-

nied that mitigating relief. She entreated me, for my own sake, not to yield to inconsolable grief.

"'Father Ambrose is about to leave us,' she said, 'and his successor is reputed to be mild and humane, quite a different character. The former I know full well, to my sorrow. Offer him no opposition; speak little and cautiously, and bide your time until he has gone to Rome. Then, when the last moment has arrived, boldly proclaim that you cannot, will not, take the vows, and you will succeed; they will be taken by surprise. Besides, there are three novices who, on that occasion, are willing to take the vows of seclusion. They are of the right sort: pious, passive, disappointed young women, who will be moulded to the required state, and may renounce the world without suffering or causing grief. Thus, if you delay the expression of your determination until the last day and hour, in the mean time giving no cause for suspicion, you may be released!'

"Much more essential advice I received from this kind and generous creature, a desolate nun, who, on my secession, would be alone in the midst of numbers, and yet unselfishly resigned her only friend. Poor, amiable Teresa; I ascertained that she very soon after died of decline!

"To conclude, the plan succeeded; I returned home in deep despondency, but resolved to do my utmost to comfort my parents, although life offered no charms for me. What is the result? I am looked on with distrust by most people. The parents of Luigi never see me without a visible shudder; they view me as the cause of the disappearance and well-surmised death of their

beloved son! Even my father considers that I have disgraced the family by my return to the world, after having undertaken to enter the Holy Sisterhood. He, himself, has suffered from being suspected of political disaffection; and every one is arrayed against another, all social ties are riven, and confidence, amongst the dearest relations, destroyed!

"The only consolation left me was to study the religion that had made my lover endure death rather than conform to a faith unscriptural and false.

"Luigi had begged his mother, if ever she saw me, to tell me to think seriously of his exhortations, and with tears she gave me a book which she had found in the arbor where last we met. She could not read, or she would not have presented it to me, for it was an Italian Testament, in which was inscribed the name of the sick man who had been the instrument of his conversion. All the books and papers of her son, save this, had been burned by Father Ambrose, and perhaps she feared that this one might be brought as evidence against the family. At all events, she knew that I would prize it for the sake of Luigi.

"Oh, how it comforted me to read the pages which he had pored over, as the well-worn leaves indicated, and to drink Divine Truths from the Fountain-head! But too soon my mother found me out, and with horror imparted the fact to the benevolent Curé. He mildly reasoned with me on the alleged impropriety of having such a book in my possession. I told him it had belonged to a dear friend, now no more, and as he knew not the particulars of the sad case, he merely reprimanded me and cast the prohibited work into the flames.

"I was lucky to get off so easily. Far different would it have been had Father Ambrose had such proof against me! Now, tell me, I pray you, how *you* became acquainted with him?"

Constance related all that she remembered, and Gianetta said in reply:

"I see it all; you seemed enthusiastic, and doubtless he had pitched upon you to swell his triumphs; for, as I already remarked, he is celebrated for his success in making converts."

The greater part of this interesting conversation had been heard by Mr. Hildreth, as he lay with closed eyes, for he was anxious to discover what kind of a person it was in whom his wavering child was now interested. Looking up, he said, "Constance, my love, be thankful that you are not subject to such a terrible system of cruelty, slavery, and despotism! We will instantly leave this country of plots, distrust, and tyranny. I am now able to travel; we will hasten to the nearest seaport and embark for England, and thence home to our own free and happy land. Here I am not safe from assassination even, if that should be deemed essential to get you in their power! Can we do any thing for you, my poor girl?" he kindly added, addressing Gianetta.

"Oh yes, sir, every thing! Take me but with you to your own privileged America, and let me study your pure faith! Gladly will I accompany you as this kind lady's waiting-maid."

"Pray do, father, let *her* become the *convert*, not *me!* I am heartily ashamed of my temporary weakness. I am cured, and reconfirmed in the truths of our glorious Protestant faith."

"With all my heart, so let it be," replied the now happy parent; "one fellow-creature redeemed from a life of perpetual terror and debasing superstition and thraldom, and by the Word of God led into the path of happiness, will be a more glorious memento of our visit to Italy, than the most exquisite monuments of art, the rarest gem of *virtu* we could add to our treasured collection."

"Do you think you will be able to obtain the consent of your parents?"

"Oh yes, only say that you will take care of me, and they will be satisfied to have the reproach of my presence removed."

To the reader is left the happy conclusion of this sketch, which may well be filled up with pleasant imaginings in reference to the return of the tourists, with their hopeful protegé, and the lasting benefit derived by Constance, from her experience of the contrast between home and abroad!

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.

[SEE FRONTISPIECE.]

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

WHAT a world of effort—what mighty deeds—what future glory are involved in that brief expression, AMERICAN ENTERPRISE! It is a power whereof the people of antiquity had no dreams. With a Titan's strength, it has a Woman's gentleness; with its Lion's heart, it has a Lambkin's docility; with all its grasping ambition, it has a benevolent nature unknown to the people of past centuries.

And whence came this CHILD of the present age? What country claims its paternity? Where was it nursed, and who were its sponsors? It is a "child of thirty-six fathers," and yet it is a unit. Like Minerva, springing full-armed from the cleft brain of Jupiter, its birth and manhood were almost coeval.

Away back in the dim mediæval years, when crushed manhood began to writhe beneath the cumbrous weight of feudal bondage and spiritual thrall, like the fabled giants beneath old Etna, its conception began; and when the Reformers of Germany, Switzerland, Bohemia, France, and England opened their mouths and spoke their bold words, its nativity was heralded. Already Columbus, with a prophet's vision and a hero's

will, had traversed the mysterious and stormy Atlantic, and in the forests of the New World had prepared its cradle. The noble "Ladies of the Covenant," of Old Scotland; the daughters of the persecuted Huguenots of France; the Puritan mothers of midland England; and even the high-born dames of cavalier families, came hither as nurses for the young Hercules.

Where was the young giant born? Was it on the bleak coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland? Upon the wooded borders of the St. Lawrence? In the beautiful land of Acadia? On the sandy banks of Cape Cod? By the frosty Rock of Plymouth? On the blooming slopes of Shawmut? On lovely Aquiday by the blue waves of the Narraganset? In the sweet valley of the Connecticut? Among the tall chestnuts of Manhattan, or the crags of the Hudson Highlands? Among the lilies of the Delaware? Beneath the willows of the Chesapeake? Among the osiers of the Potomac? Beneath the draped cypresses of the Powhatan and Nansemond? Within the stately aisles of pine upon the Cape Fear and the Roanoke? By the rushing water of the Neuse, the Yadkin, and the Catawba? By the marshes of the Ashley, the Cooper, and the Santee? In the rice-fields of the Combahee and Port Royal? In the shadows of the palmetto of Savannah? Beneath the stately magnolias of the Ogeeche and Alatamaha? In the sweet orange-groves of St. Augustine and Pensacola? Among the everglades of the land of the Seminole? By the cotton-wood tree of the Alabama? Among the picturesque hills of the brave Cherokees? In the nooks of the Blue Ridge, where the Broad Rivers of Carolina and Tennessee gush out?

In the rich Cumberland valley? In the dark oak-groves of Kentucky? By the murmuring waters of the Ohio? By the sounding shores of the Great Lakes? Among the flowers of the spreading prairies? By the rolling flood of the Mississippi? In the wigwam of the Indian on the Missouri, or in the shadows of the Rocky Mountains? Yes, over all this broad domain, and varying clime, was the birth-place and the nursery of AMERICAN ENTERPRISE!

Seven cities claimed the honor of giving birth to a renowned blind poet of antiquity. Five times seven Republics (*e pluribus unum*) may boast the honor of singing the first lullaby to the infant giant. It is indeed a "child of thirty-six fathers." Its nursery is beneath all the parallels of a great continent. It is of royal lineage. Cunning heraldry can read the story of its ancestry upon every page of human history back to the dawn of creation, when "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." When "cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way," was placed between Paradise and the Royal Exile and his spouse, God dipped the pen of Justice in Divine Displeasure, and wrote upon the escutcheon of his nature the credentials of his future mission upon earth, "Go forth and subdue it"—"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." In the enunciation of that curse-blessing, LABOR was inaugurated as a condition of Human Life; and in all ages, and in all lands, it has ever been the conservator of mundane existence—the *primum mobile* of human progress—the salt of earthly happiness.

Who that heard the feeble wail of the royal infant

amid the malaria of Jamestown, the snows of Plymouth, and the swamps of Carolina, conceived the mighty energies then latent in that little brain and tender muscles? But stern, unbending, ever-taxing NECESSITY stood by the cradle in every place, and by its perpetual exactions developed those energies with wonderful rapidity. How soon the tiny infant stood up, a sturdy youth, and swept down the forests as grass before the mower's scythe, and beat back, with ungenerous hand, the dusky masters of the soil who dared to whisper a word of protest! Before his eyes was a brilliant vision of a rich garden to be tilled; a broad field to be opened to the blessed sun and garnished with culture beauty; noble lakes and rivers to be peopled with the votaries of traffic, and glorious tokens of marching civilization to be reared where the scattered tribes neither sowed nor reaped, delved nor piled. Such was his vision, and in its beckonings to action he found an excuse for his injustice.

Wonderful have been the result sof AMERICAN ENTERPRISE, and yet its labors are not half accomplished. Look back at its early tasks and progressive labors. See! how the light falls upon yellow harvest-fields, and green meadows, and rich orchards, and glittering spires all along the Atlantic coast, where its arm is plying its sturdy muscles! Its sustenance is drawn from every land. In its veins the blood of every nation courses. See! how its moral strength grows with the development of its physical energies! The meeting-house and the school-house are placed side by side, as twin bulwarks of Society. See! how the free air and the free bird, the free water and the free deer, all teach the growing giant

noble and truthful lessons concerning sacred rights, the lies of royalty, and the usurpations of an idle, vicious, and life-wasting aristocracy! The divinity of the king's right to rule and oppress, which shone so sun-like in the Old World, appears to him, as he turns his vision back across the ocean, like the dim, phosphorescent light of a fire-fly, and equally evanescent. He looks up to the stars above him, and reads the great poem of harmony. He looks upon creation around him, and reads the great homily of justice, equality, and fraternity; and then looks within, and learns from conscience and the always truthful ministrations of the spirit the holiness of the great postulate of the free will—"All men are created equal; all are endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which are *life*, *liberty*, and the *pursuit of happiness*."

How the teachings of these masters mould his thoughts into schemes for action! and as his children grow apace, he frames laws for their government, consonant with those teachings. They are no star-chamber proceedings; but from every hill-top, from the Penobscot to the St. Mary's, and back to the selvage of his realm of labor, at the foot of the Alleghanies, every section of his statutes is proclaimed, even while the ears of a stupid, jealous king are listening to the strange, unnatural voices that come over the sea. And see! how the king raves in his impotent anger, and shouts *Rebel!* with all his might, and sends hirelings with fire and sword, ball and bayonet, to pull down the ensigns of Freedom fluttering upon the mountains, to lay waste the harvests, consume the cities, and chain the limbs of the young giant of America! But he is vigilant as

well as strong; he is hopeful as well as brave. Brighter and brighter grows the gorgeous vision of his future, and more hateful appear the leashes, the opinions, and the usurpations of the tools of despotism. Planting his foot upon the rock of Eternal Justice, he calmly places the few pebbles from the brook in his sling, and awaits the approach of the champion of the old and tottering dynasties. See! with what deadly precision the stones are cast, and how prostrate falls the Goliath; or how like Apollyon, smitten by Christian's sword, he speeds, howling, back to the seething purlieus of feudal wrong and kingly corruption!

Yesterday the CHILD was in its cradle; to-day it is a stalwart MAN, acknowledging no master but the High and Holy One that inhabiteth Eternity, asking no favor but freedom of action, and spreading wide his benevolent arms as an asylum for oppressed humanity.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE! Who shall tell its past labors, count the multitude of its present services, or estimate the future achievements of its wonderful energies! More than royal is its bounding career. When its lusty arm broke the chain of servitude to a foreign master, its vigorous mind conceived and formed a code of organic laws wiser, more beneficent, and more enduring, because more wise and beneficent, than the world had ever seen. With the dignity of a monarch, it refused to bend the knee to anointed libertines, whether called priest or king, but stood erect, and sometimes scornful in their presence; talked face to face with them as an equal, and even dictated the terms upon which they should enjoy the friendship and share the commercial favors of the Empire of the West.

American Enterprise! Soon it wielded the skill of the hammer and the shuttle of old kingdoms; and upon the broad lakes and rivers of America, it harnessed the chained gases to barges more gorgeous than that of Cleopatra upon the Cygnus, and bearing burdens far more precious than the person of the voluptuous Queen. How the Old World wondered! Then it built navies; and the tall masts of the mightiest power on the globe which claimed to "rule the wave," bowed in obeisance to its ships of war, and paid deference to its commercial flotillas. Then, again, how the Old World wondered!

American Enterprise! How it sucks riches from the generous bosom of mother Earth, and distributes the wealth among the nations. Its cotton-fields supply the mills of Europe; its wheat-flour fills the mouths of starving communities, and its tobacco pollutes the life of millions. Every thing in Art, Science, Literature, Law, Religion, and Morality which make up the elements of a great nation, are growing luxuriantly under the fostering care of American Enterprise. And yet the monarchs sneer, and prophets of evil draw dismal horoscopes, but the people now not only wonder but admire. Their hearts are stirred with holy aspirations, and myriads look towards the setting sun, and chant,

"There's a Star in the West that shall never go down,
Till the records of valor decay;
We must worship its light, though 'tis not our own,
For Liberty bursts in its ray:
Shall the name of a Washington ever be heard
By a freeman, and thrill not his breast?
Is there one out of bondage that hails not the word
As the Bethlehem Star of the West?"

Over the rugged Alleghanies, AMERICAN ENTERPRISE has sent the plough and the pick, the seed and sickle, the hammer and the loom. The valleys have been made to bloom; new arteries of commerce are pouring their gushing floods of life where lately the Indian sat brooding in the deep solitudes; and like the roots of flourishing vines, pioneers are penetrating the vast wildernesses in every direction, in quest of aliment for the great trunk. First hundreds, then thousands of miles away from the teeming seaboard, the smoke of the settler's cabin curled above the forests. Then beauteous villages were planted, and stately cities uprose along the mighty water-courses of the interior, and thriving marts of commerce, with their busy hum, broke the silence of the wilds of mid-continent. The coach, with the fleet horse, became inadequate, and the lusty arm of AMERICAN ENTERPRISE spread a net-work of iron roads over the land. To the starving millions of Europe employment was offered. They came from the mud-cabins of dank misery, digged our canals, built our railways, fed bountifully, lived comfortably, and bore children, who, perhaps, may be future senators in our National Council.

Soon the domains of AMERICAN ENTERPRISE became too broad, even for the swift coursers of the Rail. Its hand was stretched forth to the clouds; the lightnings were seized in their chambers; the arch-tamer, Morse, curbed the winged steeds, and harnessed them to the car of Thought, to be sent hourly from the centre to the circumference of the Republic, and to territories beyond, on errands of every kind!

A queen and her royal consort reared a great Temple of Concord within the very courts of Mammon. It was

made of strong iron and glittering crystal, and it was dedicated to LABOR, the blessed companion of Adam when he went out of Paradise. It was its first coronation in the sight of the people. There were nations within call with whom valiant Britain had warred for many generations. They were invited to send gifts to the great Temple, and priests of Labor to bear them. They came; and never since the dispersion of the temple-builders in the plain of Shinar, had there been, in one place, such a "confusion of tongues." Yet, like those who were gathered at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost—"Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia, Pamphilia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya around about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians," they all spoke one language within the temple—the language of LABOR—the vernacular of every clime.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE was there with its sculpture, painting, and machinery; its yachts and reapers; its locks, cloths, pottery, and perfumes. And more; it bore away the highest premiums and loudest plaudits, and came home with a resolution to build a Temple of Concord for itself in the heart of its great commercial metropolis. No royal voice nor royal purse was obedient to its wishes. It did not need them. Its own wealth, created by its own mind and muscle, not expressed from the veins of toiling thousands like juice from the grape, was ample. It had no tears nor life-blood upon it. It was not the fruit of legal plunder, but honest earnings "by the sweat of his face."

The American Temple of Concord was reared, grand and beautiful. AMERICAN ENTERPRISE sent its republican cards of invitation to the monarchs of the Old World, to come and see what untramelled energy can do, when seconded by a virtuous public opinion. The people of the Old World were invited to send hither fruits of their labor as gifts for the altar. They are here. Art has contributed some of its noblest productions, and the hoary Sciences of the Eastern Hemisphere have laid their most erudite contributions at the feet of LABOR, controlled by AMERICAN ENTERPRISE. And from all parts of our land the products of the soil, the quarry, the hammer, the anvil and the loom, the pencil and the chisel, have been brought and piled around the beautiful creations from the Old World.

The Representative of the Sovereignty of the Republic was there, as high-priest at the dedication, officially the noblest type of man upon the earth, because the chosen servant and representative of a free Christian nation. The echoes of the dedication songs have died away, but the glorious worship is progressing.

We will not, we dare not lift the veil of the Future, in which lies the great field of labor of AMERICAN ENTERPRISE. Like the waxen wings of Icarus, those of the Imagination would melt in approaching so near the sun of human glory, and we will not attempt the flight. In the midst of the present fruition of past efforts, let us not forget how broad was the birthplace and nursery of AMERICAN ENTERPRISE, and how earnestly we ought to labor to preserve harmony throughout its borders. Let the grand cosmopolitan idea of Brotherhood, which is now working out the social regeneration of man,

have its full force in concentration here; and let no sectional interests or opinions disturb the peace or check the progress of our happy republic. Then shall generation after generation, in future centuries, chant with joyful hearts—

"Great God! we thank thee for this home—
This bounteous birth-land of the free;
Where wanderers from afar may come,
And breathe the air of Liberty!
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise;
And yet, till Time shall fold his wing,
Remain earth's loveliest paradise!"

SONNET.

JULY 4TH, 1853—EVENING.

BY T. W. RENNIE.

'Tis a sweet night:—the very stars look out
From their bright places with a joyous sheen,
As if they heard, well pleased, the jubilant shout
Of a free land, and smiled upon a scene
That upward to their azure cope serene
Sends its rejoicings—loud as hail'd the rout
Of tyranny, what time, with arms upraised
To heaven, and their trust placing in its God,
Our fathers, with unfaltering tongues, and lips
Of eloquence their sons may ne'er eclipse,
Each to the other swore, and pledged their life,
Fortunes, and sacred honor, that the strife
Of battle they would dare, until they gazed
Upon their country free, or slept beneath its sod!

RALPH HEATON.

DIARY OF A PILGRIM—FROM THE ORIGINAL.

Oxford, September 3d.—After ye ringing of ye bell, was notified that ye dean desired my presence in his room. Would fain have changed my gown and shoes, but ye messenger being in haste, I was forced to smother my shame as I best could. Found ye dean in converse with a tall man in laced clothes, and of a bearing that shewed him used to command. Y^e dean introduced me, with many commendations, which it becometh me not to remember, and then told me that Sir Arthur Willett (for that was ye gentleman's name) desired a tutor for his sons. Sir Arthur spoke kindly to me, and said I should have an hundred pounds yearly, and be lodged and clothed; whereat I was so astonished and happy that I could have thanked him heartily, but ye memory of my six day's beard, soiled gown, and inked fingers, wofully spoiled my speech. Y^e good dean smiled at my confusion, and Sir Arthur desiring me to hold myself in readiness to depart upon ye morrow, took his leave of ye dean, and went out. Afterward went through ye rooms, and bade farewell to many whom ye companionship of three years had much endeared, and rendered to me as brothers. I know not, but it seemeth to me, that never having known brother or sister, my soul yearneth for somewhat to

cling to, and keepeth tender and truly loving unto all men. After prayers, ye dean gave me much good advice for ye ordering of my conduct with my expected pupils, and, on parting, left in my hand a parcel, which I found was a ten-pound note and five pieces of gold. This is ye last night in Oxford, and my eyes are loth to close lest they shut out ye moonbeams that smile upon ye towers as I see them through my window, and so cause me to sleep. Y^e little nook in ye wainscot, where I had kept my manuscript, I have again cleared of rubbish, and many of ye papers have destroyed, and packed the rest among my books and clothing. Now I will sit and watch ye moon while she climbs over ye towers and walls of ye dear olde colledge.

Willett Hall, Sept. 7th.—Arrived yesterday, sorely bruised and beaten by ye sauvage pace of ye horse which Sir Arthur had provided for my riding. Could scarcely walk through pain when we alighted, but durst not complain, for fear of ridicule. It seemeth a matter of wonder that Sir Arthur and his grooms rode so far, and yet arrived cheerful, and now walk nimbly about, while I am constrained to keep my room through ye severity of ye pain in head and limbs. Have sat all ye morning looking out at ye window, and know not which most to admire, ye glorious beauty of ye landscape without, or ye richness and comfort of my room within. Y^e walls are covered with tapestry, and ye bed is curtained with flowered stuff, wrought after ye same pattern as ye walls, which is a battelle of St. George and ye dragon, set round with many strange figures of angels' heads growing out of great flowers and bunches of leaves. There is by ye window a carved oaken chair

and stool, which I especially admire, and a table with drawers; and in ye farther corner a great cabinet of polished wood, which I am told is for my own use. I shall put all my Latin verses in ye left-hand space, under ye carved figure of ye apostle Paul, and all my English compositions at ye right hand, under ye head of ye disciple John. There will be too much room for my few books between these, and beneath I can keep my spare wardrobe.

Sept. 20th.—Sir Arthur has two sons, comely and pleasant youths, of fifteen and eighteen summers. Arthur, the elder, hath some little knowledge of Latin, and knoweth history well, but Hugh hath never learned aught save what it pleased him best to learn. Now I must strive to make learning pleasant to them, and by kind ways lead them to desire knowledge of themselves. Hugh seemeth to love me very much already, and maketh fair promise of attention to my teaching, but breaketh in upon my explanation to ask me, why I am so thin and pale, and have not a red color of countenance, like himself and Arthur. Again he asketh me if I can play at tennis, or leap a ditch, or swim, to all of which I am obliged to answer, "no;" at which he seems not a little amazed. It seemeth that both of them better love to exercise their bodies than their minds. Arthur has much pleasure in taking me over ye house, to shew ye old pictures, and ye ancient furniture, and armor, which there are in the upper rooms. Y^e lower rooms are shut up, for Sir Arthur hath no wife, and his only daughter liveth with her aunt in ye city of London. There are many faire walks and pleasant shades in ye park, and I love to take my book there

and read. Y^{e} deer come and look at me, and go away again, doubtless wondering to see one keep so still; for with ye sports and riding of ye young gentlemen, there is often so much noise that I scarce know what I do. Yet day by day I feel my spirits expand, and a pleasant sense of freedom maketh me love this life.

Sept. 29th.—Master Hugh hath rebelled, and will not learn Latin, unless I learn to fence, to ride, to leap, and play at tennis with him. Arthur urgeth that it will better my health, and that he will gladly teach me himself, if I desire it. Truly it maketh them my superiors, but since they urged me so hard, I have given my consent. Master Hugh was almost mad with ye thought of teaching, and goeth to his Latin grammar more willingly than ever. I have used much diligence to perfect myself in drawing, that I might teach them that pleasant art. To-day I had them with me in ye park, while I made a sketch of ye old tower, which is on ye hill behind ye hall. Sir Arthur came to us, and sat on ye grass, talking all ye time I worked at my drawings. He is a bold man, loving wealth and titles, and soe ungodly is his speech that I would have shut my ears if I could, and I cannot help wondering why his sons have not learned of him to sweare and speake slightingly of ye church, and ye deare saints of God. Sir Arthur gave Hugh leave to take a horse from ye stable for my use, and to-morrow my pupils begine to teach me those things in which they excel. For this smalle indulgence, they are to use double diligence in learning Latin.

Oct. 1st.—Master Arthur giveth me great praise for my skill already, and insists that I have gained some

color, at which I confess myself pleased, for I do not love the look which I had on leaving Oxford. But for my beard, I might have been taken for a sick woman. I would fain gain a more manly proportion of body, and well-knit, supple limbs. I mean, like Homer's heroes, to train both body and mind to feats of strengthe and daring. Sir Arthur told me to-day that some gentlemen and lords were coming soone to visit him, and, if I desired it, I should go fox hunting with them. I heartily thanked him, and saide I would prefer to stay at home, which I think pleased him best, for Master Hugh is not suffered to hunt foxes as yet, and I had skill to soothe his chafed spirit under such an affliction as he deems his restraint to be. After school lessons were over, I took a book from ye library, and went into ye parke to reade. A few leaves were dropping from ye trees as I passed under them, and they lay all about me on ye grass, like fragments of beautifulle pictures. There was a lake on ye left, and a great oak spread its shadow over ye knolle where I sat. Y^e^ stillness was like ye musick of Heaven; and soe spreading my books upon ye grass, I reade much pleasant thoughts from ye works of Plato on the Soul. The red sunlight shone on ye water and shimmered over brook and foliage with a soft purple, and ye rustle of ye leaves as they fell through ye sweet aire, soe soothed my senses that, I know not how, but I fell asleep. A pleasant dream fluttered like a purple winged bird over my sleep, and soft musick filled my eares with such harmony as seems to dwell in ye spiritual and imaginary worlds, which I soe often visit in my dreams. But in the midst of my pleasant dreame, a sudden noise made me

awake, and looking up quickly, I beheld what seemed but a continuation of my visions. There, leaning over ye knolle, and regarding me with pleasant gravity, was a beautifulle female face. Y^e large brown curles upon her neck were streaked with golden threads, and looking into her eyes turned me dizzy, as it did to look into ye lake on a clear day, with a soft blue sky, for I seemed to behold heaven in them. When she saw me awake, she blushed, and turned away quickly; I knew not whither, for I durst not follow her with my eyes, lest I should break the charm that seemed to surround me. At last I arose, and coming to my roome quietly, shut myself up for to-night. It is unusual that Master Arthur or Hugh do not visit me in ye evening, but to-night they come not, and I know not if I wish them to, since I should lose many romantic thoughts which my adventure in ye parke has introduced to my sillie head.

Oct. 2d.—Early this morning Master Hugh was at my door, and when I let him in, he seemed soe delighted that I was fain to know the reason of his mirth. But I got no answer, save a laugh, and he would have me come to breakfast with him and Arthur. Soe consenting, I went with him down to the breakfast parlor, where I saw breakfast set out for four. Thinking Sir Arthur might breakfast with us, I sat down by ye window and read while Hugh went for Arthur. Presently I heard them on ye stairs, in great mirth, and soe I went to ye door and opened it. I thought I should have fallen through surprise. There was ye same eyes and curls which I saw yesterday, and their beautifulle owner laughing with my two pupils as freely as if they

were lifetime friends. Arthur very modestly introduced me to his sister Mary. Now came upon me all ye awkwardness of my student life, and ye Lady Mary's blushes helped to confuse me; for I thought it distressed her to see me after last night, and I knew not how to pretend ignorance, and assume such a face as that I had never met her before. However, I made shift to reply when she asked me if I liked Willett Hall, and said much in praise of ye old Hall and ye park, whereat Lady Mary blushed again. I found that she had arrived from London yesterday; and her aunt going to Bath, she would stay over Christmas, at which I was secretly glad, although my conscience smote me for it. Y^e^ day passed swiftly; after lessons, we rode, and ye Lady Mary accompanied us.

Oct. 5th.—Y^e^ fencing goes on bravely, and I think now I might ride to Oxford without harm. Y^e^ Lady Mary comes sometimes to our schoolroom, and insists that I shall teach her Latin; but I steadily refuse, for I know it would cost me much time that rightfully belongeth to Masters Hugh and Arthur. But her father desires me to teach her drawing, and sometimes I reade to them from bookes in ye library, of which there are great store. To-day arrived four gentlemen from London—my Lord Atherton, the Marquis of Waltham, Mr. Eaton, and Mr. Johnstone. At dinner, I sat next Mr. Eaton, and he seemeth truly a good man. He is also a kinsman of Sir Arthur's, and ye Lady Mary had much talk with him privately. Y^e^ Marquis of Waltham I did not like, he being a bitter enemy to the freedom of speech and opinion which all good men de sire to see established.

Oct. 9th.—Y^e gentlemen were very merry over their wine after dinner, soe I stole away to ye parke with Mr. Eaton, and we sat down by ye lake, and held much pleasant discourse upon ye wonderfulle beauty of ye dear world of God, and the wonderfulle works of God for his people. After a while, ye Lady Mary and Master Arthur joined us, and were well pleased to listen to Mr. Eaton; for he was a learned man, and movingly discoursed upon themes suited to their comprehension. Y^e Lady Mary desired to hear him speak of ye persecuted people whom ye world called Puritans; for she said, "I so dearly love them for their courage and endurance for the truth's sake that I marvel not at their increase, but much rather wonder all the world is not turned unto them." Upon this, Mr. Eaton laughed, and said, "It is ye nature of woman, sweet cousin, to be tender and pitiful unto that which suffereth evil, and therefore you love and admire that which hath no better claim upon your sympathy. I would, if I desired you to love me, cause myself to be bitterly persecuted, and straightway I should become the hero of all your dreams; for your generous nature would rather share shame and reproach, than that one should suffer it alone." Lady Mary would not grant that she loved through pity, but rather through admiration and respect; and she spake of the many eminent and pious men who had embraced ye truth, for ye sake of which they had sought a home in ye wilderness of ye New World. Mr. Eaton looked thoughtfully in her face, and said, with much tenderness, "Mary, if thou wert called upon to choose, wouldst thou go to America, rather than relinquish ye truth which thou professeth

to hold in such esteem?" Then Lady Mary said, "If I were called of God, I could." But I thought her voice trembled somewhat, and she seemed afterward much cast down. Arthur and Mr. Eaton went to looke at ye new oak-plantation, and Lady Mary walked with me to ye house. There was a great uproar in ye dining-hall, singing and laughing, and ye servants going in and out with bottles, which seemed enough to drown Bacchus himself. After I came to my roome, was sorely troubled in my mind, and could not reste for ye thoughts that came upon me. Finally, trusting all to God, I am content to deny myself even ye thoughts which seemed to me most pleasant.

Oct. 11th.—Y^e gentlemen went early to hunt, and ye baying of ye cruel hounds came often to ye roome where I sat. Having only Master Hugh with me, I was soone through with his lessons; and he desiring to ride, ye groome brought out horses, and we rode in ye parke. After a while, we heard ye hounds again; and Hugh desiring to see them pass, we made haste to ye open field. Y^e fox came over ye hill, and stretched away for ye crags of limestone on ye right, while Hugh whooped and swung his cap, as if it were ye gayest sight in ye world to see ye panting hounds follow one poor tired fox. As ye gentlemen came over ye hill, I wondered that ye marquis came not; and soe going to ye hill-top, I looked everywhere for him, but he was nowhere in sight. I knew there was a broad ditch not far off, and riding quickly there, I was shocked to see ye marquis sitting in ye ditch by ye side of ye horse, which was dead. I got off from my horse, and helping him up from ye ditch, found only his ankle sprained, which

seemed to grieve him more than ye death of ye noble norse which he rode. With some ado, I got him upon my horse, and walked home by his side. Y^e noble marquis bore ye pain but poorly, and at ye least wrench, it was as if I had stirred up a hungry lionne. I was righte glad to be rid of him at ye Hall, and his servant seemed to be well aware of ye task in hand.

Oct. 14th.—Y^e marquis is carried to ye dining-hall, and drinking and singing as before ye accident. Y^e Lady Mary keepeth, when I see her, a sorrowful gravity of countenance, which moveth my heart for her. Lord Atherton and ye marquis seem to vie with each other in their attentions to her; and Sir Arthur payeth court to ye marquis, and speaketh of him soe reverently, that I am forced to believe he desireth him for a son-in-law. Arthur and Hugh have sometimes ye favor of a lesson from Mr. Eaton, who teacheth them in a fashion that maketh learning seem but a pastime. There was much laughing in ye court to-day, to see Master Hugh fencing with ye tutor, and as I purposely suffered him to cast ye foile from my hand, he was not a little lifted up with pride. Now I come to ye recording that which troubleth me beyond all I have known before. Y^e Lady Mary rode with us to-daye, and ye gentlemen going before, I was lefte to be her escort; and we fell in converse upon ye beautie of ye pastoral life, and ye Lady Mary spake soe humbly, and withal soe affectingly of ye desire she had for a life of piety and contente, that ye difference in our stations was far from my mind, and as if we had been children, I talked in all simplicity of ye worlde that I am fain to believe all lovers dream of,—a grande worlde for beauty and

sunshine, and where riches and titles are things unknown. Y^e Lady Mary blushed much at my words, and afterward I was much grieved that I had beene soe foolish; and desiring to mend my sillie speeches, I said, with much confusion, "Sweet ladye, ye sillie presumption of my speech thou must pardon, inasmuch as ye subject was soe knit with ye secrets of my heart, that my words, somewhat against my will, have betrayed ye love which I can in no wise conceal. Therefore, do not think hardly of me for it; but suffer me to think of thee sometimes, in all purity and reverence, as one whom it were not forbid me to look upon with love." Y^e Ladye Mary held forth her hand, and when I would have kissed it, she said softly to me, "Nay, Master Heaton, I am neither sorry or angry that thou lovest me, but take it as an especial gift of God, that one soe learned and gentle as thou shouldst esteem me worthy of regarde." Then my heart was full of joy, and ye worlde seemed more like that of which I dreamed than before; and I felt myself able to reach forth my hands, full of ye blessings of a happy heart, to all ye earthe. Much more discourse had we, and ye Lady Mary would have me reveale ye matter to Mr. Eaton. When we returned to ye Hall, ye marquis and Sir Arthur were in ye library; and going to my room shortly after, I met ye Lady Mary in ye gallery, crying bitterly, and when she saw me, she said, "Oh, Master Heaton! Master Heaton!!" and made haste away without explanation; whereat I was stricken with great fear and anguish, for ye pitifulle sound of her voice I am not able to forget even now.

Oct. 16th.—Y^e Lady Mary is ill, and keepeth her

room yet. Master Arthur told me that ye marquis would stay at ye Hall for some weeks, for ye inflammation of his ankle was much increased, and ye surgeon had forbidden him to drink more wine; at which Hugh remarked, ye marquis swore many wicked oaths. Mr. Eaton came to my room this morning, and with much ado I told him ye whole of ye matter between ye Lady Mary and myself; and I expressed ye concern I felt on account of ye tears and ye illness of ye Lady Mary. Mr. Eaton thanked God it was no worse, and said, "If thou truly lovest, God will prosper thy love; therefore, do all things in love and truth. But thou must not expect ye blessing of God upon this matter, if thou turn aside from ye right. I know Sir Arthur hath promised his daughter to ye marquis; but she hath declared her unwillingness to ye match, and it was doubtless that which caused her to weep. If thou art able to keep a wife, thou shalt demand ye Lady Mary of Sir Arthur; and if thou art disposed to take orders, I will endeavor to procure thee a living." "God forbid," I cried, "that I should bind myself to worship God in ye form, which being ye work of man, hath not ye spirit suited to all men. Nay, if by that I might gain ye Lady Mary, I would not, though I have not an hundred pounds in ye world." "Truly," said Mr. Eaton, "this love maketh a man blind, soe that he becometh hopeful of impossibilities. Now, if thou have not a living, how wilt thou keep a wife?" Then I was troubled; for in ye sunshine of ye beautifulle world of Love, I had not seen the thorns and nettles which want and necessity plant therein. But suddenly I cried, "I will go to America, and if God prospereth me, I will return for

ye Lady Mary." Mr. Eaton counted it small ground for hope, but doubted not God would lead me in ye right way. Then, as he was to depart on the morrow, he gave me his address, that I might write to him in London. It had been better for me to tarry in Oxford, since then I had not seen ye Lady Mary, or known aught of love, save in my Latin verses.

Oct. 20th.—I have seen the Lady Mary, and declaring to her my poverty, have been again charmed by ye wonderfulle humility of her spirit. She pledgeth me her love, and if I will go to America, she will follow me there, God helping her. The suit of ye marquis doth soe afflict her, she would willingly hide anywhere. But how this matter shall be brought about, I know not, since I am too poor to go to America, and could I get there, have nothing wherewith to procure a home. Y^e Lady Mary hath a small fortune from her mother, which her father holdeth, she not being of age. Alas! for me I have only my trust in God.

Nov. 3d.—I write this in ye dark, low chamber of a cottage, where I have taken lodgings. It seemeth a long time since I left Oxford, and a still longer time since I was driven from ye Hall, with many bitter words and curses. Y^e matter was this: ye marquis desiring ye company of ye Lady Mary in ye library, where he has a couch laid for him since he cannot walk, sent to Sir Arthur a message, desiring her presence, saying she refused to come at his request. Sir Arthur being greatly moved with anger, dragged ye Lady Mary down ye stairs by ye shoulder, and soe to ye door; but I hearing her voice in entreaty, went down and begged him to desist, whereat he fell in such a rage as made

him shake like a leaf in ye wind, and thrusting me back with many curses, he strove to open ye door, but I would not suffer him. Then he made effort to reason with me, and soe I told him plainly that I loved ye Lady Mary, and I would not see her forced to keep ye company of a man she liked not. Then he cried out, "Art thou mad to aspire soe high? Go, beggar, lest I stain my hands in your vile blood." But I steadily replied, "Sir Arthur, my blood has flown in ye veins of a nobler race than yours, and needeth only the vain shew of wealth, to make you esteem it." "Ah," said he, sneering, "what was, my lord, your father's name?" but not suffering me to answer, he called ye servants to put me out; and Lord Atherton coming, took ye Lady Mary to her roome, for she was near fainting. Then I was content to go out of myself, and though Sir Arthur commanded them to set on ye dogs, yet they refused, and I came out without hurt. Soe I came hither, and ye cotter brought my clothes from ye Hall. Where now shall I go, for ye way seems blotted from before me, and I am like a frighted bird? Oh thou Heavenly Father, help me, lest in my extremity I flee into ye very jaws of destruction!

Nov. 10th.—Master Arthur came to see me to-day. He seemed much grieved at ye severity of my usage, and would have me take of him some money, which, my wages being yet due, I accepted; and he gave me news also of ye Lady Mary which pleased me, for ye marquis hath not seen her since I left ye Hall. He begged me to write to Mr. Eaton, which I promised; and, on going away, he said when ye Lady Mary was somewhat recovered, he would take her to walk in ye parke

sometimes, and I should meet her there if I desired it. Though cast-down and ill both in body and mind, yet I have much comfort in ye assurance that ye Lady Mary loveth me. Her love seemeth a bright star, whose light, if it do serve better to shew the dreariness of my way, yet also sheweth me how I must struggle if I would walk in ye beautifulle worlde of which I still dream. There is despair in utter darkness, and but for her love I might not hope as I do.

Nov. 15th.—Wonderfulle are ye works of God, and the kindness he hath for those that trust in him! While I lay in my chamber this morning, there was a loud knock upon ye door; and when the cotter opened it, I heard my own name called, and soe dressing in haste, I went down. There was an old groom at ye door with a led horse, and he gave me a letter which not only surprised, but greatly disappointed me, since in coming down ye stairs, my wilfulle heart would have it that I should hear from ye Lady Mary. Now, this was not only a man's hand, but ye seal of such a stamp as my father had used, save that it bore ye oak-leaves and acorns borne by ye heir of ye family. When I had bidden them to care for ye olde groom, I went to my chamber and opened ye letter, which ran in this wise:

Heaton Forest.

NEPHEW RALPH:—If thou art minded to come to ye Forest, thou canst return with Old Rob. Never fear but I'll make thee as welcome as if thou wert not my brother's son, for I hear that of thee which doeth thee honor. Now, prithee, do not take it amiss that I never asked thee before, but come to me in good humor or not at all; for thou must know I am lately married, and soe will not suffer ye sulkes to enter my house at all, lest once there, they never leave me. Thy uncle,

THOMAS KENT HEATON.

As soon as I had read ye letter, I went to ye old groom, and asked him when his master bade him return. And he said upon ye morrow if I come with him, and if not, to set off ye same day. Then I resolved to go to my uncle, although I have little cause to love him; yet, partly out of my necessities, and partly moved by ye willfulle kindness of his letter, I am willing to forget ye past. I have written to Mr. Eaton, also to ye Lady Mary and Master Arthur, which letters I leave with ye honest man of ye cottage. Y^e new prospect opened before me causeth me much anxiety: God forbid I should cover ye truth in trying to please my uncle; rather let suffer me shame for ye love of God.

Nov. 20th.—Thank God, ye battelle is fought, and ye victory is mine. This old home of my fathers, which hath been to me soe long a goblin castle, saw me enter its walls in peace and with a peaceful welcome. My uncle, spite of a gouty foot, met me at ye Hall door, and would not suffer me to enter at once, lest, as he said, I were not ye man; since he expected me to be pale and stooping, and with a woefulle air. Then, with many delighted smiles, and expressions of gladness, he had me into ye chamber where was his wife, ye Lady Heaton. Y^e Lady Heaton seemed glad that her lord liked me soe well, and said much that sounded strangely in my ears, of ye kindness and excellence of my good uncle's heart. Now, his marriage must have made him somewhat better, or he is not ye same man who drove his brother from ye house, and sent him to die of a broken heart, leaving his wife and child to ye tender mercies of ye worlde. But I mean not to remember this, for he seemeth resolved to make me forget it. He

told me I should lodge in ye room where my father used to sleep, and all ye furniture was ye same as when he occupied it. They have left me a pleasant fire and much wood, otherwise ye gloom would be insupportable. Y^e bed seemeth like a hearse, with its dustie plumes, and ye curtains dropping down even to ye floor. Over ye fireplace are ye pictures of my father and ye present lord. Every look of ye place is gloomy; even ye bold willfulle smile of my uncle's picture seemeth a wicked mockery of my father's pensive face. I shall not sleep without dreams to-night surely, for it seemeth very like a dream to find myself in ye home of my father's childhood.

Nov. 26th.—My uncle is exceedingly proud of my straight, strong build; and when I told him I could fence, and ride straight upon a ditch or wall, I thought he laughed more than he need, since these are things soe easily learned, and of little worth to such as me. But he saith he liketh me better than if I had been soe straight-laced and rigid, as ye most of scholars be. Y^e Lady Heaton is a woman of gentle manners, and her behavior to her rough lord is full of sweet dignity, that maketh me love her exceedingly. To-day, when I would fain know how long my uncle desired me to stay at ye Forest, he told me that he meant to keep me over Christmas, which I had no reason to refuse, seeing that I had no home or occupation in ye worlde. My uncle liketh chess much, and I have diligently set myself to learn it; also he will have me plan a fête for ye holidays at Christmas. Y^e old wood is an especial favorite with me, and I go often in among ye evergreens when ye wind bloweth fresh, and ye murmuring of y^e

breeze among their troubled branches is sweeter to me than ever was music. I think much of ye Lady Mary still, and ye beautifulle worlde cometh often to me in ye pleasant dreams, which care and poverty cannot chase away.

Dec. 8th.—Yestereve came a most welcome letter from Mr. Eaton. He grieveth at my quarrell with Sir Arthur, and recommends me to go to America. In February sails ye good ship Albion, and sometime after ye Belfast. Mr. Davenport and his congregation sail in ye Albion, and Mr. Eaton and divers others in ye Belfast. He maketh fair offers to me, and as regards ye Lady Mary, doubts not if my uncle were to ask her for me of Sir Arthur, that my suit would be prospered. It seems that God has willed that I should go to America, and yet I am not content to leave England without ye Lady Mary. I will ask my uncle, and God may move his heart to speak for me, though I scarce dare to hope it.

Dec. 12th.—When I told my uncle that I designed to go to America, he looked at me as if he thought me mad; and not making any answer, I went on to tell him of my love for ye daughter of Sir Arthur Willet. Then he seemed delighted, and taking me by ye hand, cried out that he had heard nothing soe welcome in a long time. "Thou art a noble fellow, Ralph," said he; "and thou doest well to eschew the folly of thy father, in marrying the daughter of a poor parson. Nay, but thou must not get angry with me, for thy mother, poor child, did no wrong, and I purpose to do thee a good deed now. Come, I will write to Sir Arthur, and thou shalt bear the letter thyself; for I doubt not thou

wouldst like to be a postman, provided all thy letters went to Willet Hall." Then I brought him pen and ink, and he made me write after him this letter:

Heaton Forest.

SIR ARTHUR:—My nephew, Ralph Heaton, loveth thy daughter Mary, and desireth to marry her. If thou wilt give her unto him, I will endow her with two thousand pounds, upon the day of her marriage, and make over to Master Ralph ye five thousand pounds which I also hold for him until ye day of his marriage. And as I cannot deny that ye younge man is somewhat of a Puritan, it may be well to say that he designeth to go to America, where he will be welcome to think as he pleases, none hindering. As I make him ye bearer of this letter, thou canst treat with him in person; and thou wilt confer with him as freely as myself, since, in case of my leaving no heirs, he will become my successor.

With due regard, I am, sir,

Your ob'dt serv't,

THOMAS KENT, EARLE OF HEATON.

Now, I was not pleased with ye tone of my uncle's letter; but he had shown himself so generous toward me that I could hardly find words to thank him enow, and ye only word he returned my grateful prayers was, "No doubt, thou thoughtest me an old churl, and most ungodly uncle; but I have not suffered thee to grow to this age, Ralph, without much care to discover thy mind and abilities, though unknown to thee. That which thy father spent upon ye family of ye olde parson Beddelle, have I restored from my own estate, so that in keeping him from ye follies he was prone to, I have saved thee a fortune. But mind, Ralph; thou hast fairly earned a right to it, and should your aunt bring me no heirs, I have a nephew whom I shall be proud to make ye Earle of Heaton. Now thou mayest go tell

thy aunt of thy love affairs, for ye women like the hearing of such tales." Twenty-three is not too old to discover that ye seemingly wicked have much good in their hearts, and ye unloveable exterior hath within much that desireth and deserveth to be loved. I can, with a clear conscience, say now, "My good uncle," for I well understand ye predjudices of a man like my uncle against ye unthrifty management and wanton waste of my grandfather Bedelle. But, alas, there is much in ye case that deserved pity rather than reproach. Y^e melancoly enthusiasm of my poor father might have been checked with kindness, and my beautifulle mother (for she was of a surpassing beauty) suffered in losing my father that which might atone for all vanities she had been guilty of. It seemeth too that his conscience rested uneasily in this matter, and he hath made restitution. May ye good God have him in his care, and grant his seed may carry ye honors of ye house through long ages yet to come.

Dec. 13th.—To-morrow I leave ye forest for ye Willet Hall. My uncle and aunt, desiring to please me, suffer the impatience of youth to overrule their own plans, and all our festival is postponed till my return. Truly what a change hath my coming hither wrought. I had barely ten pounds in my pocket, and I rejoiced that I was sent for hither, in ye hope that I might chance upon employ. Now I have an abundant fortune, and, above all, a renewed trust in God, who suffereth not a hair of our heads to fall to ye ground but he taketh knowledge of it. Now too I give ye loose reins to hope, and have already my foot upon ye threshhold of ye gate which leadeth to ye beautifulle

world. Y^e worlde of sunshine and flowers. Y^e worlde that hath alone a resemblance to ye garden of Eden. Now is my soul glad, and the wind when I went among ye pines to day seemed to soar into ye heaven of music, the heighth of choral harmony, a song of triumphant gladness. The weather was foul without, through a misty rain and wind, but now it is cold, and ye stars glitter in ye sky like shivered diamonds, while ye wind tosseth ye shrubbery about as if it were feathers. Within ye fire casteth a pleasant glow over ye tapestried walls, and maketh ye folds of crimson curtains on ye bed look like tongues of flames crossed over with pale gold, wherever the silken embroidery sheweth. To-night I have read over ye pages of this imperfect record of ye events which have befallen me since I left Oxford. God hath dealt kindly with me, and all ye ways hath he led me by ye hand.

Dec. 15th, ye Holwell Parke Inn.—Finding neither book or company in ye house, I must needs write, for ye impatience of my spirit suffereth me not to rest. Y^e people of ye house look on me with great respect, for my uncle, against my will, sent me off with two grooms in his own livery, and also forced me to wear ye laced coat and cloak which he had ordered without my knowledge; for, said he, "Thou must make thy handsome figure seem less noticeable to Sir Arthur than thy handsome clothes. As for the daughter, if she already love thee, she will love thee none the less for looking like a gentleman. And if the father refuse, and thou canst get ye daughter's consent, thou mayest steal her from ye Hall, like a true knight of old, and I will make a merry wedding for you in ye forest." To-morrow I

shall know ye worst. Would that it were well past, for ye proud and changeful humor of Sir Arthur maketh me fear, where otherwise all seemeth hopeful.

Dec. 17th.—At ye cotters again. Y^e good people marvel at my return on foot, and in such gay clothes; but I must see ye Lady Mary again; therefore I sent ye grooms to Holwell Parke, and came hither. When I came to ye Hall yesterday, there was a great stir in ye court, and ye two saucy grooms, seeming to understand somewhat of ye matter, made shew of great respect to me, calling me "my lord," and whispering to ye porter that their young lord was romantic, and often went in disguise, all of which I heard without seeming to understand. When I was come into ye Hall, I gave ye letter to a footman, to carry to Sir Arthur, and then sat at ye window to wait for his answer. I was greatly moved, and soe thirsty that I thought I could not have spoken aloud for ye worlde, and ye dizziness seemed to leave my head, and act upon my limbs, soe that when I thought to have taken a chair, I thrust my hand against ye wall, like a drunken man. Presently there came running in Master Arthur, and afterward Hugh, whereat I was somewhat relieved, for they took me by ye hand, and seemed righte glad to see me. Arthur said, "I know thou hast come to ask for sister Mary, and thou shalt have her. Y^e Marquis will be Duke Clarence, and is rich, but he is wicked, and cruel as death, and Mary doth not love him. Soe thou shalt be my brother, Ralph." Hugh said nothing, save that ye Marquis might stay at ye Hall till midsummer, if he liked, but he should not get Mary. In ye midst of our talk, a servant brought me an open letter from Sir

Arthur, which I read. It was in answer to my uncle, but also intended for my reading, and ran thus:

My Lord:—I have promised my daughter to ye Marquis of Waltham, and were your nephew already Earle of Heaton, I would not break my word when once pledged to an honorable man, for any consideration whatever.

Your humble serv't,

ARTHUR WILLET, Bart.

A cold shudder passed over me, for I was greatly shocked, on reading this letter; and crushing it in my hand, I went to ye door in haste, but Arthur stopped me, to say, "Come to ye parke, by ye lake, on Saturday." Then I went to ye court, and mounting in haste, could not help looking up to ye windows above. Sir Arthur was at ye open window, and I took off my hat, and bowed to him, which he returned slightly, looking all ye time very red and confused. After we gained ye little village, I made as if I would set off that day for Holwell Parke, and sending ye grooms forward, left my horse, and came hither. To-morrow, God willing, I shall see ye Lady Mary, for I doubt not Arthur will bring her to ye parke.

Dec. 19th.—Yesterday I went to ye lake, and Arthur came with ye Lady Mary, and we sat a long time upon ye knolle, and conversed upon matters which concern our happiness. Y^e Lady Mary is much changed in appearance, and though her features have lost color and roundness, yet she is still exceeding fair. She said she would go with me anywhere, aye, to ye world's end. After ye sun came down to ye edge of ye sky, Arthur and Lady Mary returned to ye hall, and I to my cottage. In ye morning, I went to ye parke again, and presently

ye Lady Mary came alone, for Arthur purposely lingered in ye plantation. When we met, Lady Mary laid her hand upon my arm, and stooping down, I kissed her upon ye forehead, while ye tears stood in ye beautifulle eyes, which she durst not raise to mine. "Ralph," she said, "thou must go alone to America. After Christmas, I go up to London, to prepare for this marriage with ye Marquis, which my father seems resolved I shall not escape. Then, Ralph, if possible, I will follow thee." I liked not this plan, for I would have her to sail with me to America; and I urged her to fly with me now, which she steadily refused, saying we should surely fail, and that Mr. Eaton would be her protector. While we talked, I heard voices upon the bank of the lake, and in a moment after, Sir Arthur and a groom came to us. Sir Arthur seemed greatly vexed, for I stoode up and faced him boldly, soe that he could not make a shew of anger to frighten me, and seeing ye Lady Mary droop as if she would fall, I put my arm about her waiste, to support her. Sir Arthur would have taken her from me, but I turned him aside, and whispering to her, said, "Mary, wilt thou follow me to America," and she replied, "Yea, to the world's end." Then I gave her to Sir Arthur, who said, sternly, "Sir, I had supposed thou wert a gentleman. Hereafter thou wilt not have occasion to repeat such insults, for I will take care that my daughter sees not ye outside of ye house till her marriage." Then he left me, half leading, half carrying ye Lady Mary, who durst not turn her eyes to me, though I watched her all ye way, till she went out of sight among ye shrubbery at ye parke gate. Oh, how my soul yearned toward her—

how much more precious seemed the gift of her love than before! Now, with a sad heart, must I return to my uncle, and then to ye city of London, to see Mr. Eaton.

Christmas Eve.—There is a merry feast in ye hall, and ye noise of ye music and dancing reacheth me even here. All ye tenants of my uncle are assembled, and he maketh merry with them. Y^e^ young men and maidens are dancing under ye miseltoe, which we had great ado to find yesterday. My uncle would have me join them, for soe ye heir of ye Heaton's had been used to do. Soe, not through a merry heart, but to please my uncle, I danced with a faire, modest lass, ye daughter of a farmer. She was betrothed, and her lover stoode regarding us with a pleasant countenance, and when we came beneath ye misletoe, my uncle called out to ye pipers to stop, and all in ye room came and kissed us, which was a sore trial to my gravity, for I thought of ye sober student, who left Oxford scarcely four months since. Afterward, I stole away hither, for I am not fond of soe much noise, especially in ye present state of my affairs. When I returned, on the day before yesterday, my uncle was angry enough with Sir Arthur, and I believe with me too, because I did not carry off ye Lady Mary, like another Sir Rupert, or Sir Hugh, of ye olden time. But now he consenteth to my leaving England, and will send me away to London next week, not to return again. Y^e^ two grooms liked my service soe well, that they have asked leave to go to America, which pleased my uncle, for he said he was glad to be rid of them, since none but olde servants could please him, and these two were soe wild and saucy

that, in spite of their good-will and respectful behavior, he liked them not.

Dec. 29th.—My uncle took me with him to-day into ye olde armory, as he said, to find a suit of mail fit to turn aside ye arrows of ye heathen. He shewed me ye armor of ye first knight of ye family, who fought under ye banner of Richard ye lionne hearted, and which seemed sufficient to crush both man and steed. Then I was shewn ye armor of ye first earle, which was of a handsome blue, and all ye rivets covered with gold, and a golden device wrought upon ye breastplate. The multitude of old, musty, tattered banners were wonderfulle to see, while of swords and lances, there seemed enough to arm a host. Afterward he brought out a handsome sword, which, because it had been my father's, I consented to take; and he also gave me a ring, which was my father's, and his own spurs, which there seemed little chance of my using, but he would have me take. Y^e Lady Heaton hath been busy packing up clothes and books for me, which she hath purchased of ye best quality, lest, as she says, I come to need them when I cannot procure them. Yesterdaye I went to ye old church, where my father worshiped. Y^e burden of my prayers was not soe much for myself, as for my uncle and aunt, that all their kindness to me might return to them in abundant blessings. This is ye last of my journal in England, for in London I have much to do, and many letters to write. Y^e abundant store of verses, which I had on leaving Oxford, hath not increased, for soe much of ye real and earnest matters of life have I experienced, that ye imaginary and poetical hath almost vanished from my mind. How-

ever, I shall have much leisure during ye weariness of ye voyage.

London, Jan. 28th.—Four weeks have I been in London. During my long stay here, I must needs write more in this little book, which hath been soe pleasant a companion to me, since whatever grief or joy I have committed to its keeping remaineth without change. Y^{e} joy to remind me of ye gratitude due to God, who giveth all, and ye grief a most eloquent teacher of ye instability of all human affairs which are planned in folly, and executed in weakness. Y^{e} insufficiency of ye worlde to satisfy ye immortal soul maketh this weariness of pleasure, and this impatience of sorrow, which doth soe grieve us. It would seem also as if God had given us two lives, ye mortal and ye immortal, to which the period before ye body was born into ye present worlde was but a type of ye soul's probation ere it entered ye worlde of spirits. Y^{e} one acquireth all faculties and gifts which adorn ye human body, which at its entrance into ye worlde, receiveth ye soul. Y^{e} soul also groweth into ye possession of powers and gifts which are not necessary for this world alone, but are destined for a higher life. As some come into ye worlde maimed and blind, with foolish minds, and distorted limbs, soe many leave this worlde with ye glorious spark of immortality half quenched in sin, without eyes to behold ye excellency of their own proportions, or distorted into ye rebellious fiends who inhabit hell Now I like much ye companionship of ye pen and paper. Their silence charmeth me; and there never yet was listner half soe willing as ye smooth, white sheet, which receives all our folly or wisdom without com-

ment or complaint. As much of philosophy as I have ventured upon above, had I been soe incautious as to breathe it to man, would have brought about debate and contest enough to frighten one. So much also hath debating and foolish controversy grown into fashion, that I durst not go out to dine alone, lest my host overwhelm me with ye multitude of his propositions, for one alone will not satisfy, but there must be a dozen. I shall truly rejoice when ye Albion sails, for ye longer I tarry in England, ye greater is my anxiety, and, as I have news from ye Hall, I find ye Lady Mary is still a captive, which seemeth grievous indeed. Mr. Eaton, during my stay in London, hath been exceedinge kind, introducing me to many of ye learned men of ye day. Mr. Davenport I especially esteem. He seemeth zealous for the truth alone, finding his greatest pleasure in doing ye will of God.

On board ye good ship Albion, Feb. 18.—Ten days at sea; sick, and in bed ye most of ye time; much tossed about by waves and the distressing labour of ye ship, which is heavy laden, and plunges forward in a gale, as if she would go down headforemost. Y^e^ weather is such, that ye mariners look exceedinge dolefulle and cast down, being on duty ye most of ye time. To-day ye weather hath been, so far, faire, with pleasant winds. Mr. Davenport preached yesterday, and he hath engaged me to assist him in writing copies of ye covenant, and ye address to ye churches which are in New England. Y^e^ passengers in ye after-cabin spend much time in singing hymns and reading ye holy book aloud to each other.

Feb. 20th.—Y^e^ weather is still foul, and our poor

seamen look cast down as before. I much fear ye season was not proper for our setting sail. Nevertheless, we trust all in God, and rely upon his mercy to bring us safe to land. I have not yet heard one of ye people express sorrow at leaving England, and I fear that I alone have the strongest yearning for home, for soe I now unwittingly say. Mr. Davenport reminds me that we have here no home, or abiding-place, save where liberty of conscience is allowed, and that ye love of God ought to make us content in all places where we can worship him aright.

March 14th.—The time wears heavily away, and our respite from ye constant gloom is now and then a day of sunshine and fair wind. But these last not above a day, and are surely followed by fierce winds and rains, that blind us with their fury. Y^e pumps have been rigged, and ye passengers take turns at them, while ye tired seamen rest. Mr. Davenport is a man of cheerful mind, and he constantly exhorteth us to take courage, and by his confident trust in God, he leadeth others also to trust in him. Y^e women and children seem to suffer ye most, for not being able to assist us, and soe occupy their minds, they continually dwell upon the terrors of our situation, which is indeed distressing.

April 3d.—Our ship is sorely broken and strained, by ye severity of ye gales. Many of our best sails are gone, and one mast must fall, if the storm continue long. Y^e labor at pumps is necessarily continued, and oftimes ye wife relieves ye husband, while brother and sister take turns. During last week ye spray froze some, and gave us great uneasiness lest ye ropes of y^e

rigging became unmanageable. But ye wind is now more from ye south, and our captain reports us an hundred miles out of our course to ye southward, which will enable us to bear ye wind better. But very little of our time is spent in reading or writing, owing to ye severity of ye storm. We have been twice very near losing one of our number from ye ship. Once ye waves broke over ye deck, carrying off ye man at ye wheel, but ye ropes hanging over ye ship's side saved him, and he crawled on deck again, looking very pitifulle. Again ye breaking of a rope, on which two men stood, was near proving ye death of both, one falling on deck, and ye other into ye sea. But by God's mercy neither of them were lost. Our Sabbath hath been kept as reverently as when on land, Mr. Davenport preaching twice, and reading ye Scriptures, and singing. Y^e lofty confidence in ye goodness of God, expressed by many of our hymns, seemeth to please ye sailors much.

April 20th.—Our seamen tell us that ye land cannot be far off, for we have had two days' heavy fogs. God be praised, ye condition of our ship is somewhat mended, and ye gales not so heavy as at first. Also ye air is warm and balmy, which maketh us speak often of spring. One child, which is an especial favorite of all, asketh me much about this new world, to which we are going. She would know if there are violets in ye hedgerows, and if ye robin will build in ye churchyard, and whether ye cowslips and daisies grow there. And when I tell her all things are different from England, she wondereth, but seems not displeased, for children love change, and take it not so hard as their elders.

May 11th.—Y^e land is in sight. Our whole compa-

ny have united in giving thanks to God for our preservation, and now they stand on deck, feasting their eyes with ye sight of ye long slopes of rolling forest which we see upon ye left. Y^e^ ship moves but slowly, and our vain wishes outstrip ye wind. "Would that to-morrow were come," is constantly heard on deck from ye lips of old and young. Y^e^ old men especially seem greatly moved by ye prospect before them, and already their affections seem to anchor upon ye land which promises them freedom, and a home. Y^e^ rooting up of all ties to country and kindred, hath nerved them to ye task of making for themselves a country. Y^e^ young people think of little save ye pleasure of treading once more ye firm earth, looking upon ye beauty of ye trees and flowers. Y^e^ sun is low, and ye land nears us visibly. Over ye hill-tops floats a rose-colored mass of clouds, and ye slant sunbeams tint ye woodlands of a soft purple. We can distinguish ye lofty crags that face ye beach, and ye roll of ye surf, but ye misty twilight will soon cover all. Now, while all ye rest look to ye future, I am sad, and think much of England.

Boston, May 13th.—What a change shall a day bring forth! Yesterday morning we rose early, but ye mist obscured all prospect, and we lay without motion until sunrise, when a land-breeze struck our sails, rolling ye mist outward as one would fold a great curtain. As ye vapor parted, we caught a view of ye land quite near, and upon a rising ground was visible many houses, and a lofty staff, bearing ye armes of England upon a handsome flag. Y^e^ sailors welcomed ye sight with cheers, while tears of joy ran down ye cheeks of many whom all ye troubles of our voyage had not

moved. After breakfast, ye boats were got out, and we prepared to land. To ye right of us, in ye harbor, lay another ship from which boats diligently went and came, while many people came down to ye shore from ye town. Mr. Davenport and myself, with several others, went in ye first boat. While we pulled to ye shore, I could not but admire ye glorious beauty of ye scene. A succession of softly sloping hills on ye right formed ye background, while on ye left side of ye river was ye town, commanding a view of ye harbor, and a narrow strip of land, curving outward from ye mainland. But over all thoughts of ye land rose ye prospect of rest and peace, which we wave-tossed wanderers of ye deep could appreciate. As we neared ye shore, I observed that many people, both men and women, came down and joined ye crowd upon ye beach. Mr. Davenport took me by ye hand, and as we stepped on ye shore, said to me, "Thank God, my brother, for he hath dealt kindly with thee." I heard a woman sobbing in ye crowd, and in a moment after ye Lady Mary lay in my arms, and I heard her murmur softly, "God be praised, I have found thee, Ralph." I know not ye rest, for every thing swam before my eyes, and I only felt that we two were together, and in ye presence of God. Y^e melodious hymn which ye people sung, and ye clear voice of Mr. Davenport, as he returned thanks, seemed but ye natural music of that glorious worlde in which my soul now dwelt. After I somewhat recovered from ye bewildering joy of that moment, I found Mr. Eaton, and others, waiting to congratulate me. Y^e Lady Mary is now my wife. We were married by Mr. Davenport on ye afternoon of y^e

same day, and ye two congregations were witnesses of ye ceremony. Mr. Eaton, who hath been like a father to us, told me all ye history of Lady Mary's escape. It seems that the moment Sir Arthur discovered that I had left England, he released his daughter, and suffered her to go up to London, to her aunt. Arthur, who hath been also my fast friend, accompanied her. Mr. Eaton gave them notice of ye day ye ship sailed, and Arthur, taking his sister in a coach, made as if he would take her to Richmond, but driving straight to ye wharf, put her on ye ship, where he left her, with many tears and sorrowful adieus. He had already secured great store of clothes, and much money, which he entrusted to Mr. Eaton. Y^e^ Belfast is a new ship, and being a good sailor, she arrived two days before us, although she sailed two weeks later.

May 28th.—Y^e^ good people of Boston have persuaded us to tarry with them over ye winter, then we shall go to ye rich lands of ye Connecticut, which we hear much of. This seemeth a glorious country, full of grande forests and faire fields, which need only ye labour of man to be rendered fruitful as a garden. But above all, we shall find here liberty and peace. Y^e^ wind singeth of it, and ye olde woods seem made for ye temples of freedom. Lady Mary loveth ye land much, and ye curious people who come to ye town greatly interest her. They seem less savage than we deemed them, from report, and are like other people in their love of ye glittering baubles of dress. Y^e^ men of ye congregations still practise warlike arts, and many have great skill in ye use of arms. Y^e^ elders are preparing ye framework of ye government of our society,

and ye laws are such as we find in ye worde of God alone, for by such we desire to be governed. All our officers are to be chosen by election, and ye men capable of voting are those who subscribe to ye laws, and obey them. One who refuseth to obey, or who breaketh a law, loseth his vote. Me have they chosen their first magistrate, and Messrs. Davenport and Eaton ye elders of ye church have chosen to be our teachers in ye word of God. Now must I close this record for ye present, ascribing all honour to Him who, as he led ye Israelites in ye wilderness, hath soe led us. May he lead us to ye Canaan of our hopes, a land flowing in milk and honey, whose rivers shall be ye waters of truth, and ye air be ye breath of freedom.

THE LAST OF THEIR RACE.

BY F. J. OTTERSON.

On bleak Alaska's farthest land —
  'Twas thus my fancy run —
I saw a group of mourners stand,
  And gaze upon the sun,
As down the west his chariot went,
  And Asia hailed his face;
In reverence the mourners bent —
  The last of all their race!

Dark was the sky, and cloud on cloud
  Shut out the moon's mild gleam;
Around them was the stormwind loud,
  Above, the night-bird's scream;
Hoarsely along the rocky shore
  The tide resounding rolled;
And closer, round the babe she bore,
  The mother drew the fold!

As if their destiny to mock,
  There stood a blasted tree —
An oak, rent by the lightning shock,
  And mildewed by the sea:
All spoke of elemental war,
  The place, the tree, the sky,
The group of strangers, come so far,
  In such a place to die.

"Great Spirit!" thus the chieftain spoke,
"Behold thy children here!
Their hearts and bows alike are broke,
With sorrow — not with fear.

"Six thousand moons have waxed and waned,
Since our destroyer came;
Since his unholy foot profaned
The Temple of the Flame.

"'Tis vain to curse! no curse of ours
Can pierce the pale-face mail,
And yet it seems the higher powers
Should make the robber quail:

"For every step of his hath been
Above the red man's grave;
In vain we armed our valiant men,
To stem the fiery wave —

"In vain we followed with the sun,
And yielded league on league;
Wolfish, he tracks us where we run,
With force, or foul intrigue.

"Where Montezuma reigned in pride,
And on the Inca's throne;
From India to Ontaria's tide,
From Maine to Oregon —

"One fearful doom has swept away
All vestige of our race,
Save here and there a heap of clay,
The Indian's burial-place;

"Save names that ne'er shall be forgot,
Till rivers cease to flow;
Save many a battle-blasted spot,
And legendary woe.

"Here on the utmost western verge
Of half the world we stand,
To chant the Redman's final dirge
This side the Spirit Land.

"Farewell! remembrance of the Past
Is bitterer than death,
And curses, impotent to blast,
Are waste of precious breath!

"Farewell! 'tis not a man that dies,
Nor yet a nation falls—
Such scenes are old to Heaven's eyes—
A greater now appals:

"A race, once like the Autumn leaves,
So numerous were they,
By reaper Death, bound up in sheaves,
Is turning into clay!

"Well may the boding owlet scream
Above the blasted tree!
Well may the lurid lightning gleam
Along the ebon sea!

"Well may the fitful breezes wild
Arouse the roaring surge—
That Nature o'er her dying child
May chant a fitting dirge!

"Perchance that dirge shall faintly tell,
In accents fearful small,
To those who in our kingdoms dwell,
They, too, may one day fall:

"That years of prosperous peace shall bring
The canker of decay,
And they, as few as us, shall sing
The dirge we sing to-day:

The Last of their Race

"Shall stand on Plymouth Rock, as we
On this our pilgrim place —
Before, the cold unpitying sea —
Behind, a stranger race!

"Here — where Alaska's barren soil
Once reached the Eastern world,
Till in a fearful tempest's moil
'T was all in ruin hurled —

"Here, on the path our fathers trod
Three thousand years ago,
We yield at last our race to God —
We end our mortal woe!"

Thus said the Chief; his quiver loosed,
And cast it in the wave;
And down the rocks, where ocean oozed,
He hunted for a grave;
Around him ranged the little group —
The mother and the bride —
Upon their knees their heads they droop,
And wait the flowing tide.

The tempest roared and shrieked around;
A demon rode the air;
The low death-wail was rudely drowned —
The owl was screaming there;
The old tree quivered overhead,
And bowed its trunk full low —
As if to greet the coming dead,
And mock their final woe!

One howling blast, as if the wind
Would empty ocean's bed —
One flash of light, where all was blind,
Disclosed the Indian dead:
That flash had seized their failing breath —
And then a moonbeam stole
All trembling to the scene of death,
To guide away the soul!

WAR.

BY T. AUSTIN, P. G.

"The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage,
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns!
The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the slashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade."
"I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan—
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberation reach our own."

War has been carried on in every age, and in every country inhabited by human beings; and its ruinous results have been seen and felt in every direction. It has lifted its brazen front and horrible visage in the fairest portions of the earth; been the wholesale murderer of the human species—regardless alike of national distress and individual woe; made millions of widows and orphans, and thrown them, houseless and friendless, upon the charities of the world.

Gold, credit, and blood, in amount incalculable and inconceivable, have been engulfed in its awful vortex. Indeed, the page of history is stained with blood, and is little else than a record of human slaughter. It has en-

tailed ponderous debts, which have produced social degradation, poverty, and distress. Many have been the wailings of misery, groanings of despair, and shrieks of woe, that have pierced the skies, and reached the God of Heaven, from the starving millions of those lands over which have swept the blasts of war. It is, indeed, impossible adequately to describe, or even to conceive, the accumulative evils of which war has been the prolific and baneful source.

It is computed that twenty thousand millions of human beings have been the victims of war—twenty-five times the number of the present population of the globe!

The wars of the Jews with surrounding nations before the Christian era, those of the Babylonians, of the Medes and Persians, and Carthaginians and Romans, form an awfully dark picture of the destruction of human life. In one short struggle with the Carthaginians under Hamilcar against Sicily, which commenced about four hundred and eighty years before the Christian era, two hundred thousand human beings were entirely destroyed.

The war was again renewed under Hannibal, by laying siege to Salinus. This city was taken by storm, sixteen thousand of the inhabitants were massacred, and five thousand women and children carried away captive. Hymera was next destroyed, and three thousand prisoners murdered. Then fell the city of Agrigentum—after almost superhuman efforts were made to defend it, and all the inhabitants were slain by the merciless conquerors. The war was still carried on; men, women, and children were massacred in cold blood.

Thus for centuries these conquerors carried on their

murderous warfare against Greek and Sicilian, until, infatuated by their success, they dared to measure their strength with the power of the Roman. This proved their destruction. After forty-five years of sanguinary contest, and the loss of millions of lives, the ploughshare of destruction was driven through the city of Carthage; and not a single building remained to mark the spot on which stood the mighty city of seven hundred thousand inhabitants, that had been for centuries a terror to surrounding nations.

History records that, at the various battles of the Romans against the Carthaginians, the Ambrones, and the Teutones in Transalpine Gaul, one hundred and one years B. C.; the battle of Cannæ against the Romans; that of Isus between Alexander and Darius; Arbela; that between Pyrrhus and the Romans; Suetonius and Boadicea; Jerusalem by Antiochus, one hundred and seventy years B. C.; and afterwards by Vespasian at the siege of Jerusalem; at Cyrene by the Jews against the Romans and Greeks; the battles of Julius Cæsar in Germany; of Chalons by the Saracens in Syria in 631; the invasion of Milan by the Goths; the battles by the Saracens in Spain in A. D. 734; in those of Fontenay and Yermouk; that between Charles Martel and the Mahometans; the Catholics and the Albigenses; the battle of Cressy in 1346; Halidon-hill in 1333; Agincourt in 1415; Towton in 1461; Lepanto in 1571; the siege of Venice in 1683; there were destroyed directly in those sanguinary contests, above five and a half millions. And the number who afterwards died of wounds received in battle—of ruined health and broken constitutions, and from the effects of the wars in

various shapes, such as want, poverty, orphanage and widowhood, fatigue, oppression of spirit, and *Haynau* cruelty—must swell the number of the victims of these wars to twenty millions.

But the greatest loss of human life in any of the single wars recorded in history, occurred in that of Xerxes in Greece. Of the five and a quarter millions who followed him in his mad expedition, only three thousand escaped destruction.

In the downfall of the Roman empire by the barbarians, millions after millions were swept away by the fierce onslaughts.

In the thirteenth century, Jenghiz-Khan—that exterminator of his species—that monster in human form—overran the kingdoms of Hya in China, Tangut, Kitay, Turkestan, Karazm, Great Buckaria, Persia, and part of India, butchering their inhabitants by the most fiend-like cruelty, pounding the bodies of his prisoners in mortars, and building them in bricks and mortar into walls. This monster slaughtered fifteen millions during the last twenty-two years of his reign.

At the same time, the Crusaders were carrying on their so-called holy wars. Eight hundred and fifty thousand Europeans were destroyed before possession was gained of Nice, Antioch, and Edessa. Three hundred thousand were slain at the siege of Acre, and seventy thousand at that of Jerusalem. Mad ambition! wild infatuation! strange paradox! Six millions of human beings, fired with mistaken religious zeal, rushing into the vortex of war, invading peaceful states, and murdering their inhabitants, while making proclamation of the Gospel of Peace, in order to rescue Jeru-

salem from the so-called infidels, and plant therein the standard of the Cross; or, in other words, to establish the power of the Church of Rome over that part of the world.

It would seem that, at this period and a century or two previous, war threatened to depopulate the world. It had, under the fascinating name of the Crusade, received the sanction of the Church, and assumed the form of popularity, the chivalry of knighthood, sanctity, honor, and glory. It infatuated alike the cottage of the poor, the palace of the rich, the altar, and the throne. The slightest pretext was oftentimes made the cause for plunging into war, and one commenced involved another, until the whole world seemed but a vast theatre, lit up with the lurid flames of the battle-field, in which was acted the awful and stupendous tragedy of empires rising and falling, others again forming, and speedily ready for the strife, again rolling onward the tempest of war,—nation dashing against nation, kingdoms overrun by the victors, and the conquerors exercising the most horrible cruelties.

Vast numbers were destroyed by this Demon during the civil and religious wars of France between the years 1562 and 1599. And it seems almost incredible, that man could be sunk so low in the depths of bigotry as to massacre fifty thousand Protestants, as was actually done, on the occasion of St. Bartholomew's day, in 1572.

Numbers perished by the wars in the Netherlands, excited by the bigotry of Philip II., King of Spain. The civil wars in Great Britain during the reign of Charles I., cost directly the lives of forty thousand. To all this may be added the one hundred thousand Protestants killed in the Irish Massacre.

In searching the annals of modern warfare, we find the record of the French Revolution, at the commencement of which the intoxicated inhabitants, under the names of liberty, equality, and fraternity, began by murdering their king and queen, and afterwards destroying each other by sword and guillotine. Weary of shedding each other's blood, they commenced an onslaught on surrounding nations. Napoleon, that instrument of terror, and extirpator of his species, lit up Europe with war's lurid flame, and destroyed—from the battle of Monte Notte to the great harvest of death at Waterloo—seven millions of the human race.

The wars of Russia and Prussia, also of Great Britain against the East Indies, within the last hundred years; and those of North and South America during and since the conquest of Mexico by Cortez; the wars of the petty kings of Africa; the Caliphs, Sultans, and Emirs of Asia, and the more recent wars of Mexico, of Russia and Austria against Hungary, and the cruelties practised afterwards by Haynau—that Jenghiz-Khan of the nineteenth century—have sent tens of millions to a premature grave.

If we look at those portions of the world inhabited by the heathen, we shall find that, although the conflicts have not been carried on with such lurid magnificence, they have been equally as sanguinary and more frequent.

What a frightfully dark picture of human frailty does the above register of death present to the human mind! Could the atrocities connected with this inhumanity be seen in detail, man would shudder at the sight, his heart would sicken and be oppressed with a weight that

years could hardly wear away, and no means be left untried to avoid an evil that has inflicted such inconceivable misery and woe upon the human race.

The records of the accounts of sieges and battles reach us in the aggregate, and the loss of the *enemy* in killed and wounded is generally given with the coolness of mathematical calculation, and poets, too, sing in glowing numbers of the courage, the heroism, and the chivalry of the victors; but few attempt a description of the revolting abominations of war in detail. Our feelings are seldom pained by the account of the siege and the taking by storm, of starvation, destruction of property, victims slain by the infuriated soldiery or killed by bursting shells, numbers crushed to death by falling buildings, the shrieks of women and children, the terrific spectacle of burning houses and public buildings, ships on fire, the crackling of timbers and the roar of the blaze, the rattle of musketry and the booming sound of the cannon as the great undertone of the awful chorus. Nor are our tender sensibilities shocked by accounts of the slain as they lay exposed to the sun; nor of broken limbs, smashed jaws, and maimed and wounded victims trampled out of all semblance of humanity by the iron hoofs of the cavalry, or crushed into the earth by the rolling wheels of the artillery; nor by the agonies of the poor dying soldier as he writhes upon the cold ground, faint with the loss of blood or perhaps limbs, he lifts up in vain his fading eyes to implore that help which none can afford him. Nor must the reputation for true taste be risked by a record of the cruelties practised by the conquerors towards their helpless victims: of prisoners thrown to wild beasts, beheading, putting to

death—regardless of age or sex—the inhabitants of whole cities, burning, slaughtering in cold blood old men and women, and infants at the breast, in order *to confound the enemy;* of dungeons, banishment, confiscations, chains, whips, guillotines, and the gallows.

Sir Robert Wilson, when describing the campaigns in Poland, says: "The ground between the wood and the Russian batteries, about a quarter of a mile, was *a sheet of naked human bodies*, which friends and foes had, during the night, mutually stripped;" and that "numbers of these bodies still retained a consciousness of their situation."

In the account of the Campaign of Russia by Labaum, "we are presented with the most horrible details of palaces, churches, and streets enveloped in flames, houses tumbling into ruins, hundreds of blackened carcasses of the wretched inhabitants, whom the fire had consumed, blended with the fragments; hospitals containing twenty thousand wounded Russians on fire, consuming the miserable victims; numbers of half-burned wretches crawling among the smoking ruins; females violated and massacred; parents and children half naked, shivering with cold, flying in consternation with the wrecks of their half-consumed furniture; horses falling in thousands, and writhing in the agonies of death; the fragments of carriages, muskets, helmets, breastplates, portmanteaus, and garments strewed in every direction; roads covered for miles with thousands of the dying and the dead heaped one upon another, and swimming in blood—and these dreadful scenes rendered still more horrific by the shrieks of young females, of mothers and children, and the piercing cries of the

wounded and the dying, invoking death to put an end to their tortures."

In "Maxwell's Victories of the British Army," may be found the following description of "Waterloo at noon—the day after the battle:"

"On a surface of two square miles, it was ascertained that fifty thousand men and horses were lying! The luxurious crop of ripe grain which had covered the field of battle was reduced to litter and beaten into the earth; and the surface trodden down by the cavalry, and furrowed deeply by the cannon wheels, strewn with many a relic of the fight: helmets and cutlasses, shattered firearms and broken swords, all the variety of military ornaments; lancers' caps and Highland bonnets; uniforms of every color, plume, and pennon; musical instruments, the apparatus of artillery, drums, bugles; but, good God! why dwell on the harrowing picture of a foughten field?—each and every ruinous display bore mute testimony to the misery of such a battle. * * * Could the melancholy appearance of this scene of death be heightened, it would be by witnessing the researches of the living, amid its desolation, for the object of their love. Mothers, wives, and children for days were occupied in that mournful duty; and the confusion of the corpses, friend and foe intermingled as they were, often rendered the attempt at recognizing individuals difficult, and in some cases impossible. * * * In many places the dead lay four feet deep upon each other, marking the spot some British square had occupied, when exposed for hours to the murderous fire of a French battery. Outside, lancer and cuirassier were scattered thickly on the earth. Madly attempting to

force the serried bayonets of the British, they had fallen in the bootless essay, by the muskets of the inner files. Further on you traced the spot where the cavalry of France and England had encountered: chasseur and hussar were intermingled; and the heavy Norman horse of the Imperial Guard were interspersed with the gray chargers which had carried Albion's chivalry. Here the Highlander and tirailleur lay side by side together; and the heavy dragoon, with green Erin's badge upon his hemlet, was grappling in death with the Polish lancer. * * * On the summit of the ridge, where the ground was cumbered with dead, and trodden fetlock deep in mud and gore by the frequent rush of rival cavalry, the thick-strewn corpses of the Imperial Guard pointed out the spot where Napoleon had been defeated. Here, in column, that favored corps, on whom his last chance rested, had been annihilated; and the advance and repulse of the Guard was traceable by a mass of fallen Frenchmen. In the hollow below, the last struggle of France had been vainly made; for there the Old Guard, when the middle battalions had been forced back, attempted to meet the British, and afford time for their disorganized companions to rally. Here the British left, which had converged upon the French centre, had come up; and here the bayonet closed the contest."

But not only are we to look at this vast holocaust of human victims sacrificed to war; this system of national carnage entails a long succession of evils upon the living, by its enormous expenses.

Let us look a moment at the cost and the evil consequences arising from those recent wars in which Great Britain has been engaged during sixty-five years of war

since 1689. The government of this country absolutely raised and expended the enormous sum of two thousand and sixty-one millions of pounds sterling.

From the year the first war-loan was contracted, permanent indebtedness began; and no interval of peace afterwards was ever sufficiently prosperous or long to liquidate the loan contracted in paying the expenses of the last war. Great exertions have been made, and the ingenuity of the wisest statesmen taxed, to accomplish this object, yet the permanent indebtedness still increased. It is true that twelve hundred and sixty-one millions pounds sterling have been paid directly from the treasury; but it is equally true, that a ponderous debt of eight hundred millions pounds remains unpaid, and now hangs over that unhappy country.

To raise such vast sums as have been paid, and to pay the interest of those permanently organized, every resource of the nation has been taxed, and every sinew of credit strained to its utmost tension—corn-laws and tariffs devised, land burdened, men, horses and dogs, wearing apparel, food and drink, the light of heaven,—all taxed, and the merchant taxed for the privilege of selling taxed goods.

And Great Britain stands not alone in her indebtedness; for nearly all the governments of Europe are saddled with ponderous debts, the result of their protracted wars, and not one possesses the means of payment. Their debts, too, are equal in magnitude to that of Great Britain, in comparison with their means of payment, especially those of Austria and France; and the effects, together with all the evil consequences, fall equally upon the laboring poor in one country as another. Thus

M. Rae

the real cost is felt and seen more in the years which follow than at the time the war is carried on. If the destruction of human life were its only cost, future generations would only deplore the prevalence of that spirit which led to such sanguinary ends, and time would partially restore the loss. But when the labor and the very life-blood of the toiling millions are to be burdened with the cost, and ground to the earth with oppression and want, then, as before observed, war becomes a question—comprehensive and momentous, interesting and solemn.

Much as the consequences of war are to be deplored, and its practice deprecated, to the Christian and the philanthropist a gleam of hope yet remains for the future, in the prophetic intimations of Holy Writ, when "The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them." "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." "And they shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

Hail to that glorious day of peace! Be it ours to hasten on its coming, by inculcating everywhere its bland and blissful teachings, and by exemplifying in all our social intercourse the humane and beneficent principles of our order—Friendship, Love, and Truth.

GRACE ELMORE.

BY MRS. E. LOUISA MATHER.

It was a luxurious apartment, that boudoir, with its gorgeously-draped windows, its beautiful books and elegant escritoire, wherein were all the appurtenances and conveniencies of writing, and where were strewed letters and papers in profusion. But the countenance of the inmate was pale, very pale, and ill accorded with the crimson damask of the curtains, or the gay flowers of the soft rich carpet. She was very busily engaged in writing, but not so much so but that she heard the sound of a familiar, welcome footstep, and the crimson tide mounted to her pale cheek, and with a sparkling eye she glanced towards the door as if looking for the entrance of some expected one. Suddenly, the color left her cheeks, and she became paler than ever as she heard the footsteps retreating in an opposite direction, and she sank back into her chair, while the hot tears gushed through her slender, jewelled fingers, and their mist was cast over the beautiful ringlets of her soft, golden hair. She checked herself at the entrance of the nurse, who came in with a sweet child of two summers.

"You may leave little Carrie with me, Sarah," said

the lady in a low, silvery voice, "I have nothing to do at present but to take care of her."

The nurse disappeared, and Mrs. Elmore folded her fair child to her bosom and kissed it repeatedly, while again the truant tears showered over the head of her babe.

"Arthur, Arthur," she murmured, "how can you thus neglect *me*, how can you keep at such a distance from our child? My dear cottage-home, my mother, oh! why did I leave ye for a life of uncheered solitude in the midst of splendor?"

Weariness and sorrow overpowered at length that young mother, as she clasped her sleeping child, and, like a drooping lily she looked as she sat among the velvet cushions of the large arm-chair, while the last ray of the sunset was casting a glory around her sleeping form, which seemed

> "Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
> Looking downwards from the skies."

She was roused from her slumbers by the entrance of a servant announcing supper, and she adjusted her dress and proceeded to do the honors of the table as became the wife of the wealthy and learned Arthur Elmore, and the mistress of the most splendid establishment in the city of B——. There were unexpected guests at the table, and Grace Elmore's every movement and word bespoke the real lady, so attentive and hospitable to *them*, and her husband's wishes were scarcely uttered ere they were anticipated by her. Not a word, not a look of her husband was lost upon Grace, and when discussing with animation the topics of the day, with his guests, how could he but see from the ever-

varying expression of her countenance that his wife, the tender flower whom he plucked from her native wilds, was equal to grace and adorn any circle? True, he was satisfied with the *appearance* of his wife, for her beauty and her delicacy were heightened by every advantage of wealth, added to her own refined taste and innate love of the beautiful, and besides, she studied carefully her husband's taste and wishes as regarded dress, and rarely failed to suit him in that respect; but he appreciated not aright her intellect and fancy, or rather was unconscious of her mental gifts.

He was left an orphan and sole possessor of an immense property, soon after arriving at his majority, and he travelled for a while as his fancy dictated among the beautiful and historic scenes of our own country, having previously travelled over several countries of the Old World. While journeying through Pennsylvania, in his own carriage, he was suddenly taken ill, and stopped for the night at a neat, white cottage, embosomed in the midst of trees, foliage, and blossoms. The next morning he was not able to travel, and several days elapsed ere he left the inhabitants of the cottage, and when he did so, the light aerial figure of Grace Marston, and her sweet, musical voice seemed to go with him, and on his return through the little village, he sued for her hand and was *not* refused, for the dark eyes and eloquent voice of Arthur Elmore had already won an answering love in the heart of the sensitive and unsophisticated Grace, and so they were united in the little white church, where she, from earliest childhood, had listened to the teachings of the gospel. He returned home and fitted up the family mansion anew for his

gentle and lovely bride; and the pleasant apartment described in the commencement, and which, in front, looked out on the bustling thoroughfare, and on the side into a spacious and elegant garden, was appropriated entirely to her use.

For a time he was captivated with Grace, and spent every leisure moment in her society; and then, like the pet kitten or spaniel, one moment caressed and the next disregarded, she was left to herself and the loneliness of her own thoughts and feelings; and this was often the case for days, weeks, and months. It is true, he was always polite and attentive to her at table, amid company, and whenever they appeared in public. Yes, Arthur Elmore was very observant of all the forms and ceremonies which appertain to fashionable society, and was an inveterate stickler for the due observance of etiquette. Moreover, he was not a cold-hearted man, in the common acceptation of that term, for he was liberal to the poor, made generous donations to all the charitable societies, and assisted by purse as well as by speechifying, in all the reforms of the day. And yet he knew not, felt not, that amid all the splendor and magnificence of his mansion, his wife was, day after day, pining in loneliness more intolerable than that of the dungeon, for the smiles and blessed words of old. Grace was altogether too diffident, as regarded her own merits and acquirements, which were not inconsiderable, for she had received an excellent education, which was cultivated by constant and attentive reading, especially since her marriage; and in the well-assorted library prepared for her use, she had often spent hours which otherwise would have been too bitter to have been

borne. Possessed, too, of a sensitive nature, one cold, formal tone or look seemed to congeal her very heart, and transform its warm, living, gushing fountains to ice. The apartment which was Mr. Elmore's library and study, was directly opposite to that of Grace, and very often had she seated herself there to watch that loved countenance in its play of thought, as he was inditing the sentiments that so often elicited praise from the public. But there was no lofty sentiment addressed to *her*, no indication of companionship and affinity in intellect, no heart-warmed love-tone as in the past. Often, very often, as the burning words were rising to the lips of Grace, she would thrust them back to tremble upon her heart-strings, and with the thought of her own inferiority to *him*, remain silent.

Mr. Elmore, upon a very short acquaintance, had married his wife merely for her beauty, and, owing to her extreme diffidence and sensitiveness, he was not aware what a rich mine of intellect, imagination, and feeling, was hidden under her quiet exterior. To do him justice, he was not sensible that he was unjust or cruel, for, immersed in books and papers, and, at the same time, writing a book which was soon to be published, he forgot that whilst he had provided every thing to gratify the senses—whilst wealth, and every luxury procured by wealth—was at her command, he yet withheld from her *all* which her loving heart so earnestly craved, his companionship and sympathy.

One sweet summer eve, there met at the mansion of Mr. Elmore a small literary circle of the first talent in the city, and he, himself, with an animated countenance and words of eloquence, was the centre of attraction to

all. Grace was near her husband, drinking in every tone of that finely-modulated voice, and listening with interest and feeling depicted in every lineament of her face, to the conversation of the ladies and gentlemen, but all unheeded by her husband. In the midst of the discussion of an exciting topic, Grace could not command her feelings any longer, and silently retreated to the garden, to give vent to her emotions and calm herself in solitude. She had not long been there ere she heard the sound of voices, and the mention of her own name arrested her attention.

"I can tell you, Miss Colby," said Mr. Pritchard, who was no less than Mr. Elmore's publisher, "that Mrs. Elmore is the equal of her husband in literary attainments, although *he* does not know it, and very possibly *she* does not."

"*I* think so, decidedly," was the reply; "I have watched her sweet, earnest face, so rife with varying emotions, expressing so vividly all the alternations of sunshine and shadows, and I have often wished to ask her if she would not associate with me in preparing a series of instructive, and at the same time interesting, works, but I am so slightly acquainted with her, it would seem presumptive; and besides, she is so diffident of her own powers, so sensitive to the slightest thing that approximates to coldness and neglect, that I know not well how to address her."

"*You* have studied her, then, as well as myself," exclaimed Mr. Pritchard. "Oh! how I have wished to say to Mr. Elmore, 'you know not the value of the jewel, whose radiance is buried from your sight, because you do not seek to gaze upon it often; you know not

what a treasure would be yours in the constant society of your wife.' And yet Mr. Elmore is not naturally a cold-hearted, unappreciative being. The absorbing love of study and books, to which he has accustomed himself from early youth, and, withal, a desire of the distinctions conferred on a popular writer, have formed, as it were, an incrustation over his heart, and blunted the force of the very purest and noblest affections of his being."

"I *do* hope, then, there will be an eruption some time or other in his heart, and that the tide of affection will flow, not like lava to destroy, but to fertilize," said Miss Colby, laughingly, "for Mrs. Elmore looks so pale and sad, so like a poor crushed floweret, that I long to enfold her in my arms, and revive her with the blessed dew of sympathy."

As they passed on into the house, poor Grace tried to follow, but tear after tear came unbidden, and mingled emotions were swelling in her bosom. Sadness dwelt there like a shadow-cloud, for, much as she suffered, she disliked to have her husband blamed and condemned, even though he deserved it. And gratitude, too, was there, that she was truly appreciated by some of her husband's friends. Suddenly, her countenance was lit up by a dazzling smile, and she uttered in low, thrilling accents, "Yes, I *will* write; I will show my Arthur that his wife is not unworthy to share his high pursuits, and to be received as a loving and worthy confidant of his every thought."

As she entered the room, they were all struck with the rich glow that mantled her cheek, and the light that so joyously danced in her eyes; and even Arthur re-

marked to her in a kind tone, when his guests had departed,

"Grace, do you know that you have not, for a long time, looked so much as you did when I first knew you, as you do now?"

She looked up into her husband's face most lovingly, for a reply, bent down her beautiful forehead on his hand for a moment, and then glided from the room with a sense of happiness at her heart to which she had long been a stranger. Kind and gentle words from the dearly beloved! How refreshingly they fall on the weary spirit! More precious are they than all the gold and gems of the universe, and they nerve the heart to great and glorious deeds, to gain mighty victories in the boundless domains of thought! They fortify the spirit against the "world's dread laugh," the frowning face of scorn, and make sweet nectar of poverty's oft-times bitter chalice!

Grace arose very early the next morning, and commenced her labor of writing—that sweet task, which she inly felt would make in her husband's heart a new, better, more honored and loved place for herself and child. There was no sadness for her now; with her child seated by her side, her pen glided over the pages as if by magic, while her countenance was illumed by the newly-awakened glow of hope and trust, and never for a moment did she doubt of the success of her love-labor. Gems of thought, fancy and feeling sparkled on every page, stirring up the depths of the soul by their tenderness and power. As the crushed flower emits the sweetest fragrance, so does the heart, chastened and purified by the touch of sorrow, give forth the most

heavenly hopes and aspirations, the softest and most subduing melody.

In due time, her work was completed, and Mr. Pritchard published it under the simple title of "Stray Wild-Flowers, by Grace." The volume created a great sensation among the reading public, and Mr. Elmore was in ecstasies, anxiously waiting for the name of the writer. The same literary circle who had assembled there on a previous occasion, were in Mr. Elmore's parlor, and they were eagerly discussing the merits of the new work. Grace was in the room, still near her husband, although sitting back in the shadow of his chair.

"It is positively annoying, Mr. Elmore," said Miss Colby, "that Mr. Pritchard refuses to give us any light as to the authoress of his new publication."

"You would not have me forfeit my word, ladies and gentlemen, would you?"

"But you might just give us an idea of the lady's appearance, her dress, manners, &c," said Mr. Elmore, eagerly.

"So you might, without violating your pledge of secrecy," said Miss Colby; "and, besides, you just now assured us she was a lady of this city."

"And this copy," continued Mr. Elmore, taking it up from the table, "came on my dressing-table most mysteriously, having my name written in it, with the best regards of the writer. See! what an elegant handwriting."

"There is one most thrilling description of a child on the forty-seventh page; *that* picture, depend upon it, was drawn from reality, and the writer is a *mother*,

for *such* sentiments could emanate only from a mother's bosom. It is a perfect picture of your own little Carrie," said Miss Colby, addressing herself to Mr. Elmore. At that moment she glanced at Grace, and by the expression of her countenance, so timid and blushing, she comprehended her secret instantly, but of course preserved silence.

"You *will* tell us, at some future time, Mr. Pritchard, and introduce the lady, herself, will you not?" inquired Mr. Elmore.

"Wait with patience, sir, and I will promise you that here, in this very room, I will introduce the lady to you, with her full permission, although you are *now* acquainted with her."

"Impossible!" exclaimed he; "I have never met with a lady whose sentiments and manner of expression so fully realized my ideal of an exquisite fancy and surpassing pathos; such a being, mentally, as my wild youth often dreamed of. She must be beautiful in person."

"As much so as in mind," remarked Mr. Pritchard.

Poor Grace sat very uneasily under all these encomiums, and if her husband had watched her, he must have guessed her secret from her tell-tale face, which was unused to the concealment of any emotion. But Mr. Elmore suspected her not—had no idea of her employments, as his time and thoughts had been so concentrated on his own work, which had often brought Mr. Pritchard to his dwelling in the course of its publication.

One morning as he emerged from Mr. Elmore's study, Grace appeared at the opposite door and beckoned him

to enter. He crossed the hall and entered, and after he was seated, she went to her escritoire and produced an elegantly-written manuscript.

"I wish you to examine this, Mr. Pritchard, and if you think it will be readable, I wish to have you publish it."

"There is no doubt of *that*, Mrs. Elmore, and I am but too happy to be allowed that privilege."

"But there is one condition to which I wish you to subscribe, and that is, on no account to divulge my real name, especially to my husband, until I grant you liberty to do so."

"I cheerfully subscribe to it, my dear madam;" and with a low bow, Mr. Pritchard departed.

Mr. Elmore had been prostrated for a long period with fever, the result of too much study and overtasking of the brain. A low couch had been prepared for him in Grace's own boudoir, and her hand ministered to his every want; her gentle voice soothed the sufferer in the ravings of delirium; her lips kissed away the drops of perspiration from his aching brow.

And he was convalescent, and as he lay there without pain, but very weak, watching the light figure of Grace as she glided around the apartment, adjusting every article so that it appeared in the best light, and ever and anon smoothing his pillow, or stooping down to caress little Carrie, who was nestled by her father's side, her golden curls mingling with his dark tresses—he wondered how he could ever have, voluntarily, shut himself out from his domestic Eden.

It was now summer, and through the lattice came in most soothingly the breath of flowers and the murmur

of the playing fountain, and the blessed sunshine bathed all things in its heavenly baptism. How delicious, after hours of fever and pain, which have over-mastered all perceptions of the beautiful, to feel the glow of health reanimating the frame, to see the light of day, to feel the blessed breeze fanning the brow, to rejoice in the aroma of the flowers, to hear the melody of waters! These *common* blessings—common alike to rich and poor—are surely the *greatest*, and evince the loving hand of the Father, in preparing blessing and joy for all his family of the universe.

"Grace, *dear* Grace," came from the pale lips of the invalid; she was again by his side, and he drew her head gently down to his bosom. "Do you not feel that you are dearer to me than ever, dearer than when I took you from your native valley, a bride?"

She pressed his thin, white hand for a reply—it was all she could trust herself to make—and he well understood it.

"But you have grown thin with your incessant watching over me; you must take a long ride into the country, Grace, and bring back again the bloom to your cheeks."

"Not *to-day*, Arthur; I am too happy to stay with you."

"To-morrow, then; nay, do not say you cannot, for it will please me best to have you attend to your health; and you will come back invigorated, I know, by the pure country air."

"To-morrow I will go, if it is your desire."

"Grace, I was just thinking I should almost dislike getting well enough to leave this room, it is so pleasant to me."

"Then let it be your *study*. *I* will not interrupt the train of your thoughts; unless indeed," added Grace mischievously, "you should be thinking of your yet unknown authoress."

"Ah!" said Mr. Elmore, with a smile and a fond glance at his wife, "I had quite forgotten her."

"Shame on your fidelity to the fair unknown, Arthur."

"She is a most beautiful writer, dear Grace, and I would most earnestly have desired such talents for *yourself;* but think not you are less dear to me on *that* account; my heart prefers you to any other *Grace.*"

"I still think you will yet see her; Mr. Pritchard, you know, promised it."

The next morning was cloudless and serene. Mrs. Elmore, accompanied by Miss Colby, took a long and very delightful ride into the country, and many a neat little cottage brought freshly to remembrance her own early home.

In the mean time, Mr. Elmore was rather lonely at home, and with the assistance of the servant he seated himself in the easy chair of Grace, which was in front of the open escritoire. For a while he reposed his head among the cushions, until a happy thought seemed to strike his mind.

"I will write a few verses for Grace," was his thought, "and leave them here on her desk to surprise her."

He had written but a line or two, when, looking in a drawer for a pen-knife, his eye rested on the journal kept by Grace in her days of loneliness. His name—Arthur—riveted his attention, and he read the following:

"May 31st, 18——. My sweet child and myself

are alone—*alone*, though the hum of active life is all around me, though the voices of friends salute me, though wealth and luxury are my constant attendants, and the world greets me with the blandest, yet most unsatisfying of smiles. *Why is it?* The sunshine pours in a flood of gladness; the breath of flowers makes this pleasant room redolent with fragrance; delightful books invite me to their perpetual repast; there lies the pen in whose companionship I have taken such unalloyed delight; and there is the music which I have so often played with rapture. Why is it, that life seems so poor, so insufficient for happiness? *Once*, when the child of poverty and toil, life was full of ever new and upspringing joys; the morn looked down upon me with a loving smile; and the stars, the ever glorious, fadeless stars, were as companions, and their influence lulled me into celestial dreamings of the calm 'summer shore' of immortality. *Then*, the voice of my mother was the sweetest music I had ever known. *Now*, now there is another voice still dearer, but it breathes not the tender words of old; *now*, there are dear, familiar footsteps, but hither they tend not, though I ever watch for their coming. Arthur! Arthur! thou knowest not the wealth of woman's heart, how unfading is her first, true affection! Thou knowest not that 'the soul of woman lives in love;' that her husband's love and attention are her all, *her whole world;* and *those* failing, life is a wearisome burden, and the grave a coveted rest for all its thickly-woven doubts and fears!

"Afar from thee, 'tis solitude,
Though smiling crowds around me be,
The kind, the beautiful, the good,
But I can only think of thee,

Of thee, my cherish'd and my best,
My earliest and my only one;
Without thee, life were all unblest,
And wholly blest with thee alone!"

"Can it be possible that I am such a wretch?" said Arthur Elmore, as he finished reading the above. "Poor Grace! now I see it all; now I know the secret of her pale cheeks and saddened eyes. How could I have been so blind to my own cruelty to her—so immersed in my selfish and ambitious aims, that I have cared not for my own little family."

Again he took the journal with a trembling hand, and read the following:

"June 16th, 18——. My child! my child! glorious in thy gifts of purity and beauty, in thy trusting love, thou art ever to me an angel, leading me by the might of thy innocence to that clime of saintly glory and joy, 'where *love* is freed from doubt and care.' Shall we ascend to that dear home *together?* I cannot *stay* long here, so heart-weary I have become in waiting and watching for *him.* I cannot *leave thee*, my dove, unsheltered in the safe ark of thy mother's bosom! How peacefully comes to my soul the thought of the grave; tender is the music of rustling leaves in the quiet churchyard of my early home; there would I repose near that blessed spot where I pledged my vows to thee, Arthur! Shall we not 'rest in our love,' when we meet at last, purified from sin, in heaven, where the Father 'shall wipe away all tears from off all faces?'

"Shall we not all meet thee to love,
With love that hath no trembling fears,
In that dear home far, far above
This vale of tears?

"I *will*, I *do* believe it; henceforth, let me not murmur at the wounding thorns that encompass my pathway, for here 'we have no continuing city.'

"July 14th, 18——. Here, as I sit by the window, I view a sweet picture, a family group from the country, as is evident from their equipage and attire. There comes the father from the variety store opposite, with his arms full of toys, which he is distributing to the curly-headed boy and girl, who are sitting on low seats in the front part of the large wagon. How their eyes sparkle as they receive their presents from their father, but not more so than *his*, which are fairly running over with love and joy. He is one of nature's genuine noblemen, although encased in a homely suit of homespun cloth. And the wife and mother I must not pass by, so neatly and modestly attired in a gingham dress, as she is holding out the plump, blue-eyed baby to receive her share from the paternal hand. The groceries are nicely packed away in the bottom of the vehicle, together with the new dress for the mother, which she has just examined. And now they are going to their humble home, happy in each other's love and confidence, going to partake of their simple, yet true pleasures, going to their round of earnest labors, which ever bring peace in their train. God bless ye! Never may you know what is the solitude of the city—alone amidst unsympathizing thousands—alone, amidst every luxury and beauty that wealth can procure!"

Mr. Elmore closed the journal, written with tears and bearing their traces, and resigned himself to the workings of remorse. When Grace returned, he was still the occupant of the easy-chair, but asleep. One large

tear still trembled on his eyelashes, while his right hand nervously clasped the journal, and little Carrie slumbered on his left arm. She was perfectly astonished, but as she saw her journal, she instantly comprehended the meaning of that tear; so she gently disengaged the journal from his grasp, while she kissed away the tear. He awoke; he made a movement as if to kneel at her feet, but was checked by her.

"Forgive me, my dearest wife, for my cruel neglect of you," was all he could say as he struggled with his emotions.

"I *do*, Arthur, but I also am to blame for taking your silence so much to heart, when I knew you were so engaged in your writing and studies; so, please forgive *me*, my husband," said Grace, with the deepest feeling.

"I have nothing to forgive, my own, and the future, if life is spared, shall be dedicated to the atonement of the past; it shall be all you desire, and I will, most cheerfully, give up my studies for the pleasure of your society."

"I am most happy *now*, Arthur; and, believe me, I do not ask you thus to sacrifice your inclinations for study. Only receive me as a willing pupil and companion, and, above all, do not again overtask your strength."

It was a sweet autumnal evening. The large parlor of the Elmore mansion was brilliantly lighted and gayly decorated by Mr. Elmore's orders, for Mr. Pritchard had promised to introduce "Grace," the unknown authoress, that evening, to Mr. Elmore, who, to tell the truth, was not so anxious as formerly for an introduction, although he acknowledged the rare beauty of the

work; for he had lately tasted the purest domestic bliss, and seemed to live but for Grace. She, this evening, dressed very plainly, and her only ornament, save a few flower-buds among her wavy curls, was her husband's miniature.

The guests had arrived—all, except Mr. Pritchard—and they were the same literary circle who were accustomed to hold their *re-unions* at Mr. Elmore's mansion. Miss Colby's eyes twinkled most knowingly as she glanced at Grace, who was seated by her husband's side, while Carrie was on her father's knee. Mr. Elmore had entirely recovered from his illness, and now looked far healthier and happier than in former days. They were all looking with interest for Mr. Pritchard's arrival with the unknown, and as yet unsuspected "Grace." At length, Mr. Pritchard was announced, but he came alone! What could it mean that they should be so disappointed, when their expectations were so highly raised?

"Was she unwell?" "Had she left the city?" "Was she afraid of notoriety?" "They would not betray her secret if she did not wish it."

Mr. Pritchard commenced answering this flood of questions, while a mysterious smile floated over his face. "She is *not* unwell, my dear friends, she is *in* the city; she is not ambitious of notoriety, although willing to be known to this circle. Finally, she is *here* before you; allow me to introduce to you Mrs. Elmore, the unknown 'Grace.'"

Great was their astonishment, but Mr. Elmore was the first to recover from it.

"My beloved Grace," said he, as he pressed her hand,

"it seems as if I should never learn the extent of your excellencies and acquirements."

Then followed congratulations and compliments, with all of which Mrs. Elmore would fain have dispensed, although delighted with her husband's undisguised admiration and praise, and his evident feelings of triumph in her success.

After the departure of his guests, as he folded his wife to his heart, he exclaimed, "I did, indeed, wish you could have been the 'Grace,' whose writings I so much admired, but ah! how little I suspected that such was the case in reality—that the words which permeated my whole being, were those of my dear wife. Foolish and blinded have I been, not to perceive your glorious gifts; how much of bliss have I lost in consequence. Henceforth we are ever one—one, in our pursuits—one, in our lofty endeavors for the right and the beautiful—one, in the fervent love, hope, and trust, which unites us truly here—one, I trust, in the fadeless bowers of immortality!"

JANE EYRE.

WRITTEN AFTER READING THAT ADMIRABLE WORK.

What is the substance of all this?—to teach
  The nothingness of the external frame
Of human beauty (serving but to reach
  The senses, and a sensual love inflame);
To show that form and feature disappear
  In the diviner beauties of the mind,
When heavenly spirits meet on earthly sphere,
  And blend together in a love refined!

TO MY WIFE.

The winds of March are loose again,
  And, shrinking from the piercing air,
I shudder at the thought of pain
  That I have borne, and yet may bear;
But while the scenes return to view,
  Which seem'd to be my last on earth,
Returns the heavenly picture too
  Of all thy love and all thy worth!

Thy matchless love, that bore thee up
  Through trials few have heart to brave;
That shrank not from the bitter cup
  Of anguish, which my anguish gave;
That, while thy noble heart was wrung
  With pity, tenderness, and grief,
Still o'er my couch of suffering hung,
  To give me comfort and relief.

A common love might weep and sigh,
  To spare its grief, my presence shun,
And in its weakness let me die,
  Lamented much, but aided none;
Thy nobler nature rose above
  All trials, so they gave me aid,
And on the altar of thy love
  Thy heart a sacrifice was laid.

Thy sighs were hush'd, thy tears suppress,
  Lest I thy sorrow should divine;
Thy eyes refused their needful rest,
  To watch the fitful sleep of mine:

No sharer in a task so dear
  And sacred would thy love allow;
By day and night, still hovering near,
  My "Ministering Angel" thou!

Thou wast my dearest hope on earth
  Since first I met thy welcome sight;
But never had I known thy worth
  'Till in affliction's darkest night.
Oh, then thy peerless goodness shone,
  A star amid the gloom profound,
Dispersed the clouds above me thrown,
  And scattered heavenly radiance round.

The God of mercy heard thy prayer,
  When hope itself receded fast,
And gave to thy unwearied care
  The life that seem'd already past;
That life I ever would employ
  To bless thee, and thy love repay—
To give thee comfort, peace, and joy,
  To be thy friend, thy shield, thy stay.

I will not at the past repine,
  Though the remembrance wakes a sigh—
To know the worth of love like thine
  'Twere well to suffer or to die!
But ah! at once its worth to know
  And to enjoy its fulness, *live!*
No greater favor heaven can show,
  And earth has nothing more to give.

SOUTH RIDGE.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

This is the name of an elevation running parallel with the main street of the village where I passed my early days. Five or six fields slope down the eastern side of it, waving, in the season, with grass and grain. There is a gray road winding up the flank of the Ridge, leading to Bill Oakleaf's low homestead. It starts from the turnpike below the hill on which the village stands, and, crossing a brook by a plank bridge, ends at the barnyard and dwelling of the farmer before mentioned.

From the summit of the Ridge there is a fine view of the village. Its long street extends beneath the eye, clustered with foliage which is broken by roofs and steeples. Not so delicious a prospect as that from its opposite neighbor (Coit's Ridge), only because not so extensive. For instance, Pleasant Pond gleams not in the northern distance like "an outlet of the sky;" neither is the Turban Hill, with its plume of a pine, visible to the east; still meadow and grain-field, dwelling and woodland, salute the vision with the charm of rural beauty.

South Ridge has a more varied countenance than the neighbor aforesaid. After becoming weary of plucking wild flowers in the woods, you can easily gather clover blossoms in the meadows. The bleat of the deer, and

the bell of the kine, mingle occasionally; and the long-tufted timothy nods condescendingly, on account of its superior cultivation, at the little maiden of a violet that almost fears to glance from her mossy cottage under the old oak-tree.

There is another road that slants transversely down the opposite side of the Ridge, built up with logs and stones, called, in the language of the country, a "dug-way." It leads to a glade by the side of the Ridge, surrounded with forest. A cart-track crosses this glade, where the impress of the bear's splay foot is frequently seen, mingled with the sharp claws of the panther and smaller dents of the fox and rabbit. Bill Oakleaf is somewhat of a Nimrod, and his rifle is quick death to these denizens of the forest.

The cart-track leads into a surveyor's road passing through the woods, and extending in old settler times to the Hudson River, through "The Traps" of the Shawangunk Mountain.

This road, showing upon the thick ranks of the trees on either side great hacks of the axe, darkened by age and weather and partially covered over by the succeeding rings of the wood, telling the years that have flown since compass and chain passed that way, leads by the log-cabin of Medlar, who has "located" himself there for no earthly purpose than to drink whisky and indulge in laziness.

Although South Ridge never became the food of the red monster—fire (as did its opposite neighbor), it suffered dreadfully one time from the antagonist of that element—water. In fact, a waterspout burst upon its summit one dark, gusty afternoon in midsummer. It

was an awful time. A black cloud reared itself over Oakleaf's homestead, and poured down its misty column of attack with the rapidity of thought. I saw the watery pillar shoot down upon the pinnacle of the hill. Down through the meadows and the woods and the upland hollows went the furious channels. They tore wild pathways to the base of the Ridge, and thence dispersed themselves through the fields adjacent. Oh the furrows they made in the sides of South Ridge! They undermined the roots of the old trees, so as to cause the haughty "senators" to droop over like mourners; they washed away the grotto of the squirrel and the leafen couch of the doe, and made havoc among Bill's anticipated corn bread and buckwheat cakes.

A summer passed away and the furrows remained looking dark and ghastly. But the next spring commenced making amends by repairing damages. Little bulges and then clefts in the yellow sides of the furrows told of coming sweet things, and at length the soil began to put on an enamelling of green, blue, silver, and gold. The tiny windflower soon shivered upon its needle, the violet thrust up its azure chalice, and the cowslip its yellow wreath. Strawberry blossoms then flashed out, and moss began to glide athwart and saplings to spring up along the edges and sides of the banks. Another summer glided away, and by the succeeding June the seams were entirely filled with verdure and flowers. The saplings stood here like a fringe, and there were clustered into bushes; strawberries glowed in their rich crimson, and the wild rose displayed its frequent spangle of pink.

These changes were particularly delightful to me, for

I had watched appearances from the first. I had seen children, "wee todlin things," after having passed the morning in gathering strawberries, in their haste to "go home to mother," tripping along the banks, and scattering their red fruit like maple blossoms from their leaf-wreathed cups and chip baskets into the clefts. I had seen terrified truant boys dropping raspberries into them, whilst making really wonderful efforts of running and leaping to escape from Bill Oakleaf, who was pursuing them with threats for trampling his grass. I had seen blackberry parties showering their sable fruit within, whilst bounding away from the sudden visage of this same ogre peering from a fence or stump swollen with wrath. I had seen the thistle-down hastening on its beautiful silver wheel towards the seams with the seed in the midst, like a fairy engineer directing his locomotive machinery. I had seen squirrels dropping acorns and walnuts down the cracked, ragged sides, and I prophesied from all these tokens what a flush of verdure would, sooner or later, burst out. And when it did burst, the long, narrow gulfs looked so fresh and green and lovely, that I quite blessed the waterspout for cutting them. Birds wove their soft houses and dwelt there; there sat the brooding mother while the joyful mate swelled out his gay, sweet chorus beside her, and from deep green nooks the yellow bills of little nurslings glittered. Altogether these gulfs were such sylvan and beautiful sights that I never tired of peering into them. I saw the Greek cap of the raspberry gleaming below, the sparkling eyes of the blackberry met mine, and the sunflower looked up with its golden scallop. Ah! they were haunts of odors and soft colors and hap-

py beings, these gulfs, and charming ornaments to South Ridge.

On the other side of the Ridge, near its foot, surrounded by laurel bushes and cedar branches, slept a large spring. A little path came winding down to this great pearl of the woods, and here Bill often bent his massive frame, dipping deep his red pails and bringing them up brimming and streaming with the crystalline liquid, and then mounting towards his domicile. There was a mimic boat, painted in all the colors of the humming-bird, that a little blue-eyed sprite of a girl (Bill's youngest child) used to launch there, and then create ripples with laurel blossoms to make the fairy bark rock and hurry over the gem-like sea. How she would laugh, and how the brown wren would laugh too at her sport; and then how she would let stream her golden ringlets in the water as she stooped her rosy lips to taste the cool sweetness. How the brown wren would whirr down too and plunge his short bill in the water near her, to taste also the cool sweetness ringing away from her lovely lips. Ah! I have often sat in the thicket, and watched the sweet child and the sweet bird, and thought which was the most innocent. Beautiful sight of child and bird! And sometimes a slight rustling would take place, and I would see the graceful shape of a fawn coming to drink, but drawing, startled, back so quickly, that I would be in momentary doubt whether I saw his spotted coat or the tawny berries of the hopple amidst which he vanished.

And then it was a charming sight to see the scattered pictures in the water striving to reunite, the sprays forming themselves into the bush, the broken bits of trunk

and the unloosed leaves into the leaning tree, and sundry dark fragments into the bordering rock, until all the wrinklings and palpitatings of the water had smoothed themselves into the green glossy images they wore before the sprite's little hands had beaten the glass into "fits and starts."

Running along the summit of the Ridge, on the edges of the smooth, sloping meadows, was a path beaten by kine; and along that path was a phalanx of raspberry vines, flinging its green banners over the pine-root fence. There, in the season, the delicious clusters, redcaps and blackcaps, would glow to the eye of the seeker, as did the gems of the magic garden to the wanderer through it, in the fable. Delicate little caps were they, just large enough, placed rightly, to contain two drops of silver dew for the moonlight revels of Oberon and Titania.

Here have many a "happie companie" wended in other days. The path was narrow (almost) as the scimetar that arches the gulf separating the Mohammedan heaven from the "true believer," and the leafy boughs of the forest were frequently in the way, causing us to make desperate charges, head first, that blinded our eyes and troubled our ears in the most teasing manner.

This path led to the "Big Rock," the terminus of South Ridge. It was a great dark bluff, looking, amidst its dense trees, like a lion's head. Two nooks formed the eyes, and a hollow, affording a seat to the visitors, the mouth. It was a curious place, this "Big Rock," or "Lion's Head," as I always called it. It looked out upon a large pond filled with dead hemlocks and bulrushes, and those queer plants with their red, furzy cups generally filled with black water-insects.

Many, many were the vows breathed here, in love's own music, on moonlight nights; breathed to sweetly drooping eyelids too happy to be lifted, but which kept hooding with pearl, orbs soft as

"The summer heaven's delicious blue."

Ah! love's music is sweet to the rosy ear of beauty! Hands, at its sound, twine fingers together, and hearts beat like the throbbing of eve's tender star, and are drowned in bliss like a—a—a—what?

Well, this path didn't stop for the Lion's Head, but continued through his mane down to the mouth. It was a break-neck descent, and precipitated little Jobson once into a cluster of angry nettles, with stings like those of hornets, in the midst of a poetical pouring forth of his passion to beautiful May Mayfield, with cheeks like nectarines and eyes like violets, beautiful as the houris the Turk dreams of in visions born of the hatchee. Job rose and rubbed his knees, and May laughed like a Canary-bird. Ah, May, I loved you then myself, and placed the stone on purpose in Job's way, not knowing what might happen. Ah, May, you jilted both of us shortly after. Poor Job was almost crazy about it, and I—I—wasn't much better—for a week.

Many's the time and oft have I sat in the mouth of the Lion, and seen the soft sun settle lower and lower behind the crown of the haught pine-tree, melting its verdure into a golden dream of sweetness. The colors would then die, and the eagle-eyrie would stand once more green and haught as the radiance found it, scorner of the blast and challenger of the lightning.

The rascally musquitoes were so busy, however, that

I never could set the poetry flowing, in contradistinction to my blood, though, which flowed in spite of me.

A sylvan road skirts the base of the Rock, leading one way to Medlar's cabin, and the other to the village. It is feathered with bushes, among which the rhododendron's long glossy leaves are conspicuous. The brake, like the leaf of the acanthus the glorious Greeks were so fond of cutting for their porticoes and temples, clusters over the stones and banks, and makes green the greater part of the road's margin. The firefly's torch looks like a speck of gold amidst it, shedding its glow through the transparent emerald, until the intermingling fibres are streaks of mild lightning.

One night a fierce glare burst out by the side of the stream winding in its naiad clearness through the meadows at the base of South Ridge. This little nymph had been almost frightened out of her existence by the water-spout, but had again recovered her color, and tripped along her grassy banks as beautifully as ever. Her white arms turned, with vast spasms, the black wheel of a saw-mill, and the most splendid yellow lilies and blue gentians nestled like fairy children in her meadow-bowers. The woodcock took tea there, and a deer, which made his couch one summer in the wilds of the Ridge, would venture out to have a twilight gossip with the otter who lived in the sweet, cool, silver-like streamlet.

Well, the fierce glare was seen bursting from the rill at the spot occupied by the low, slabbed saw-mill. Instantly was heard the cry of "Fire! Fire!" That word, which carries terror to the stoutest heart, re-echoed through the village, and soon all were on wing for the

spot. The meadows looked like red plush, the stream like the blood of a battle-field, and the saw at the mill gleamed like the revolutionary guillotine. The inhabitants found no one at the fire but Bill Oakleaf, whom they discovered casting water by means of his hat, in default of a bucket, and shouting at the slowness or indifference of the people "down there at the village." The mill belonged to the owner of the neighboring tan-works, and the fire, having had its own way for so long a time, could not be controlled, and soon reduced it to ashes.

Two of the most picturesque sights of South Ridge remain to be noticed. These were Oakleaf's barnyard by sunset, and the Lion's Head by moonlight.

Often have I studied these pictures.

The slanting sunlight would fall and glitter on the hay and straw of the yard—the shape of Bill's wood-cart would be traced on the ground with its tongue thrust out to an alarming degree; the sparrows would whirl in chirping clouds around the eaves of the barn, catching the radiance upon their wings in flashes; the doves would alight upon their pink feet and bow and turn round, and swell their jewelled necks in the soft brilliance; the barn and hay-barrack would look as if their heads were breaking into flame; the ox yoke and chain, plough, scythe, and harrow would glitter, and even Bill's rough scarecrow of a pony would look sleeked over by the light, smooth and bright as the satin dress of May Mayfield. The whole scene would have the deep tone, high finish, and delicate, minute points of a Flemish picture.

But the Lion's Head by moonlight was far more be-

witching—it was even solemn. When a veil of tender mystery was cast over his rocky form, and romance breathed sweetly o'er the water of the sparkling pond; when the fine sprinklings fell through the leafy interstices, and nets and mosaics of light and shadow flickered on the open spaces and between the trees; the lady-birch found her white, wax-like skin whiter, and the hemlock would look like delicate swansdown; the little pond-plants, whose red, fibrous chalices caught the black insects, would look like branches of coral, and the spreading tiger-lilies seem standards of the fairies. Silver carpets would be spread over the little glades, and the fine polish would gloss over the brake and maple leaf, and all would be most brilliant and beautiful.

The vicissitudes of life have long since separated me from South Ridge, but I still often see it in my dreams.

TO ONE AFAR.

BY ESTELLE ANNA LEWIS.

THIS lovely morn—this lovely morn,
  Ah! whither are thy footsteps straying—
Beneath what bowers of blooming thorn
  Art thou, in pensive mood, delaying?

This lovely morn—this lovely morn,
  Ah! whither do thy bright thoughts wander—
What absent loved-one dost thou mourn?
  On what bless'd Image dost thou ponder?

This lovely morn, when all is fair,
  And beautiful as Eden's bowers,
Why have I not thy tender care—
  Thy smiles to cheer the lonely hours?

Why have I not thy kisses warm?
  Why am I not beside thee walking,
And leaning on thy doting arm,
  While all the woods of Love are talking?

But here, alone, I sit and kiss
  Thine Image with the tears upstarting,
And watch, afar, my Dream of Bliss,
  Like mirage of the waste departing.

THE DIAMOND AND THE CINDER.

AN APOLOGUE.

The full-orbed moon shed her soft refulgence over a scene that rivalled, by the mingled beauties of Nature and Art, the loveliness of Eden. A gay throng of revellers had, but a few moments before, departed from its fairy arbors and grottoes, lighted up by the radiance of a thousand variegated lamps, whose splendor had obscured the silvery lustre of the Night's fair queen. They were now extinguished, and the moonbeams tinged the scene with a fairy-like beauty, harmonizing sweetly with the silence that succeeded the gay laugh, the murmured words of love, and the rush of "many twinkling feet."

Alone, I paced those deserted walks, and communed with my own thoughts; and so absorbed did I become in the quiet but matchless beauty of the night, that I was awakened from my reverie by the sound of the clock in a distant belfry, proclaiming, with its iron tongue, the hour of three. I turned to leave the garden, but as I was hastening forward, with my eyes directed to the ground, I was startled by an intense flash of light; and while I paused in surprise, I heard a sweet but excited voice, as if in anger, utter distinctly the following words:

"Hideous and misshapen creature! how canst thou dare to remain unmoved in my presence—taking advantage of the misfortune which has doomed me to such vile companionship? Knowest thou not that I am the queen of all the gems that glitter throughout the dominions of man; that I adorn the crowns of the proudest kings and rulers of the earth; that I lie upon the bosoms of the fairest daughters of the land; that I encircle their snowy necks, and clasp their delicate arms: in short, that I am more priceless than the sunny-hued gold of the mine; and that for me treasures, kingdoms—nay, life itself—have been sacrificed? I have such beauty that I create light in darkness, and my owner is accounted great and happy among men. But thou, what art thou, oh, base and low-born being? Thy swarthy face and coarse habiliments attest thy worthlessness. Thou art spurned by the foot of man, as of no esteem. Nay, even thy little original value has been destroyed by an element to which I acknowledge no submission. Fire cannot pale my lustre, nor alter my form, while it reduces thee to a shapeless mass of deformity. Why art thou permitted to remain in being at all, so that by untoward circumstances a high-born, brilliant, and priceless gem like myself, whose loss Beauty will deeply deplore, should be thrown into degrading contact with such as thou art?"

As the Diamond ceased to speak, it flashed so bright a gleam of anger and scorn upon the poor Cinder by its side, that I thought I detected in the swarthy face of the latter an answering gleam of indignation; but it was probably only the reflection of the lustre of the gem. Be that as it may, I listened for the response of the Cinder,

which came at length, in a voice as sweet as that of the Diamond; and, to me, far more touching, from the mingled humility and sadness of its tones.

"Resplendent and beautiful creature," said the voice, "I acknowledge all that thou hast said of thy beauty and value to be true—at least, in the estimation of the world—but be not so proud of thy splendor and thy costliness, and despise not the humble object which now lies at thy side; for know, O bright jewel, that we are sisters by birth—the daughters of one mother—sharers in a common essence and a common destiny!"

At this harangue, the Diamond emitted more frequent and intense gleams of anger; but they did not intimidate her self-styled sister, who continued:

"Dost thou doubt the truth of what I tell you, my beautiful sister? Listen, I pray thee, to my brief history, and doubt no longer."

The Diamond, with much show of pride, consented to hear; and the Cinder proceeded:

"I was once a magnificent gem like unto thyself. Thou wast, indeed, my twin-sister; we were born in a grotto of the famed Golconda, whence we were taken, together with many others, to Munich, and there subjected to the skill of the lapidary and the taste of the goldsmith, who fitted us for royal honors. I will not weary thee with the record of my adventures for many years, until I became the property of a magician, who controls at his will the elements of Nature. One day, soon after I came into his possession, and while I was lying, as if of little value, on a table in a low, strange room, amid all sorts of singular and uncouth-looking instruments, my master, with several other grave-

looking men, entered the apartment. I was immediately taken up and examined, and my value variously estimated; while one expressed his regrets that such a sacrifice was to be made upon the altar of science. At these ominous words, I suddenly grew pale with terror; but the next moment, my face flushed with hope that my value would yet screen me from danger. Presently, however, my owner took me, and after admiring, with fixed gaze, the exceeding purity and beauty of my form, he laid me upon a black, unsightly fragment of some rough substance that I heard them call coal. He then fastened me securely in a sort of vise, with iron fangs, and the next moment touched me with a slender metallic rod. Oh, the agony of that contact! A thousand terrible pains shot through my frame, and I felt as if I was being consumed by a stream of molten lava! The anguish was brief, however; for instantaneously I was conscious of a wonderful change, and I needed not to hear the delighted exclamation of the magician to his friends—"See! it is a mass of mere carbon!"

Proceeding to examine me with a microscope, I caught a glimpse of myself in the revolving mirror of the instrument, and I saw that my brilliance had been changed into dimness, my beauty into unsightliness, my purity into coarseness, my value into worthlessness. I was, however, laid carefully away by the enchanter; but the next day his servant discovered me in a drawer, and with an exclamation of surprise and vexation, tossed me out of the window, and by subsequent unimportant removals, I was brought to the spot where I lay when you accidentally fell from the bosom of the beautiful lady, who valued you less for your exceeding bril-

liance than for the sake of him who gave you to her. I knew you at once; for remember, charming sister, that while my form is altered, my nature is not changed, and if you will only confess it, we are kindred still."

The Cinder ceased, and a tear glittered in the eye of the Diamond, imparting a softer and rarer loveliness to its features, as it replied:

"I cannot, I dare not doubt, my poor sister, that what you tell me is true; and I shudder lest I, too, should fall into the hands of the terrible magician who has transformed you, by some evil spell, into your present repulsive form. I embrace you, my sister, and will love you still; and, for your sake, will never more boast of my brilliance or my beauty, or look disdainfully on any humble object, lest I should, haply, again despise and scorn one of my own kindred."

With mingled emotions of pity and astonishment at what I had heard, I took the brilliant and the cinder into my hand, and they lay together in a loving embrace, while I pondered deeply on the wonderful nature of the agency by which the magician had succeeded in transforming a pure gem into an unsightly cinder. From this train of reflection, I was led to consider the beautiful and impressive lesson which the incident conveyed—that it is wrong to despise the humblest and least attractive of our fellow-beings; since they may differ from us only in those circumstances over which we or they have no control.

When, upon the ensuing day, I ascertained who was the lovely owner of the lost gem, I hastened to restore to her the treasure; and at the same time, I related to her the conversation which I had overheard the pre-

vious night. The lady was deeply interested by the narrative, and begged of me the ruined gem, promising to preserve it in the same casket in which its twin sister was usually enshrined. But aside she said:

"My friend, stop a few minutes. You have deeply impressed my mind. Whether your visit was accidental, or by the kind finger of Providence, I know not. One thing I am sure of, you have fastened a nail in a sure place; and more—riveted it. I was the gay individual who wore that elegant gem, and however brilliant it might have shone, my own poor heart was sinking within me. Permit me, sir,—and from the look of your countenance, I think I may call you 'friend,'—Where shall the poor human creature go when thus overwhelmed; when it sees its own insignificance? Oh! sir, is there no real hope beyond the grave?"

"Yes, dear lady, there is; but I fear it will not suit you."

"Oh, why not? so poor as I feel myself, yet surrounded with all that the world calls rich and great."

"Then, my friend, permit me to recommend the Lord Jesus Christ to thy poverty. He alone is the true riches; and when a poor sinner has *nothing* to pay, he frankly forgives them all. Then you find the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will show them his covenant, for he hath given him (Jesus Christ) as a covenant to the people. So that all our hope and security of eternal felicity and happiness is in God's covenant. Adieu, madam. God bless you with a knowledge of himself, as well as of yourself."

VERITAS.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

BY J. R. COX.

Much has been said of woman's influence, and of the position she occupies in society. Efforts are now being made to raise her to what has been injudiciously termed her proper level, by giving her equal privileges and immunities with man; taking her from that sphere in which all the finer feelings and affections of her nature are called into healthful exercise, to mingle in the strife for power, where her sensibilities will be blunted, and where all that now lends a charm to the female character, and fits her for the instructor, friend, and companion of man, will be lost. Home is her proper sphere; and there she wields an influence which, if properly directed, will elevate the standard of intellectual and moral worth, and spread her divine influence throughout our land. As in the domestic relation she governs most, when she seems least to govern, so in all the relations of society, her influence is the greater, when, like the dews of heaven, it falls almost unconsciously upon us, but not the less surely seen and felt. Her society exercises a controlling influence over the sterner sex. It improves their manners, refines their feelings, ennobles their character, and adorns the wild wastes of life with flowers that shed perennial sweets; for wherever woman occupies the high position of a rational, immortal being, her

influence is felt in the amelioration of the condition of her species. Arts and sciences improve and flourish, and the solitary places are made vocal with hymns of thanksgiving and praise. Go where she is the slave of man, and you will find all her energies crushed, and the noble aspirations of her heaven-born soul doomed to eternal subserviency; there, too, will man be found grovelling in Turkish ignorance and despotism; the delights of science, of a cultivated imagination, all the pleasures of an enlightened intellect, are denied him; and the beauty, the glory, and grandeur of creation's workmanship, are forever shut out from his vision, whilst superstition casts her blighting mildew over the noblest attributes of the soul. Where woman is degraded and debased, the altars of liberty will be desecrated and destroyed, and a moral desolation brood over the land; but light up the spirit of liberty and intelligence within her bosom, and the world shall feel and acknowledge her influence.

When Sparta was surrounded by her enemies, and there remained no longer any hope of saving the city, they deliberated what should be done with the women and children. But they were not suffered to decide it; for the women came to the council-chamber, and said: "Deliberate not, O men of Sparta, whither we shall fly, but what we shall do!" The city was saved: and by what means? The presence and the aid of woman!

To win her praise, the hero buckles on his armor and marches to the battle-field; the statesman thunders forth his mightiest speech; the scholar toils solitary and alone by his midnight lamp; and the minstrel wakes his golden harp, and pours forth his spirit in poetry

and song. The sailor, on the midnight deck, when the surging billows dash the spray and foam around him, threatening destruction to his frail bark, exerts every energy to preserve his vessel, that he may once more behold one who is anxiously waiting to welcome him with smiles of affection to his beloved home.

Then, as this universal homage is paid to woman wherever civilization has planted her standard, may it be her aim to improve all the faculties which God has given her, that she may exercise the power thus voluntarily surrendered to her, not as a tyrant, but as a benefactor and friend, and in future years her race will be crowned with honor, and millions shall rejoice in the happy influence of her smiles.

Mother, gaze upon your child! It has faculties which require culture and proper training. If you mingle in the strife of party, to whom will you commit your tender charge? who shall direct its mind aright? who implant the seeds of virtue, honor, and humanity? It has a disposition that should be governed and controlled. Who shall do this, when party conflicts lure you from your home but to sour your disposition, and destroy the serenity of your mind? And it, too, may possess an intellect by which "a world may be enlightened, or a world destroyed:" it depends upon the influence you exert to direct his mind aright—whether the position it shall occupy in after life shall be a blessing or a curse. It is to a woman's teaching and a woman's influence that we are indebted for a Washington; and long as liberty shall find a foothold on earth, the name of Washington shall be invoked. We are now erecting a monument to his memory; but that is engraven eternally

upon our hearts, and will ever be cherished by the friends of human liberty throughout the world. Mother! when your children cluster around you, and you teach them to lisp the name of Washington, may it be yours to imitate the example and emulate the virtues of "Mary the mother of Washington." Do this, and a love of country and of virtue will take a deep hold in the affections of the people; and through all coming time the harsh sound of disunion will never more grate upon the American ear. The Laplander would not exchange his snow-clad hills for the sunny plains of the south. The Ethiopian, sweltering beneath a vertical sun, thinks his own land the most favored by Heaven; the Swiss peasant, as he bestrides his chainless mountains, thanks his God for his country and his home; and the poor Irish emigrant, driven from his land by oppression, ever loves his own green Isle of the Ocean: then why should we not love our country and our home? Why should we not endeavor to elevate ourselves, promote our country's good, and preserve her honor and fame untarnished—keeping it as it now is, the admiration and the envy of the minions of power throughout the world? To instil those glorious principles, and carry out this noble work, is woman's mission. For I conceive it to be a truth, that in proportion as woman becomes elevated and refined; in proportion as she cultivates all the noble attributes of her nature; in just such proportion will man rise superior to the gratification of sense, and occupy that high and commanding position for which nature and nature's God designed him. The records of the dark ages tell us this. The noble daring of valiant knights, who perilled all that

woman might be free, proclaims it in characters of living light and eternal duration; and the condition of the nations of the world at the present time confirms it. Then let every aid be extended to her, that she fail not in the performance of the high duty devolving upon her.

THE WISH.

Mine be a cot beside the hill;
  A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
  With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow oft, beneath my thatch,
  Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
  And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
  Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy at her wheel shall sing,
  In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church among the trees,
  Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
  And point with taper spire to heaven.

TO GERTRUDE.

BY JAMES NACK.

I LOVE thee!—need I say it now?—
  Not for the eye of heavenly blue,
Not for the fair, transparent brow,
  Which azure streams meander through,
The roseate cheek, the raven curls,
  That round the breathing marble dance;—
For those adorn a thousand girls
  Who scarce attract my passing glance;
Though thine is Beauty's fairest flower,
  And all the magic she imparts,
It is not *that* which gives thee power
  To wind into my heart of hearts!
I love thee for thy gentle mind,
  Where thought of evil hath no place;
Thy grateful heart, thy feelings kind,
  Thy modesty's bewitching grace!
Thy pure affection's welcome rush,
  That laves my fevered soul in bland
Refreshment, like the fountain's gush
  To Arabs 'mid the burning sand!
I love thee by my perfect trust
  In that affection's perfect truth;
My hopes have crumbled oft in dust,
  And friends have failed me from my youth:
Though time may common hearts estrange,
  And common friends their ties may break,
There is a heart can never change,
  A friend that never will forsake!
I love thee—not with passion's fire,
  But the devotion pure and high
A guardian seraph might inspire,
  Who came with comfort from the sky!

There is a blight upon my heart,
  A hopeless sorrow on my mind—
But GERTRUDE! dearest! where thou art,
  I seem the peace of heaven to find!
Oh, may the peace of heaven be thine,
  Sweet GERTRUDE! be what may my lot!
When life and thee I must resign,
  Remember—yet lament me not!—
E'en then be happy, in the thought
  That thou hast loved me to the end,
That thou hast been the boon I sought—
  A chosen and a faithful friend!

TO THE GENIUS OF LITERATURE.

(A Statuette on the Mantle in my Study.)

BY ESTELLE ANNA LEWIS.

THY little foot uplifted on thy knee,
Thine eyes intently bent upon thy book,
As in a transcendental revery,
Ne'er deigning round my study-room to look,
There thou dost mutely sit from day to day,
Lost in the dreamy realm of phantasy;
Yet o'er my heart thou hold'st a mighty sway,
And sagest lessons dost impart to me
Of art, and beauty, and the wealth of lore;
Th' unfathomable seas of mind and love;
The meed for lofty effort held in store,
Till aspiration lifts my soul above,
And I am drunk on intellectual joy—
My charming, beautiful, mute, marble Boy.

THE FIRST SNOW-STORM.

BY FANNY GREEN.

"HURRA, brave boys! from your couches leap!
Look out!—look out! for the snow is deep!
The morning sun shines bright and clear
On the first deep snow of the merry year!
Leave girls and babies to books and toys!
There is game abroad! away, my boys!
This sharp north wind will stir the blood,
And send the sparkling, crimson flood
To our finger ends, with a tingling glow,
At the very thought of the gleaming snow!
Come, boys! come, from near and far—
Now for the sport! Hurra! Hurra!"—

They are coming!—they gather—the ruddy and fair;
Their keen shouts ring on the musical air,
And now the thrilling chorus swells
With the joyous chime of the ringing bells!
See the gay steeds dash through the crowded ways!—
Make room!—make room! for the gliding sleighs!—
As each, like a skimming sea-bird, darts
Away with its burden of happy hearts!
The Young, the Beautiful, the Gay,
Are merrier than their wont to-day;
For they catch the joy-beams as they go,
That spangle the wreath of the silvery snow!
Gushing with glee, all the words they speak,
And brighter glows every blushing cheek,
As if the keen but loving Air,
In kissing, had planted roses there.
Glide on! glide on!—ye joyous ones,
And dream of still unclouded suns;
It is well ye see not the Shade of Sorrow,
Whose wing may darken the sky to-morrow!—
Smile on!—smile on—for come what may,
The Present is yours. Be glad to-day.

Old Winter is not such a churlish elf,
As fain he would represent himself,
For under his garments sere and dun,
He sometimes carries a world of fun;
And well do Nature's commoners know
That a heart of kindness throbs below.
He chains the rivers, and powders the trees,
And he spreads a feast for the poor chickadees;
He puts all out doors in masking array,
And he tips with a diamond-point each spray;
Then he covers with ermine, soft and warm,
The sleeping seed, and the bulblet form.
But when we believe that his sceptre is lost,
And think he has fairly "*cut*" Jack Frost,
His signal whistle comes over the hills,
And afar through the naked forest thrills;
Then his merry friend responds amain,
To show that he is "himself again;"
Then his fairy fingers will sketch in a trice
On every pane some rare device,
The mossy dell, and the tourney old,
With lady fair, and champion bold
Quick dashing on his glittering steed,
To win from Beauty Valor's meed.
Now turrets gray, and castled peak
Gleaming mid summits bare and bleak;
Now silvery leaf, and bud, and flower,
Wrought in the Fairy-Frost-Queen's bower,
While gems of birdlings seem to fly
Across the scintillating sky;
Now stalks a figure grim and tall
Athwart the scene—It is magic all!—

Then Jack, he peeps in the cupboards round,
To see what mischief can be found;
By spells brought from the Frozen Zone,
Whatever he touches turns to stone;
And then, if he should but make "a pass"
Upon the yet unemptied glass,
The liquid feels his practical joke,
Swelling, though never a word were spoke,
As if its very sides would burst
With pent-up laughter—if they durst—
As it looks up through to the grave old Weird,
With the comical eye, and the grisly beard,
Filling his sack with crystals so bright,
They will dazzle like gems in the morning light!

The First Snow Storm.

E. Walker N. York

Then he weaves, with his glistening warp and woof,
The icicle fair on the jutting roof;
And the blink-eyed sun will squint from afar,
As he faintly smiles on the tapering spar.
And if by no Fire-King his purpose is crost,
All this, and far more, will be done by Jack Frost,
Who is the Grand Vizier of all the ring,
That girdles the throne of the Winter-King.

But look; what a group! They are making here
A feast of fun from the sparkling cheer;
And now, as the gathering snow-balls fly,
Quick as the light in each merry eye,
Yon stalworth form on the glittering sheen
Stands forth, the hero of the scene,
With laughing eye, and ringing shout,
He sends his messengers about.
The Leader's voice sounds in his call,
With stimulus enough for all:
"Take care, boys, yonder! Clear the coast!
This arm is in itself a host!
Ah, Bobby! don't be in a passion!
White powder, now, is all the fashion,
And every passer-by shall wear it.
Fie, little Johnny! grin and bear it!
Now hit him just as nice as may be!
Hush, Tom! you make the boy a baby!
Don't blow your fingers, Dick! Take hold!
What do we care, my boys, for cold!
Keep the ball moving, fast and far!
They're scattering now! hurra! hurra!
Hush! round the corner they are coming;
Turn, boys! and let them have it humming!—
It is nine o'clock; but one round more;
And then our sport for the morning is o'er.
There, the school-bell is ringing; and now, away!
To study the harder for our play!"

CAPTAIN MILLAR.

"She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I loved her that she did pity them."

OTHELLO.

ONE summer afternoon in the year 183—, an American ship of the first class was descried among the islands of Boston harbor, steadily approaching the city, under favor of a light breeze. The eye of an experienced mariner would doubtless have seen, at a glance, that the vessel was returning from a long voyage. To the view, however, of the various fishing parties in the bay, and of the few spectators who occasionally regarded her through a spy-glass from a distance, she not only appeared in fine order, but had an air of freshness and good trim that declared her under capital management. For several days, indeed, the crew had busied themselves to good purpose in garnishing their craft, to insure her handsome appearance on reaching port; and now the poor fellows had just finished putting themselves in land array, and, ever and anon, turned their sea-worn faces, with great cheerfulness, to the green shores which seemed to welcome their arrival. It is, in truth, one of the most pleasant things in the world to greet once more the stable earth, after a long abode upon "ocean's gray and melancholy waste." And desolate as that bay appears in winter, on an

afternoon in June, beneath a cloudless sky, and to the gaze of men who had rocked on the waves for nearly five months, it seemed like an opening paradise. The mate, while he overlooked the preparations for a speedy landing, could not refrain from a low whistle of complacency, as he anticipated the delights of "going ashore." He walked the deck with unwonted buoyancy, and there was none of the accustomed sternness in his eye as he watched the sailors at their work. Indeed, he showed a marvellous alacrity and good-will in lending Jack a hand when there was no necessity for so doing, which elicited a significant smile from more than one old salt, such a contrast was his behavior to the surly discipline *off soundings*. The excellent spirits of the mate were somewhat dashed, when, in one of his superfluous turns, he chanced to spy the captain leaning over the bulwarks with the saddest expression of countenance he had ever known him to assume.

"A beautiful harbor this, sir," at length he observed, with a view to rouse his commander from his gloomy revery.

"Very," was the laconic reply.

"Our pilot seems to understand his business, sir."

"Well enough."

"Is that Sullivan's island, sir?"

"Yes."

These terse rejoinders did but pique the mate's curiosity, which greatly increased, when, on returning from the cabin after making his toilet, he beheld the captain in the same position, gazing as dejectedly upon the lovely scene around him, as if the islands had been so many icebergs, and still wearing his sea-jacket and tar-

paulin. At length he ventured to intrude upon this protracted silence, with an inquiry relative to the ship's papers, and having fairly engaged his attention, determined to "pluck out the heart of his mystery" by a bold interrogatory. "Excuse me, captain, but it strikes me as a little strange, that while I, who was never in Boston in my life, feel so glad at the sight of the State-House, you should look with such indifferent eyes upon your home."

"Sir," replied the captain mournfully, "I have no home."

The mate retired, but his inquisitiveness was changed to respectful sympathy, at discovering that so able a seaman and true-hearted a man, as he knew his chief to be, could survey the pleasant features of his native landscape, after years of absence and successful adventure, without a single association of joy. He recalled the devoted care which he had bestowed upon one of the crew, who fell ill during the voyage, and died at last in his arms, with his parting sigh blessing his name. He thought of the brave self-devotion which led him to toil all night for a countryman in the East Indies, in rescuing property from the flames. A thousand instances of similar generosity rushed upon his mind, and he asked himself how a man thus overflowing with noble sympathies, and, strict disciplinarian as he was, idolized by his crew, and with warm friends in every port, should be so forlorn at home.

The ship was soon safely moored, and the captain having very leisurely made the requisite arrangements, stepped upon the wharf with as little apparent interest

as if he had left a ferry-boat, and strolled along the busy streets, without a single glance of curiosity. He smiled meaningly, however, once or twice, when he was passed by some bustling pedestrian with a careless nod of recognition, plainly indicating how little he had been missed. At length, he was comfortably seated in his lonely room at the Tremont House, watching the "familiar faces" as they passed. "After all," he mused, "desolate as I am, it is better to have been a wanderer and an outcast than to have suffered my free soul to be cramped and clouded like many of these sons of Mammon. There goes P——, with the same stiff walk and iron visage, a man who has been scraping up lucre in this town ever since I was a boy. He can conceive of no spot in the universe so attractive as State-street, and thinks it the height of glory to be President of a Bank. And here comes H——, poor devil, how cadaverous he looks! He joined the Temperance Society and the Grahamites, to save the expense of wine and meat. How a voyage would expand *his* ideas! Ah, on the opposite side is plodding Deacon S——, who fancies he can unite the miser and saint in one character, and believes, that to cheat in trade every day in the week, and go to church on Sunday, comprises the whole duty of man." The captain's soliloquy was suddenly arrested by the appearance of another personage, who seemed to excite in his bosom feelings too deep for words. He became much agitated, and the object of his attention happening to cast his eyes towards the window, manifested both alarm and surprise, and evidently quickened his pace with a view of evading notice; but the eager gestures of the captain

finally induced him to enter the house. "Now," said the former, ushering the stranger into his apartment, "explain this treachery. What a pack of cowards you all are! I overcame all objections before my departure, and placed in your hands ample testimonials in support of my character. You professed yourself satisfied. My slanderers withdrew. I started on my voyage with the happy conviction that, on my return, Adeline would be mine. This hope cheered my toil; her letters came regularly, breathing the deepest affection, when, just as I was preparing to embark for home, arrived that cold-blooded renunciation, which I never will believe was written by *her*, and your brief epistle, as her guardian, ordering me never to see her more. Now, sir, I *will* see her. She shall confirm with her own lips this cruel resolution."

"No, captain," replied his companion, with some confusion, "it must not be. Adeline has thought better of her rash engagement. You were never designed for each other. She requested me to ask you, as a man of honor, not to intrude upon her retirement. Her sister has married a clergyman since you were here, and they all live together. Unless you enter the house by force, you cannot see Adeline. I have done my duty, sir,—good evening."

Captain Millar had the misfortune, when quite a youth, to fall under the care of an unprincipled stepmother, to escape whose tyranny he turned sailor. Rapidly advancing in his profession, he had been for several years in command of East-India ships, and was one of the most successful masters in the trade. The only being with whom he claimed affinity, at the outset

of his career, was a sister younger than himself, whose affection alone served to attach him to the spot of earth where he was born. On returning from his previous voyage, he found this beloved girl quite ill, and exhibiting symptoms of consumption. He at once determined to remain on shore a year, and devote himself to her welfare. Among other remedies suggested by the physicians, was horseback riding; and every day of the long and dreary winter, he accompanied his sister to an equestrian school, where, sheltered from the elements, she could engage in this noble exercise. For this purpose, they selected an hour in the day when the circus was least frequented. It so happened, however, that they invariably met a young and beautiful lady who came thither from a similar cause, and whose sympathy for the sufferer was immediately awakened. Day after day, the two ladies rode together, knowing nothing of each other except by name, while the captain stood by, carefully watching his charge, and in his heart rejoiced that his sister's rides were made cheerful by so sweet a companion. One day, by mistake, the former was mounted on an unmanageable horse; a noise in the street frightened him, and he rushed headlong through the arena. The attendant sprang forward and caught the bridle, but the fiery animal dashed by him, and a moment only seemed to intervene between his lovely burden and destruction, when her brother threw himself before the horse, released his sister's foot from the stirrup, and bade her spring. In a moment, she was in his arms. It was the work of an instant, but so gallant an action had the effect to turn the attention of the only other lady present upon the hero of the mo-

ment. To gain, even for once, the devoted regards of a woman, is half the battle. Adeline B—— was not only distinguished for beauty; her mind was highly gifted, and her modest graces were only equalled by her quiet independence of character. She had been sought, by what are called eligible young men, without a particle of success. They were attracted chiefly by her wealth, and she had the discernment to perceive, and the self-respect to despise their motives. A few weeks after the adventure above described, the fair invalid, in taking leave of Adeline, after their ride, expressed her regret that for the present they should meet no more, as her health was sufficiently restored to enable her brother to proceed on a long-meditated voyage to Calcutta.

"When does he sail?" asked Adeline, in a tone which betrayed an interest deeper than mere curiosity.

"To-morrow, madam," answered the captain, approaching her with deference: "perhaps you have friends there; if so, how happy should I be to attend to any commands!"

"No, I thank you, sir; it only occurred to me—that is—it seemed not treating *your* friends quite right to leave them so abruptly."

"My dear madam, with the exception of my sister, I have not a friend here."

"Oh, yes, one more," she replied archly, and holding out her hand.

It is easy to anticipate the result. Like Othello, "upon this hint" the captain spoke. His voyage was indefinitely postponed. It was discovered that his sis-

ter's health, after all, required continued rides, and moreover, that as the weather became warmer, the open air was far preferable; and a happier party never explored the beautiful environs of Boston, than Captain Millar, his betrothed, and his sister, during the early days of that happy summer.

When it was proclaimed, that the fastidious, and accomplished, and *rich* Adeline B——, was about to marry a sea-captain, whom nobody knew, great was the indignation in the city of the Pilgrims. In certain fashionable circles it was voted "unbecoming a moral and religious people" to suffer the thing to proceed; and in others declared a "burning shame" and "a perfect sacrifice." The next question was how to prevent it. Adeline had too much spirit to allow interference, and too much honest pride to be made the dupe of local prejudice. At length, a knot of malevolent gossips hit upon the scheme of opposing the match, on the ground of what they assumed to be the captain's notoriously bad character. They exaggerated every weakness, and denied every fine trait of his disposition; they raked up, with the vilest assiduity, every peccadillo they could, with the least show of reason, lay to his charge; and finally, they suborned a vulgar woman to bring against him an action for breach of promise. When the storm burst upon the lovers, the injustice of the slanderers made Adeline cling more devotedly to one who suffered thus for her sake, while the honest captain took his enemies by surprise, by the promptitude of his measures. He proved the falsity of many of the accusations, others he frankly confessed; he produced the most triumphant evidences of his probity and faithful-

ness from the merchants who had employed him. Those who charged him with mercenary motives, he challenged to repeat the insinuation to his face; and the lawyer who was about to institute proceedings on the basis of a lie, was effectually frightened by the threat of a severe flogging. In a month, the disappointed overseers of Adeline's happiness retreated into surly acquiescence, and the captain having witnessed his sister's marriage and departure for the South, embarked on his last voyage. It was prolonged much beyond his impatient wishes, and his enemies basely renewed their machinations, intercepted his letters, and persuading Adeline she was forgotten, until they wrung from her, when prostrated with a fever, the recantation of her plighted troth. Fortunately, however, they had not been able to induce her to form another engagement, which was the prime motive of their treachery. An acquaintance of Captain Millar's lived near the residence of Adeline, and from the shrubbery at the end of his garden, the dwelling of her clerical brother-in-law was clearly visible. There her betrothed posted himself on the day after his arrival, which happened to be Sunday. Just as the second bell began to ring, the door opened, and the minister emerged, with his wife on one arm and Adeline on the other. The captain followed them, at a distance, until they came to a narrow sidewalk, when his beloved withdrawing her arm, fell to the rear. He stole to her side, checked her cry of surprise, and seldom has a walk to church been the occasion of a more satisfactory interview than ensued. When the minister looked from the pulpit into his pew, he was not a little astonished to see a

stranger on such pleasant terms of intimacy with his pretty sister-in-law; nor was his surprise much diminished, when, on the following evening, he found himself officiating at her wedding.

THE POWER OF AFFECTION.

The world is full of pain and harm,
And life at best is little worth,
Yet pure affection is a charm
That almost makes a heaven of earth.

'Tis true we often find it frail
And transient as a morning flower;
Yet, for a time, it can prevail
Where helpless every earthlier power.

If even she whose welcome love
Once saved me from the worst of care,
Should like the rest forgetful prove,
And leave me to my soul's despair,—

Still the impression of the past
Will comfort many a lonely hour,
And still the sweet remembrance last
Like fragrance of a faded flower!

But no!—whoever may forsake,
To doubt my cherub were unjust!—
Come, darling! to my heart, and take
Its perfect love and perfect trust!

POOR AND RICH.

BY F. J. OTTERSON.

Come out from among your busy brethren, O hard-handed, dust-begrimed, son of toil! Wipe from your brow the sweaty title of existence, and stand up in your honest dignity. I would compare thee with thy brother, here, whom I found reclining on downy cushions, in a pavilion glowing in the gorgeousness of gold and gems; at his feet splashed the fountain's liquid coolness—harps, touched by fair fingers, dropped melody for his ears—perfumes exhaled sweet odors for his nostrils, and cowering slaves, like ghosts, not breaking silence, appeared and vanished at his nod.

Look not thus scornfully upon your brother, wealthy lordling, for he *is your brother*, and it is *you* who are honored by the fact. Who created him? God Almighty, in the proudest moment of his eternal existence; in his own image the great Creator made him, and pronounced the work "good," while "the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy." Jehovah made him a *man*—*man*, the master-piece and crowning perfection of creation, beyond which creative power did not, perhaps could not go. Tell me, now,

wherein is he less a man than you? He is compounded of bones, sinews, and blood: are you not thus formed? True, his features are swarthy, his raiment coarse, his hand hard, his aspect hopeless and unkind. But all this and more he endures to support you in the pomp and prodigality of vast wealth;—patiently, painfully, he endures; but beware lest your arrogance or ingratitude provoke that patience beyond endurance, and it break out and consume you utterly, as the fire, so genial and comforting in its place, becomes a remorseless destroyer when carelessly used. Answer me, now, of what avail would be your well-filled coffers if the host of producers, fellow-workmen with your brother here, should refuse to sell for your gold the corn and the oil forced from the earth by their strong arms? If the poor and toiling myriads should say, with one great voice: "We will produce no more than we may consume; Mother Earth is bountiful to all; the privileged few, who have so long luxuriated in idleness, may now eat their gold if they can; we will sell no more henceforth;" what then would you do for meat and drink, heir of Mammon? Why, you would denude that delicate hand of its perfumed silk glove, you would throw off the useless trappings of idleness, and, in serviceable habiliments, betake you to the field, and ply the spade and hold the plough, to keep grim Death at arm's length: for when the hollow eyes of Famine glared at you from their fleshless sockets, your pride, your fancied superiority, your affected contempt of toil, would vanish, and you would thank God for the noble resource of labor in this last extremity.

I do not mean to reproach you *because you are rich;*

but simply to open your eyes, sometimes ignorantly and often wilfully closed, to the fact that the laborer, in whatever craft or in whatever country, is deserving of your highest regard, of your kindest sympathy, and your heartfelt gratitude. He who labors for your aggrandizement, confers a favor upon you beyond the value of gold. If he does for you that which you *cannot* do for yourself, you certainly owe him gratitude; if he does for you what you *can* but *will not* do, your gratitude may be less; but, as he aids in keeping your false dignity in its towering place, you will at least be "very much obliged" to him.

In a world of Selfishness, like this, it is almost vain to hope that Pride will ever be dethroned. This potent monarch — with that efficient minister, Envy — has set all mankind by the ears, and life is little else than a snap-dragon scramble for small pieces of yellow metal; to gain which, every moral principle, every high and holy feeling, is often sacrificed, and man, the boasted image of God, is debased below the brutes — for brutes never accumulate beyond Nature's requirements. Poor and rich are alike guilty of the unheavenly desire of vast possessions; and it is wonderful with what stoicism the unsuccessful scrambler bears the sneers and the oppressions of his more fortunate fellow: and herein consists the superior virtue of the poor, — for instead of rising, which, from their far greater numbers, they might easily do, and forcing from the successful their enormous gains, they toil on painfully, enviously if you will, but still clinging to the hope that by some rare stroke of Fortune, they may, in a future day, get up into the atmo-

sphere of exclusiveness, peacefully, as did those already there.

The chief fault of the age is that money is in a great measure the standard of respectability—Heaven forgive the expression of the ridiculous idea! But as it is one of the glaring *facts* of the time, we cannot shuffle it off, or evade it, however so disposed we may be. It is unfashionable, and, therefore, not respectable, to labor; but as labor must be done, as the condition of existence, and as the love of life is a powerful principle, *somebody* must do the labor—must sow and reap; and as a few can contrive to live without labor upon the surplus product of the mass, this few have, with all the effrontery of ignorance and pride, proclaimed that they are above the producers, better and more holy than the very men from whose hands they receive their daily rations! Can Pride go beyond this in barefaced audacity?

Yet let me not be understood as saying that all the rich think and act thus. Far from it. There are thousands among them who acknowledge the Nobility of Labor. Many of them, in their younger days bred to toil, duly appreciate the important position of labor in the moral and social systems. And such men are invariably benevolent and kind-hearted; such men are beloved by the poor, in proportion as the other class is hated. Such men are not ashamed to let the world know that they sprung from the low class—for they know that Society is formed like the pyramid; on its apex shines and trembles a king, beneath him, ranging downward and spreading outward, are princes, lords, nobles, and wealthy citizens, while the base consists of

the strong-armed and broad-shouldered millions of the low class, or laborers. What if the king should fall? Is the structure injured? Certainly not. But suppose the base is swayed like a swelling ocean? King, princes, lords, and nobles, are buried in universal destruction. Would you build the edifice again? You must begin once more at the base. You cannot build from the king downward, but must go from the low to the high. Thus, as the base is to the pyramid, so is the mass, the low class, or whatever name it bears, to the great fabric of Human Society.

Contrasting, then, the antagonist conditions of Wealth and Poverty, and getting our eyes open to the fact that labor is the only real wealth, we cannot but admire the character and conduct of the poor, as a class. I mean not petty trivialities of individual action, but the great and universal bearing of Poverty toward Opulence. If you meet a lion in a forest, a lion famishing with hunger, and he, instead of eating you, walks by with an abject and cowering look, you will certainly give the beast credit for good behavior, and even unparalleled forbearance. Now, thank Heaven! there are no such extreme cases in our country, but in the old world they are appallingly frequent; and truly the starving myriads are forbearing in a wonderful degree.

What is the duty of the rich in their intercourse with their poor brethren? It is very plain. The first great duty of every man to his kind, is to remember that one individual of the human family is *just as good, and not a whit better* than another; that noble paternity, or patrician blood, or hereditary honors, are empty baubles,

of no account whatever; that the illegitimate offspring of crime is as much a human being, and just as important in the eye of God, as the heir to a crown. Here, where all meet on a perfect level, is the centre from which judgment may go forth and follow in the track of time, noting the *acts* of the individual and judging from them *only*. Admitting and practising this duty, renders all others comparatively easy. The recognition of Independence of Mind is another cardinal duty of every member of a social system; and nothing need be said to urge this; for the growing of knowledge and enlightenment, of which we have so great a share, is but the *effect* of which freedom of mind is the *cause*. That minds are unequal in their abilities is as notorious as that bodies are diverse in physical development; and should argue in favor of freedom of thought—for, if some intellects are so towering that they acknowledge, and, in fact, have no controller, how much more does the mind of meaner pretensions require full freedom?

The first of these duties recognised and performed, places man's *body* upon the primitive and natural ground of Equality: the second emancipates his *soul* from the hateful thraldom of Bigotry, and leaves him, as his Maker placed him, a free moral agent.

Few auxiliaries are needed, if these two duties are performed, to bring about that reciprocity of feeling and action between the two great classes of society, so much desired by true philanthropists, and so surely productive of one universal brotherhood of man. Let the rich man come down from his station in the social pyramid, now and then, and mingle with the laboring throng; let him

hear their grievances in persuasive words, lest one day he hears them in tones of vengeance; let him break down that spirit of foolish pride which would prompt him to distrust and scorn the poor; let him bestow his alms in person upon their wretched wives and children, and not, for the sake of being seen of men, give a fortune to some already wealthy corporation; let him teach his children that the servants who wait upon them are really human beings, and have souls worth caring for, and minds capable of cultivation. Let him do this, and he will have such reward as few receive, and fewer merit: he will be surrounded by the good wishes and prayers of grateful thousands; he will experience gratitude pure from the relieved heart of suffering humanity. And more, he will induce that reciprocal interchange of good actions which will elevate the performer to his proper station; he will find that his example is contagious, that even the down-trodden poor have hearts full of love for man, and ardently desiring his elevation.

But how is this state of things to be brought about? How are the rich to be induced to break the bonds of a system so long established as that of moneyed aristocracy? Not by force; for good never results from involuntary coercion. All this must, and will be accomplished, by moral suasion. There is a spirit now pervading the great heart of humanity directly tending to this result. The rapid increase of knowledge in the humbler class has opened their eyes to their social and moral position, and the factitious issues which have so long perverted judgment, are vanishing like morning mist. The evils of our social system can no longer be

disguised: reform is inevitable: and the proudest triumph of Principle in our days is found in the fact that the very men who have suffered most from this perverted system, who should naturally be the most exasperated, are the first in the rank of forbearing, persuading, and peace-loving reformers. Their entire success may be reasonably anticipated in our days, for their movement is in direct accordance with the desires of all humanity. God speed them in their noble efforts; and may we all live to see the now dawning twilight of the social millenium expand into the full sunburst of unclouded day!

July, 1847.

WHAT IS LIFE?

Alas! what is it? thou wert here
But yesterday, fair child;
Thy step was light upon the ground,
As fawn's upon the wild.

Bright, beautiful as morning,
Thy form before us rose;
Thy golden locks were like the rays
The sun's effulgence throws.

Bright as the sparkling waters
When Sol ascends the skies,
Thy face, with radiance glowing, shone —
Like diamonds bright, thine eyes.

Oh! hushed is now thy prattle,
Mute now that lisping tongue,
And cold the form of loveliness
To which we fondly clung.

E. C. H.

TOO LATE, OR THE FORTUNED UNFORTUNATE.

BY P. G. THOMAS AUSTIN.

Henry Espenschild was born of wealthy parents, brought up in the city of Boston, and being an only son, he received as good an education as wealth and the solicitude of a kind and affectionate mother could bestow. To her he was all that she could desire; and being naturally generous and noble-hearted, he well repaid her for all her attention and care. But by the time he reached his twenty-first year, he was called upon to bear the severe affliction of following her mortal remains to the tomb.

His father was the possessor of great wealth—the result of his own industry and economy. Like many others of fortune's favored few, he believed—indeed was positive—that the same road to wealth was open to all that had been to him; and all that was necessary to reach the shrine of the god of Mammon was the will to undertake the selfish and sordid pilgrimage. To him it never occurred that peculiar dispositions, tastes, and desires—and these generally not of the highest order—are necessary to the acquisition of wealth; and that in most cases those who are in possession of the finer feelings of humanity, and of the highest moral principles,

possess almost every qualification but that of money-making.

But the elder Henry Espenschild believed that prosperity was within the reach of all; hence, in his view, poverty was a crime, and misfortune an event that could not be tolerated. He was naturally of an unforgiving disposition, stern and inflexible in his purpose, and severe and exacting where it was in his power. With such a father, it was not probable that the son—who inherited none of his father's disposition, and who had been accustomed to the tender regards of a kind mother—could long agree. Between father and son no confidence existed. The former was cold, reserved, and forbidding: the latter was affectionate and warm-hearted.

At the expiration of one year from the decease of his mother, he was informed by his father that the time had come when he was old enough to take care of himself; that he must no longer depend upon him for his means of support; that the whole world was before his son as it had been before him when he commenced; that every one ought to make his own fortune; that to give him a good start he would present him with twenty thousand dollars to commence the world with; and that never, during his life, under any circumstances, would he give him more.

Thus was a large sum of money placed at the disposal of one entirely inexperienced in the knowledge of human character. To one whose judgment had been matured by a few years of age, and mind strengthened by the trials of the school of adversity, it might have been of inestimable value; but to place a fortune in the hands of one who knew not its value, was, to say the

least, exceedingly injudicious, and was calculated to inflict a great injury upon its possessor, rather than a blessing; particularly in this country, where fortunes are not hedged about by the unnaturally restrictive and aristocratic classifications of society, and dammed up by the unjust laws of primogeniture.

Had this young man been thrown upon his own resources to carve his fortune out of the discordant elements of the world's material, the chances of ultimate success might have been all in his favor. But as it was, he was altogether unfit for the possession of so large a sum of money, and in the end, as will be seen, it proved his ruin.

Being wholly without restraint, he contracted several acquaintances of his own standing in society, as far as wealth was concerned. As it seldom happens that young men are particular as to the moral principles of their acquaintances, so in his case, some of his associates were men who were in the habit of frequenting the gaming-table, and indulging too freely in the use of the intoxicating cup. He also, to complete his happiness, as he thought, married an amiable and highly accomplished lady, of his own age, beautiful in form and feature, of a mind exceedingly sensitive to the least wrong, and of fine moral principles, who was to him a wife, in deed and in truth. For a while they lived happily together; and under her influence he resisted every attack made on his integrity and virtue. But alas! he was eventually led to stake a small sum upon the uncertain throw of the dice, and won. Well satisfied with this his first effort, he tried again, and a "course of good

luck" attended his gamblings. He shortly became an adept in the use of cards and ventured small sums, then larger, and while the excitement continued, the desire increased; and playing with various success, he shortly risked hundreds. Then the excitement became intense —hundreds became thousands—and then all—character, social obligations, moral principles, and future well-being—were centred on the cards and the dice-box. To have made the attempt to arrest him in his mad career would have been about as useless as attempting to arrest the tide of our noble Hudson with a sheaf of straw.

Thus, like a mariner carelessly sailing on the outer circle of Maelstrom's whirlpool, whose vessel, with sails set, dashes and bounds joyously—as it were—over the crest of the transparent wave, till by imperceptible degrees it is drawn within the influence of its awful circles, —then, oh then! if the warning voice be heeded, he may, by a vigorous effort, get from beyond their influence, and save himself from the devouring vortex. But, if the warning voice be unheeded, he goes along all silently and smoothly, as though a haven of bliss were at the end of his voyage. Every revolving circle decreases the circumference of the succeeding one, and draws him nearer the centre, until he is driven round amid portentous silence, from which no power short of Omnipotence can now save him; and at length he is tremblingly suspended, for a brief space, over the awful gulf, to let him see his true condition, and torture him with the reflection of the ease with which he had been brought to his perilous situation; and of his bright and

happy destiny, had he but lent a listening ear to the warnings which he had rejected. And then, after this dreadful suspense and agony, this momentary equipoise, with a cry of pity, and a shriek of terror, his vessel is whirled round and round with a fearful velocity, the waters close upon him, and he is gone! and nothing more is heard but the mournful sound of the revolving surge, moaning his funeral requiem.

But to return. With his companions he forgot the instructions and pious admonitions of his deceased parent, and gave way, unrestrainedly, to his newly-formed habits, and to a great extent, to the licentious habits of a son of Bacchus. His wife remonstrated, but he tried to deceive her, by representing himself not really so bad as he was. Affection's eyes, however, are far-seeing. Long and patiently did she endure the agony of her heart alone! and long and patiently did she labor with him to bring him back to the path of rectitude! She spoke of her grief, of the condition to which he must reduce her if he did not change; of his naturally high talents; and of the vortex of ruin to which he himself was tending. This, urged as it was by his wife, who, in spite of his faults, he dearly loved, together with a fit of sickness—the result of his licentious habits—which followed soon after, somewhat restored him to reason.

This fit of sickness led him to reflection, and the moments were improved in reviewing his past life—the early training he had received, the brilliant prospects that had been before him but two short years before, and the fine fortune of which he had suffered his gambling

acquaintances to rob him. Now all were nearly gone. He wept tears of bitter sorrow, and vowed that, if his Maker should spare him, he would lead a new life. At the thought of becoming again a respectable and sober man, bright and alluring prospects started up to his imagination, the future was full of hope, the former elasticity of his spirits returned, and for a short period he was under the direction and influence of a guardian angel.

And this is the nature of man! So strangely is he constituted, and with such mysterious external and internal influences is he surrounded, that, nevertheless for the depths of vice and misery to which he may have fallen, some kindly influence exerted over him by those he had formerly loved, or some idea heard in a careless manner when his mind was not in a proper mood to appreciate it, or perhaps affliction of the body or mind, oftentimes develops a train of pleasing reflections, that become, as it were, the talismanic keys which unlock the hidden avenues of the human heart, and probe those deep fountains of love, contained within every breast, although overgrown as they may be by the rank and noxious weeds of vice and intemperance. The secret springs of his higher nature being thus reached, they well up in streams of repentance for past misdeeds, of firm resolves of reformation, of pleasing reflection, and delightful anticipation.

For a few weeks after his sickness, he was an upright man, and a husband. But his old companions again crowded around him, determined not to leave him till they had robbed him of his last dollar. They once more drew

him to his old haunts of vice, where he soon forgot the good impressions of his sick bed, and plunged again into the depths of his former depravity.

Had any one hinted at the time when Henry Espenschild became the possessor of twenty thousand dollars, that it would become the means of his ruin, he would have considered such an individual insane; and doubtless had he been driven into the world penniless, his complaints would have been loud and many at his *unfortunate* situation.

The last remnant of a fine fortune was quickly dissipated; and at the end of about two years and a half, Henry Espenschild found himself penniless; and when his fortune was gone, his companions, true to their colors, took their departure also. But during the melting of his fortune, he had contracted habits of which he found it almost impossible to divest himself. The monster of grief and agony had him in his iron clutches, and ruled him with the rod of a tyrant.

Amid all this, his wife did not complain. She bore her troubles alone. She held on to the cherished hope, that one day he would see the evil of his life, and reform. This was the anchor to her affections, and this an event that she ardently desired and prayed for.

They were now reduced to the necessity of living in a very humble dwelling, and sacrificing the best portion of their furniture to find them in daily necessaries.

Their true situation may be seen from the following letter, which he sent to a former friend, asking him a pecuniary favor:—

"Dear S——. Will you favor me with the loan of

one hundred dollars? I am in great need. I need not explain to you the cause of this application. I fear that you are too well acquainted with the whole matter. This is the first favor I ever asked of any person, and I intend it shall be the last. Were it not for my family, I would not make such a request of you now. Of my present abilities to refund the above sum, I have none; but you know my expectations. I might have made this application to my father, but I know his nature well; and a refusal on his part would forever seal a bond of separation between us. To you, therefore, I apply under my present circumstances, knowing that your charity for me will cover a multitude of sins; and God knows I have a *multitude* to cover. That I have greatly erred, to you I will not deny. I have nothing to urge in justification or extenuation. In my reflecting moments, I often think of my own wretched condition. But upon the back of every good reflection, my old desires return. Thus I go, and have gone; sinning and repenting, repenting and sinning, until you now see me just what I am: a man too poor to live without labor; too proud to be placed in dependent circumstances upon others; too well-educated to be ignorant of my own condition, of the light in which I am viewed by the world, and of the claims of my family; with sensibility enough to make me extremely wretched; and not bad enough to deceive a friend.

"This is a true picture of my condition, and yet I scorn to receive pity, or be the recipient of another's favor. I *will make* the endeavor to live by my own exertions. I can think of but one way at present, and

that is by the use of my pen. Literary productions, except those read from the pulpit, I am aware, are rather at a discount, and of all kinds of labor are the poorest paid. Nevertheless, this is the only way I can think of just now, to keep those from want who are depending upon me. For myself, I care nothing. Life is divested of its charms. I have nothing except my dear wife and boy to make it desirable.

"As soon as you have read this letter, please destroy it, out of the former respect you once cherished for your old friend "HENRY E."

This letter was instantly answered by his friend, with a request, that if at any time he should need a similar favor, he would never hesitate to apply to him, as in all such cases, he should consider himself the obliged party; and ended by advising him, in a manner delicate as possible, in reference to his future course.

Upon the receipt of this letter, he left his natal city, and came, with his wife and son, to New York; where he earned a miserable livelihood, by writing for newspapers and magazines.

His friend frequently visited him while in this city, and proffered his assistance, yet upon no conditions could he be induced to accept it. At length, finding all efforts with the husband unavailing, he found means, perhaps imprudently, to benefit him through the wife, who was not so punctilious in this matter; necessity compelled her to accept the proffered assistance of her husband's friend. This, as a matter of course, brought about a closer intimacy with the family, which led the husband to suspect that the familiarity existing between

his wife and friend was closer than the bonds of friendship strictly warranted. The fact was, the "green-eyed monster" had taken possession of the unhappy man, and rendered his life miserable. To the jealous, "trifles light as air are confirmations strong," and acts, which at other times, and under other circumstances, would have been looked upon as simple acts of friendship, were now tortured into foul criminality. He charged his suspicions upon his wife. The shock which such a cruel charge occasioned, was rather too much for her to bear, and for the moment deprived her of utterance, of sight, and hearing. Reason tottered upon its throne, and well nigh shattered the frail tenement. But when she so far mastered her feelings as to speak, she gave way to a flood of tears, and protested her innocence. "I take God to witness," said she, "the truth of what I say. Oh, Henry! what shall I do? you have charged me wrongfully with a great crime. Oh God! and of such a nature too! You do not know what I have endured through your misconduct. You know not the strength of a woman's feelings, of a woman's love; you cannot sympathize with me. I am wretched, desolate, miserable, and forsaken. What will become of me? Oh, whither shall I fly? Where is my child, my sweet boy?" she groaned, and fell on the floor senseless. The dew of agony was on her brow; cold and white, yet beautiful, were the features of that inanimate form. Her husband became alarmed, and ran for assistance. It was some time before they succeeded in restoring her to consciousness, and when they did it was only to awake her to wretched-

ness. He endeavored to sooth her, by declaring the groundlessness of his suspicions, and of his full belief in her innocence. This partially tranquillized her feelings; but a wound had been made that could not be healed. After such a scene as this, the visits of his friend were of course discontinued. But that perfect confidence, that perfect understanding, that unity of heart and desire, which alone can render the married life happy, were destroyed: unhappiness now existed between them. Her mind became more sensitive, and his more unsettled and miserable. As all persons who are suffering from the stingings of conscience, arising from a consciousness of the wrongs they have inflicted upon others, are ever ready to suspect, censure, and abuse, those whom they have injured, so in his case, he was angry without provocation, and censured without cause. This kind of life was, to both parties, unhappy. To rid himself of his troubles, as he thought, he left his wife and son, and took passage in the first packet-ship for the city of London.

No word of censure escaped his wife's lips. The chords of her highest affections were now strained to their utmost tension. The heart that had endured almost everything was now nearly broken. The deed was done—the tragedy well nigh completed. Poor human nature could endure no more. From that hour she gradually sunk away. The feeble lamp was fast decaying. Life was ebbing away. She fed upon her internal grief, which the more it was indulged the more intense it became; yet no word of complaint against the author of her troubles escaped her lips. All she

seemed to care for was her son; and when she thought of his orphan condition she grieved the more. Still her faith was strong in the everlasting promises. She believed that "He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" would protect and comfort her innocent boy.

The invitation of her brother to reside with him, she accepted. But alas! where were her affections? Where were her anchor and hope? They were beyond this vale of suffering and tears. She told her brother that she would go with him to die, that her body might be with him, yet her affections were centred on a brighter and more glorious world than this.

Shortly after her arrival at her brother's residence in the state of Massachusetts, she was confined to her bed, from which she never more rose. The brightness of the eye told of the ravages of the insidious monster of consumption within; and calmly and peacefully did she wait, yea, long for the moment, when her spirit could be at rest.

One evening, after a day of much suffering, she beckoned her brother to her bedside. "Oh, George!" she faintly articulated, "I am dying. I have one or two requests to make, which if you will promise me to perform, I have not a wish ungratified, nor a desire unfulfilled, but shall rejoice to be away from a world that has been to me a scene of sorrow and suffering. No one but He before whom I shall shortly appear, knows what I have endured. I have done all that I could to perform the duties of a wife and a mother. And now," she continued, "will you promise me to take my dear boy and love him for my sake? Let him know, as soon as he

can understand you, that the last prayer of his mother was that he should shun the evil deeds of his father, and never touch, taste, or handle, the wine-cup, nor touch cards or the dice-box. Let him know these have sent me to a premature grave. My other request is, that should you ever see Henry, you will tell him that I always loved him; that to him I have ever been faithful; that never at any time did I wrong him in thought, word, or deed; and that I fully believe he has been—since the hour he was cursed with that fatal gift of his father—the victim of circumstances, and the dupe of designing men. Tell him that I died loving and forgiving him, and that with my latest breath I prayed for his future welfare." Here she could say no more. Choked with tears, her brother willingly promised to perform all that she requested. She sunk her head back in a swoon, apparently lifeless. But the moment of dissolution had not yet arrived. . . . . Sweet sufferer, you will soon have sighed your last sigh! soon have breathed your last wish! . . . . Oh, tread softly near that chamber of death! Angels are there waiting for a sister-spirit! Let no noise disturb her heavenly slumber! Let not a word escape the lips!—every voice be hushed!—a solemn silence reign around! A spirit is departing to its last and happy home! Heaven's gates are open to receive that pure spirit now fluttering on the confines of the heavenly world! Oh, God! may our last end be happy as hers!

Her swoon lasted about three quarters of an hour, when she somewhat revived, and looking round, she faintly whispered to her weeping family: "Oh! I have

had such a happy dream! I thought I was in a bright and beautiful place, that I was walking in a path bordered with flowers, and there I saw my husband with my dear boy. He came to me smilingly, and said, 'Matilda, this is now our home. Here we will live and be happy. My father has given me this beautiful garden, in which you and I, and our dear boy, are to live, where we will be happy, and where I will never leave you.' He then advanced toward me and gave me a sweet kiss, and a kind embrace, and I awoke. Oh, why did I awake? George, tell Henry . . . . Oh, there he comes! there! he is bringing me my dear boy! How beautiful this room appears! Angels are beckoning me to come to them. How beautiful! my sweet" . . . . These were her last words. She closed her eyes, and without a struggle or groan, her spirit returned to Him who gave it.

When Henry E. arrived in London he was very much reduced in his circumstances. He earned but a scanty pittance by his pen. He there found his expenses higher, competition greater, and pay less, for picking up "city items," and writing short stories for magazines, than he had done in the city of New York. The idea struck him in his extremity that he would write to his father, and ask his assistance, hoping that absence of years might have caused him to relent; at the same time a draft on him for a small sum should accompany the letter. His father was inflexible, and allowed the draft to be returned protested, with expenses. He now gave up to despair. What course to take he knew not. His business as a "penny-a-liner" would not support him. In his extreme distress he contemplated a forgery upon

one of the large Concerns with which he had had some business transactions. The idea took possession of his mind, and the more he thought of it the stronger was his desire to do it, and relieve himself, for a time at least, from pecuniary distress. He had long and painful struggles within himself. He thought of his wife and little son that he had left in the city of New York. At the thought of his son he threw down the pen with which he was about to perpetrate the criminal deed, and felt determined that, however bad he might be, the son should never have occasion to blush for the crimes of the father. . . . . For that time at least, a father's love for a child saved him.

But it was not very long before he was again haunted with his old idea. The stamped paper was bought, and the pen once more taken in hand, and now appeared, in fair and legible characters, the words: "Ninety days from sight, pay to the order of" . . . . he hesitated. The form of every letter was like a red hot brand, burning their fiery shapes into his brains. He hesitated. The thought of his early love, of the prayers of his mother, and of her love toward him — the remembrance of the boy, with the mother's hand upon his head, blessing her son — and of the youth with that same fond mother hanging on his arm, and looking upon him with that pride and joy which a mother can alone realize — all presented themselves vividly to his mind. The pen was again thrown down. The remembrance of a mother's love for a son again saved him.

But his wants were not decreased. He made the endeavor to relieve them, but was unsuccessful. The pen

was again taken in hand, the bill drawn, and all complete except the acceptance. Now for the moment of trial. The fact must now be decided, whether the love of a father for his child—the early training under the tuition of an affectionate and kind mother—and the prospect of utter ruin—will not outweigh the pressing necessities of the moment, and the inflexibility of a father's heart! Ah! the contest was long and severe. A fearful struggle between good and evil was going on in the breast of the unhappy man. . . . . "Oh God! and has it come to this? Am I driven to this fearful alternative? Beggary and starvation are urging me on behind; my immediate necessities are pressing me on either side, and the prison and chains looming up horribly in the distance! But forgery will relieve me, and I may escape detection! Something to my advantage may turn up before the act be discovered. The wheel of fortune is ever revolving, and what if I am at the bottom to-day, to-morrow I may be at the top! Luck is all! Yes, it is all chance in this world! If to-day I am at the bottom, to-morrow I may be at the top. Yes, the top—but of what?—the scaffold! Great God! yes, it may be the scaffold. I may be detected, the forger dragged to prison like a thief, or a murderer, and then will follow all the dreadful paraphernalia of the felon's trial, and the felon's execution! Yes, this is my precise position. If I forge this acceptance, and am detected, I bring disgrace upon my son, and upon my father. But what of him? he gave me being, found the means to educate me, and when he thought I was old enough to take care of myself, he gave me a fortune,

without the knowledge of the real value of a dollar. Thus, like a vessel well-freighted, without compass, helm, or anchor, have I been set adrift on the world's wide ocean, and now am wrecked upon the shores of perdition. I stand upon the verge of a bottomless pit, one step forward I am with the damned, backward I am among frightful breakers which threaten every moment to overwhelm me. My father might have honored my draft. To him it would have been as nothing—to me everything. Why should I care about screening his name from disgrace? he cares nothing for me; he had it in his power to save me, but he would not! Yes, I will forge the acceptance. I need not make use of it after all. Indeed, I do think I will not make any use of it. . . . . It is no such a great matter, after all, and had I known how easily I could have accomplished it, I would have done it before." The deed was done, and the bill discounted. It found its way sooner than was anticipated to the parties whose acceptance had been forged, and upon examination was pronounced a forgery. A warrant was issued against the perpetrator. The police officer politely informed him that he had a warrant to take him into custody. The guilty man trembled, and observed that there must be some mistake. Very well, observed the officer, *doubtless* there was, but that could easily be settled in a few moments, before Alderman P.; all he had to do was to take him before that justice. During this conversation, a letter was brought, directed to Henry Espenschild, ——— street, London, and postmarked Boston. This letter was from his brother-in-law. It informed him of the death of his (Henry E.'s) wife, of

her last requests, of her innocence, her injunction, and forgiveness. He read and trembled. With a groan of unutterable anguish, he fell upon the floor in a swoon. He lay like one upon whom misfortune had done its worst. Upon coming to himself, he looked round fearfully and wildly. He was a lunatic. He breathed defiance and threatened vengeance: then in a coaxing manner he called for his wife and child. "Matilda! Matilda, dear! yes, yes, you will come! there she comes! take her away. See, she is mocking me! how ghastly she looks! There, I now see her, what eyes she has! They are burning me! Fiends, take her away! Oh, I am choked, burnt up! Hell is all around me! Oh, she is going to take me to prison: fire, fiends, and furies, curse her. Let me get hold of her, I will teach her to mock me, ah! ah! ah! I see her hanging by the neck!"

In about six weeks, with the proper medical treatment, he recovered from his derangement, and awoke to a sense of his real condition: in a prison, charged with a crime, the most lenient punishment for which, if found guilty, was Botany Bay. In despair, he gave up all for lost, and quietly yielded himself a willing victim, to the stream of circumstances which was carrying him to destruction.

Passing over the minutiæ of the trial, it will suffice to say, that he was far away from his home, in a strange country, without counsellors or friends, and where money avails nothing to evade punishment for crime, by making out a case of insanity. He was found guilty, and sentenced to transportation for life, to Botany Bay.

The morning of embarkation arrived. Upward of three hundred convicts, of all ages, were destined to accompany him on his sad journey. Oh, the heart sickens at such a scene as the transport-ship presents! Men and women, of all ages, from youth to the man of threescore and ten; and of all degrees of crime, all chained, and about to be driven to the great prisonhouse of woe. The oath and ribald jest told of the depth of crime into which some were steeped; the streaming eyes told of hearts not yet dead to the feelings of humanity, of hearts that were aching at the long and dreary night of woe, through which they must pass before they should again behold sisters, brothers, mothers, or fathers. The deep groanings of others, told of inward anguish, and mute despair! Alas, for poor frail suffering humanity!

Silently and slowly, with its black sides and flapping sails, like funeral drapery, did the convict-ship wend its way down the river, with the tide, as if conscious of the load of misery which it contained.

In the distance, now entering the mouth of the same river, may be seen another vessel; but on what a different errand! Bravely does she plough the deep, "like a thing of life." She hails from the United States of North America. She rides the transparent waves joyous, elastic, and free as the bright and happy land from which she came. Within are thankful and grateful hearts, joyous anticipations, longing desires to meet smiling friends, and glad welcomes!

On board this beautiful steamer, was a friend, who with extreme impatience counted the moments till he

could set his foot upon the land. His mission was one, as he thought, of great joy. He was the bearer of the news of the death of Henry Espenschild, senior, whose hard heart had relented, and who, before he died, had left the whole of his immense wealth to his son. Little did the bearer of this intelligence think, when he met that dismal-looking ship, that the object of his mission was within it, chained among the worst of criminals, and then on the journey to his sad destiny. But such was the fact. He soon discovered the whole truth, and found, with great grief, that he was TOO LATE!

If, after the perusal of these pages, the reader has had his feelings saddened, he will pardon the writer for not bringing them to a more pleasing termination, which could not have been done, without breaking a chain of events that actually transpired but a few years ago.

Had this story been a fiction, it could have been written to end pleasingly; but it is otherwise. It is a *tale* of *truth*. The characters portrayed are real characters, though presented under fictitious names.

ELIZABETH ZANE.

BY ESTELLE.

The waters kept their solemn tread,
Like armies marching for the dead:
The stern, majestic cedars stood
Arrayed in hostile attitude,
For at their feet the crimson reeds
Were reeking with the red man's deeds.
In secret council on the shore
Four soldiers stood besmeared with gore—
"We are but four," the bravest said,
"To put to flight the savage dread—
We are but four to shield the lives
Of helpless babes and loving wives;—
And one must to yon cottage fly
For powder, or we all must die.—
Which one the task will dare to do?
Which one can best elude the foe?"
Then sank their hearts—congealed their blood,
Eye fixed on eye they staring stood,
When from the copse a maiden flew
With courage in her eye of blue—
"Neither shall go!" she firmly said,
"Neither shall dare the savage dread;
Myself am but a simple maid,
Whom they will deem not worth their wrath,
And I will tread the dangerous path;"
And like a startled roe she sped
Away, away, with elfin tread,
And bore amid the raining darts
The treasure to those valiant hearts.

Elizabeth Zane

THE HAUNTED LEDGE.

BY MISS AMY BISHOP.

"SHALL we go to the Falls this afternoon?" said my friend Kathleen, as we stood together in the garden of her pleasant country home.

"Oh, yes, to the Falls," I replied. "It is rather late, but the ride home by moonlight will be delightful."

We were soon on horseback, and on our way to the Falls. Kathleen's home was in a beautiful valley, through which a river wound like a thread of silver, and on either side were the grand old hills of the Adirondacs. Sometimes we were bounding over the rich intervals, sometimes winding slowly around a picturesque bend in the river, or along a narrow path beneath an overhanging precipice. The Falls were at the head of this valley, and I could just see the summits of the hills that hid them from us, when a short turn in the road gave us the first view of the Falls. Two thickly-wooded hills seemed to rise up before us, and in the notch between them was a narrow sheet of silvery water, which the setting sun was turning to gold. The golden sunlight fell too on the green foliage around, softening its brightness, and deepening the shadows. The mountains seemed to melt away into the sky; and so heaven and earth were joined in this lovely valley. It was but for a moment that we lingered to gaze on

this scene, but rode around the foot of the hill, through the deep forest, where all was so shady and still that we roused the echoes, and mocking voices answered back our words from the dark dell beneath us. We could hear the murmuring of a rivulet down there, and sometimes the clear mournful tones of the lonely bird that always haunts such dark old forest-trees.

We toiled up the steep and rocky ascent; but when we reached the height we were well repaid, for below us lay a landscape of the most exquisite beauty. There were the Falls as they should be seen. The water came down swiftly through a narrow channel, for a short distance; then it wound around the craggy stones in narrow bands; and then uniting at the base of a large rock, it spread out into a small basin, guarded on either side by a steep ledge. From there it fell down over the rocks in a broad sheet of foam, tossing the spray on the white birches and willows that grew among the rocks and bent down admiringly over it. The ledge, at one side, was level on the top, and only a few birches grew there. From where we stood, it looked as though it was covered with moss or short velvety grass: the edges were fringed with long fern-leaves, and wild vines trailed down over the damp gray rocks.

"That is a fairy dancing-ground," said I gayly.

"There is something very sad about that place," said Kathleen. "If you will go up to that log-cabin yonder, you may hear about it."

I knew, by the earnest look in her face, that there was something of more than common interest connected with it.

We rode along silently until we reached the cabin.

There was no one there but an old woman—very old she looked. Her form, which had once been tall and commanding, was bent with years and sorrow. Her hair was white, and her eyes, though they wore a mild, subdued look, when she was speaking glittered with a strange light, as though the passions of her soul were not subdued but smouldering, and at times flashed up with a fitful glare. Kathleen told her that we had come to see the Falls, and as I was a stranger there, I would like to hear about the Haunted Ledge. The light in her eyes softened, and she began, with a trembling voice:

"I am old now, and stricken with years and sorrow, but I was once young and happy like yourselves. I was what some called a strong-minded woman, but they did not know me when they said that. I married a man whom I loved better than all the world beside. Did I say love? It was not love, but idolatry: it blinded me to all his faults; for he was so manly, so handsome and generous, I could not think ill of him. We came to live here—not in this house—but one that is long since gone. Here I was happy; and even when my husband came home with a tottering step, flushed face, and breath tainted with the poisonous fumes of alcohol, I would not believe it of him—I would not trust the evidence of my own senses, but still worshipped my idol with the same blind zeal. It was my fault: my friends warned me, but I laughed at what I called their silly croaking—held the cup to my husband's lips, and, with a smile, bade him drink. We had one child. I cannot tell you, for you would not understand, how he filled our cabin with light and

music, and made every thing bright and beautiful by his presence. I *loved* that boy. I was too happy then, for I had my husband and child always with me, and my sister lived near. This was my little world, and beyond it I did not care to go. As years rolled on, a change came. My husband would be gone days and nights, leaving me alone with my child; and when he did return, he would be in a state of beastly intoxication. And when he had slept off the effects of his debauch, his tottering step, trembling hand, and bleared eye were very unlike the manly husband that I promised to "love, honor, and obey." How could I honor him? —he had dishonored himself and me! Our child was afraid of him, and clung to me whenever he was near; but still I was happy in my child, and we used to wander around these Falls, hand in hand, like two children. That ledge was a favorite haunt of ours, and one day, in my husband's absence, we were there. I was sitting back among the trees, while my darling was playing near the edge. I heard footsteps, and soon my husband pushed away the green boughs and staggered towards me. The child sprang forward, and he thrust him aside with a muttered curse. I heard his shriek—his golden hair fluttered for a moment above the fern-leaves—another shriek,—it rings in my ears even now, —a splash in the water—and all was still. With a wild cry, I sprang forward, and would have thrown myself over, had not a stout arm held me back. Madness gave me strength, and I struggled hard to release myself; but my arms were held as if in a vise. It was my sister's husband. I bit his hands until my teeth met in the flesh, and the blood ran; but his iron hold

did not relax. I fastened my hands in his hair, and gnashed my teeth with the fury of a wild beast, calling on my lost darling—my little Alick—and then cursing, with all the bitterness of despair, the fiend who could thus drag a mother from her child. He dragged me down from the ledge, and then leaving me weak and exhausted on the ground, he sprang around the corner of the rock."

The old woman paused for a moment, and never in my life saw I such a change as came over her face. Her eyes glared wildly, and with both her skinny, wrinkled hands she clutched the white kerchief that a few moments before was folded so calmly across her bosom. Hate, despair, and sorrow seemed pictured in her face. At length, with a calmer voice, she continued—

"When he came back his clothes and hair were dripping, and in his arms he bore my boy—my Alick. His head was thrown back on Edwin's arm, and his upturned face was of marble whiteness. From his temple the blood was slowly oozing, and dripping down from his long wet hair. Edwin was trying to feel the beating of his heart, but when he saw me he shook his head mournfully. I caught my child in my arms—I would not believe him—he was mocking me. I kissed its cold, damp cheek, and talked to it as though I would waken it from sleep—but no, it was dead. 'Dead, dead,' I muttered, as I laid down the child, and with a firm step walked up the steep path to the ledge. Edwin did not follow me, but bent over the child, rubbing its cold white hands in his, and trying to restore it when he knew it was dead. When I reached the ledge, there lay my husband in the very spot where my child

had played—asleep—in a drunken sleep. My first thought was to push him off over the steep; but a second thought came. God be thanked for that second thought!—it would be a sacrilege for him, the bloated, drunken wretch, to die as my Alick had died—and I was about to leave him, when I saw blood on my hand—Alick's blood. Then I placed my bloody hand on his right hand—that hand that had once been so strong to do battle for the weak and oppressed—so strong in every good work. It left a stain of blood there; and I knelt down there, wretch that I was, and prayed that that stain might never be washed away, but would burn and corrode there as long as he lived. Then I pushed back his matted hair, and looked at his face. Disfigured and distorted as it was, I could still trace some resemblance to my husband, and I stooped down and kissed his burning cheek. It was the last kiss. Though I thought he had killed my child, I felt some of my old tenderness returning; but he stirred uneasily, clenched his hands, and muttered a curse on our child. That was enough—I left him.

"I did not weep, I did not rave, as I carried the little dead Alick in my arms to the house. I laid him down in his own little bed, washed the blood from his white face, smoothed his silken hair, and was calm. People wondered, and talked of my indifference, for I shed not a tear when they lowered the darling of my heart into the cold earth, and I dropped the last rosebud on his coffin-lid; but they knew not of the heart I buried in that grave, the heart that was cold and dead even then.

"I remembered nothing more; but they tell me I

walked mechanically back to the house. I was very pale, and did not notice them when they spoke to me. That night I was a raving maniac. For weary days and months they watched by me, and when reason first returned, I asked for my husband. They had but little to tell me. The next morning after Alick's death, he came to the house, and asked to see Edwin. He was very pale and haggard, and only said, 'Dead, Alick dead?' in a hoarse, inquiring voice.

"'Yes, he is dead,' said Edwin.

"He pressed his forehead with his hand—his right hand—and seemed to be bewildered. Then he saw the stain of blood on his hand, and he staggered back; but recovering himself, he walked feebly away, muttering to himself 'Dead, dead,' and staring at his hand. He was an old man; he had lived an age in that night. If the stain on his hand burnt more fiercely than the words of that prayer did in my soul, I pity him. It seemed to wither me like a poisonous blast. I had cursed my husband, and had made him a wanderer on the earth, when it was not he who killed my child, but the demon that possessed him. Perhaps 'tis best that it should be thus—that we should never meet in this world—but may we all meet in another and better: and how can I with that prayer burning into my soul?"

She stopped suddenly, and left the room. The moon was shining brightly when we emerged from the cabin and mounted our horses.

"Why did you call that the Haunted Ledge?" I asked.

"Because," said Kathleen, "some people, who live near, say they have seen the form of a child, with long yellow hair and white garments, hovering around the

ledge, and that it disappeared with a wild shriek. Mrs. Grey believes it, and night after night she visits the ledge, watching and waiting for her child, until the moon is down, or hidden by the clouds. Then she returns home, for she says, 'Alick loved the light.' She is as hopeful now as when she first went there, firmly believing each night that she shall meet her lost darling. That is her madness, poor woman!"

While she had been speaking, we had reached the hill from which we had seen the Falls. The carpet of moss, the fern-leaves and trees on the ledge, were bathed in a flood of silvery light, while the gray, damp rock, with its trailing, snake-like vines, and the deep, still basin below it, were in a dark, impenetrable shadow. It seemed a sacred spot to me, and I felt a thrill of awe and a mysterious fascination, as I gazed on it—a kind of dreamy wish, and yet a fear, that I might see its angel visitant. I had involuntarily checked my horse, for the Falls had now a new interest to me. A cloud, for a moment, passed over the moon, and overshadowed the ledge like some dark-winged bird. It was gone, and there, among the birches, was a white form, indistinct and shadowy in the distance, but to my excited imagination it was so real, that I could see the long golden hair, wet and dabbled in blood, and the unearthly stare of its blue eyes.

"Oh, Kathleen, Kathleen!" I whispered.

"Poor Mrs. Grey," said Kathleen, pityingly, "she is earlier than usual to-night."

Her words broke the spell that seemed to bind me there, and I rode away, turning to take one farewell look at the Falls ere the winding road hid them from

view. She was there still, that lonely sorrowing woman, watching, with an undimmed faith, for the coming of the child-angel she had once called her own.

Years rolled by ere I again visited the valley, and with my old friend Kathleen went to the Falls. A blackened forge and clattering mills disfigured the river, but the ledge was unchanged. The flowers and trees were as bright and beautiful as ever, but the being who had tended and loved them for the child's sake, was gone. Kathleen told me all as we stood on the hill,—how she had been found, one bright spring morning, lying cold and dead, in the place she had so loved in life. The fern-leaves and flowers were her winding-sheet, and the murmuring, rushing river sung her requiem. There was a smile on her faded lip, and a look of gladness in her face, as though through her closed lids she could see the angels. Beside her lay an old man: care-worn and wearied he seemed with a long journey, but his face wore the same bright glad look and the same happy smile. Changed as he was, they could still recognize her husband; for, in his old age, he had come back to die with her. The cold night-dews were on their wrinkled faces, and on their gray hair, and the white birches tossed their lithe boughs above them; but they heeded it not—they had gone together to their long home, to the home of their child. Two unhappy mortals, so long divided in this life, they had been thus united; and together had they gone "through the dark valley and the shadow of death," fearing no evil, for the light of a Father's love was around them, and an angel, like their Alick, but holier and more gloriously beautiful, did lead them.

THE MAIDEN'S GRAVE.

A LEGEND OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY S. LOCKWOOD.

"Res est solliciti plena timoris amor."—OVID.
Love is a passion full of anxious fear.—*Trans.*

NOT less true now is the above than it was in the days of the amorous Roman. But not only is the tender passion a source of wo to the voluptuary, but also to the virtuous flame is the exquisite delight accompanied too oft with keenest pain. Let us give some remembrances of love in those troublous times which tried men's souls—the stirring epoch of our revolution.

On the western bank of the Raritan, which flows with a serpentine course through a portion of the "true blue" state, and on a pleasant spot, dwelt a worthy family, direct descendants of the sturdy colonists. But even tradition can not be given without the use of names; and lest we should cause offence to some scion of this ancient tree, the family must be introduced under the name of Cheeringale. Of all the husbandmen for miles around, who boasted themselves as "true Jersey blues," none was more devoted to the continental interests, more attached to the circle of his own fireside, more respected in the whole district, than Farmer

Cheeringale. Moreover, "honest Farmer Cheeringale," as he was called, was an exceedingly liberal-minded man to all classes, with one exception—the Red-coats. Ah, he hated them, he was wont to say, with a perfect hatred—but not so bad as the Hessians—*them* he abominated.

The farmer had a daughter. A bright-eyed, laughter-loving maiden, of some seventeen summers, was this Sally Cheeringale. And then, there was something so endearing, so gushingly affectionate, in gentle Sally, that when she loved, it was with the whole heart. As if touched by a sympathy subtle and mysterious as the element called *life*, her warm heart's passion-flowers turned to the object thus attracting, as floral beauty turns toward the sun. A creature full of playful innocence and confiding joy, not without little sallies of girlish wit, and sometimes would her speech be gemmed with little brilliants of virgin thought, like the yellow lilies in the vernal meadow, dotting the green with gold; all this and much more had Sally been. But of late a subduing sadness seemed to hang upon her. This caused her to have less of playful merriment, and girlish buoyancy of soul; yet not less of beauty—she pleased more, though she dazzled less:—

> "E'en as the sun, behind the mists of morn,
> Looks lovelier far when veiled in limpid air."

Indeed, Sally was becoming, as the neighbors said, an old-fashioned girl.

"Well, she is, truly," would respond the maiden's mother. "And she's got queer ways of late. Last spring my good man bought three sheets of writin'paper

in Brumsick,* and its only fall now, and not a soul's touched 'em but Sally, and she's filled 'em chock full o' writin'—nor does she let anybody see what's in 'em, either."

"What an odd girl she is!" said one of the old ladies present.

"And so queer, too!" added another, by way of emphasis.

"And such an orful waste o' writin' paper. Three sheets, did you say, Mrs. Cheeringale? Why, that is dreadful? It would sarve our family three years for letter writin'." This last speaker had a saying, that she liked to be saving. She had evidently mistaken a chilling parsimony for frugal economy.

The maiden was indeed becoming old-fashioned. Not that she imitated the older folks, at all. But then, for a farmer's daughter of the olden time to be keeping a diary! But Sally had weighty thoughts, and by committing a tithe of these to paper, her mind was oft relieved of their painful pressure.

Down by the water-edge of the Raritan was a little bluff, overhanging the stream. At a short distance from and parallel with this, a natural mound extended itself, making between them a deep, narrow valley, or ravine. Not a solitary blade of grass cheered this desolate spot. The only vegetation was a crowded growth of melan choly pines. On the top of this mound stood a patriarchal pine, towering far above, the seeming father of the lesser trees about him. The dark, saddening green

* This pronunciation is even yet quite common among the old residents of New Brunswick, New Jersey.

of this giant tree is now yellow with the effect of the setting sunlight. Under the branches thus illumined in transient glow of fickle joy, is an interesting group. The most beautiful figure there is that of the gentle Sally, and a noble form is that of the officer clad in the British uniform. His right arm supports her waist, as the oak supports the flowing vine. Not the least faithful in that group is the officer's trusty dog, a fine, large animal, seated before them.

"So you are afraid, Miss Cheeringale,"—

"Nay, say not *Miss*, but call me *Sally*," was the gentle interruption.

"Well, well, as you will. So you think that your father will never consider me but as an enemy, even though this cruel war should come to a close?"

"Alas, sir, I fear that father never will," was the response. "His hatred is deep unto all who are in any way concerned with the British."

"But this is certainly unreasonable. The man who, from his position, is obliged to serve his country in a painful duty, deserves not to be proscribed with him who, as a tory, deserts his country's cause. Were this land my birthplace, I should be under very different obligations."

Though the maid felt the truth of this, yet she could not return an encouraging word. She thus kept a saddened silence.

Perceiving her dejection, the soldier continued: "Cheer up, my dear girl, and let us hope that God may soon close this unnatural strife of brother against brother, and, this done, that he may turn the hearts of

thy kindred toward me, as by his power the rivers of water are turned."

A trickling tear down the maiden's cheek was the *amen* which she gave in response to the soldier's prayer.

"Sally," said the officer, in a subdued tone, "I have a secret which might soften thy father's prejudice, and perhaps buy his love; but as purchased love is not worth the having, he shall never know it from me."

"But of course you will let me know," said the maiden, confidingly.

"I would deny you nothing, Miss Cheeringale," said the soldier, forgetting the maiden's recent objection to this formal mode of address. "But," he added hesitatingly, "as it might not be to your comfort to know this matter, I must beg to be excused divulging it at present."

Further conversation was broken off. The dog sprang to his feet with ears erect, and the maiden saw, through a gap of the trees, her father and brother approaching, apparently in search of her.

"Flee! flee, Mr. Bhering!" cried the maid in alarm. "Oh, sir, flee! I see my father and brother coming. Flee—delay not a moment. Stoop low, and run down the ravine."

"Say, then, you will be here again to-morrow," said the soldier in a tone of entreaty.

"As you will, sir. But oh, leave me for our safety's sake."

A wave of the hand, and the officer and his dog glided down the declivity, and in an instant disappeared through the trees in the direction of the river.

"John," said the farmer, rubbing his eyes, "was that a Red-coat just went through the trees?"

"I saw nothing except a red bird," was the answer.

Thus satisfied, the farmer turned to his daughter—"Now, Sally, what upon airth has possessed you to come moping down here in this pine-patch? If you will give up to these old-fashioned whims, just go to the chestnut-grove; but don't come where even the grass won't grow."

"Father, I can not help it, yet must say that this place pleases me better than the chestnut-grove," said the maid, taking an affectionate hold of the farmer's hand.

"Sister Sally, if you a' n't the oddest body ever I saw;—making father and me run all over the hull blessed farm, a-looking you up, like the brindle cow afore we tied the log to her leg."

"Never mind, brother, now that you have found me safe," said the maid in a conciliating tone; and the three turned their steps to the farmhouse.

* * * * * * * *

Twenty-four hours have passed away. Again is the old pine-tree gilded with the declining sunlight, and again are the gentle maid and brave soldier together.

"Mr. Bhering," said the girl, embracing the first opportunity presented, "tell me the secret which you hinted at last evening, as we were interrupted."

"Miss Cheeringale, though I can hardly wish to keep anything from you, yet I would rather keep this concealed, albeit I could open my very heart to you in confidence."

"Mr. Bhering, I would not rudely insist on knowing. But if you would have it locked among the treasures of a faithful heart, intrust this matter to me. Yet I almost feel ashamed at my importunity. Still, I have a strange presentiment that makes me press my wish."

"Dear girl," said the officer, in some alarm at the tone which pervaded the maiden's utterance, though he attempted a smile as he spoke, "tell me what foolish thought is this that oppresses thee?"

"Nay, that is hardly fair, sir—my wish was first," insisted the girl.

"Miss, I," said the soldier in hesitancy—"I can deny you nothing. Know then—but do not think I boast—that to me does Farmer Cheeringale owe his life this day!"

The girl staggered with emotion; and again was her frail form supported by the noble soldier.

"Be not alarmed, miss; all is safe now. The story is briefly this. Your father has been engaged in a conspiracy to decoy our Cornwallis,* and thus deliver him to your Washington. It was but yesterday, just before our meeting here, that in my presence the fact was communicated to my general. At thought of the lovely daughter I saved the father."

"But how?" asked the astonished maid almost overcome with trepidation.

* It should be kept in mind, that Cornwallis then held his magnificent encampment in full command of New Brunswick. The mounds and embankments are still visible. But, alas! this monument of the past is not allowed to wait "Time's effacing fingers;" even this incentive to patriotic remembrance must yield itself a martyr to the gardener of pleasure, and the constructor of Elizabethan cottages. The antiquity of the Revolution is bartered for that of the Virgin Queen.

"Alas! dear girl, the price of your father's safety was a LIE. Yes, for the first time has Lieutenant Bhering abused his general's confidence with a LIE!" —and the brave soldier, who had never flinched at the sight of gory death, wept over his wounded honor.

"Oh, sir, explain!" said the agitated girl.

"Miss, I threw discredit on the informer's statement, though it was all true; and, thus satisfied, the general disbelieved it all. He preferred believing me, and I deceived him. Yes, for the affection I bore thee, I abused my general's confidence; and yet I am chosen by him to be the bearer of important despatches, tomorrow, to our division at Trenton. Alas, how great my sin to God and man!"

"Oh, sir!" said the maid, kissing the soldier's hand, in forgetfulness of her real position, "if you have done wrong in this, God will surely forgive you, and I will pray for you night and day."

"May God bless you, Sally," said the officer, as with one hand around her waist, with the other he pressed her face close to his breast, in manly affection.

"But oh, sir," continued the maid, after a pause in which neither had spoken, "I have a sad presentiment that sits heavy on my heart. A dim and dark foreboding hangs upon me, like a cloud around a tree upon the mountain. I fear, I scarcely know what—but I seem to be admonished that we shall never see each other again."

"Nonsense, sweet girl! away with such sad thoughts," said the soldier, who vainly strove to be merry. Ah! that was but a counterfeit gayety. The

cloud of dark foreboding that enshrouded the frail form by his side, now enveloped the gallant soldier also;—a chilling shadow, it took away hope's sunlight from his brain. A smile was on the soldier's lips, but the deepening shadow reached his heart—the warrior was sad.

"Dear girl!" said the officer, rallying his drooping powers: "I must leave you. To-night I start with my despatches. And here is trusty Vigil; poor dog, I scarce know what to do with him."

"Leave him to protect me," said the maid; "and Vigil and I will anxiously await your return."

"So shall it be; and Vigil, be careful of thy mistress. And now, dear Sally, to God I commend thee: good-by!"

"Good-by!" said the maid, unable to say more, as she held the collar of the faithful animal, which whined piteously, as with his new mistress he saw the disappearing form of his master.

"Come, come, now, be pacified, poor dog!" said Sally. "Alas, Vigil!" she added, patting him gently, "much I fear *thou* wilt never see thy master again." And the old-fashioned girl began to indulge her mind's communings in visions of the FUTURE, when she should hold spiritual converse with her beloved in that world whither Vigil could not go.

* * * * * * * *

"Hillo! what black beast is that you've got, Sally?" said the farmer as his daughter approached, leading her captive guardian by her side.

"Father, I have been among the pines again, and

there I saw a British officer who gave me this beautiful dog. I think he'll prove a very faithful creature."

"What! a Britisher give him to you, Sally?" exclaimed the astonished farmer.

Meanwhile the maiden's brother was intent on making a recognition. "Here, Vigil!" said the young man—"Here, Vigil!" he repeated, chirruping with his lips. Thus encouraged, the dog approached. "There! I thought so. Why, father, this is Vigil, Lieutenant Bhering's dog. Don't you see how well he knows his name?"

"Lootenant Bhering!" muttered the farmer, in whose mind dark suspicion arose. "It's the lootenant's, hey? Well, if he once comes inside o' old Betty's range, an ounce pill will purge him of all bad intentions"—and the farmer gazed angrily at an old fowling-piece over the fireplace. "I wish old Betty was levelled at him now."

"Father, put away these unbecoming thoughts. This officer is too noble for any act of meanness, and as far beyond your suspicion as the sun is above the earth," said the maiden warmly, yet with affection.

"He is, hey? Well if Betty could only get a sight of him, she'd put him *below* suspicion, which amounts to about the same thing in the end," said the farmer in cool and bitter irony.

"Nay, dear father, do stop these cruel thoughts. The Jews had a deliverer sent *them* once, and they put him to death: let the past admonish the future;" and the fair orator withdrew.

"Whoever heard the like? Well, if Sally a'n't get-

ting queerer every day. Now she's talking puzzles," said the son.

"I should like to know what the girl means," said the farmer, musingly. "What the Jews killing the Savior's got to do with me, I can't see. But there must be something in it, though;" and the speaker shook his head. "Yes, there's something in it. If Sally is queer, she a'n't a fool."

* * * * * * * *

Returning with her dog, one morning, from a walk among the pines, Sally found one of the neighbors entertaining her father with news of seemingly great interest.

"Did you hear the firing?" asked the new-comer.

"No, I heard no firing!" answered the farmer.

"Well, I can't say positively that I did, either. But my old woman has such a keen hearing that she heard it, and then I thought I did, too."

"What! the Continentalers and the Britishers?" asked the farmer, his eyes brightening.

"Yes, the Whigs and the Red-coats. I've just seen a man at the tavern as heard all about it. You see, General Washington crossed the Raritan, just below here, on a sly, and went round by Trenton, and there the liberty-men gave the British battle."

"Odd rot it, man, talk faster!" cried the farmer in impatience. "Out with it! Who beat?"

"The Jersey Blues, of course," said the man.

"Hurrah! hur—" but the overjoyed farmer, in jumping from his seat, trod on the foot of poor Vigil—"Get out, you Britisher!" cried the farmer, indignant

that his outburst of patriotism should be interrupted by the dog of a British soldier. The animal limped in pain to his mistress. "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Is there no mistake about it?"

"Not at all;—why, ere now, Cornwallis is breaking up his encampment, most terribly scared."

"Hip—hip—hurra! Go on, neighbor; tell us more of this glorious news," said the farmer.

"Well, they say that officer Bhering, who went to carry despatches for Cornwallis, was killed."

"What! Lootenant Bhering, the Britisher? Hurrah! hurrah! Old Betty can save her powder. Shout, John, you graceless scamp. But here, John, run for the pipes and tobacco—and you, Sally, get some cider," said the farmer; but, on turning to his children, he found his daughter in the arms of her brother.

"Speak, Sally, speak!" cried the farmer in alarm, his paternal feelings now uppermost. But his loving child was speechless and insensible.

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The shock sustained by the frail creature, at the abrupt intelligence of the officer's death, was like the violence of the storm upon the blooming lily. Much of fostering dews and warming sky is needed to restore its fragile beauty. The farmer's daughter, with a mother's tender nursing and gentle care, was partially restored—not wholly. No. Sally, lately known as the "old-fashioned" girl, was now the gentle, melancholy maid. Her only companion was her faithful dog, which she loved the more now that his noble master was dead. With him she made her daily pilgrimage to

the old pine-tree which overhung the ravine. "Ah, Vigil, did not I tell thee thou wouldst never see thy master again? Oh, sad the day when he left this lonely spot! May God haste the time when it shall not be necessary to vindicate right by the sacrifice of those we love—when the altars of liberty shall not be stained with the blood of friends!"

* * * * * * * *

Sally had become a woman. Girlhood had passed away, and womanhood had come. The one had been tinged with the darker hues of life, and the other without that pleasant lot which is its due—a companion that should protect and love, and prattling scions to drink at the separate rills from the welling fountain of affection. Sally, the sorrow-smitten maid, was now a woman; and in all the vast family of human kind, but one had she found possessing a soul whose hidden pulsations throbbed in unison with hers; and the cords of that congenial harp had been torn away by the ruthless hand of Death. Yes, Sally was now a woman; but a subdued, sorrowing womanhood was hers. She lived in resignation—yet not wholly so; but dead to the present, brooding over the past, and hopeful of the future. She was not a bride; but she said she yet should be. And oft in subdued melancholy and softened joy, just as the summer sunlight is mellowed by the cloud, would she expatiate on the bliss of two loving souls, by a future union in the spirit-land,—an innocent theory that hearts betrothed on earth should wed in heaven.

The stricken one and her guardian dog have ceased

their morning and evening pilgrimage to the old pine-tree. For the last time has the maiden beheld the gilded glory of this old patriarch in the setting sunlight. Sally complains that her heart beats strangely; and her head, though wild with pain, is yet the seat of visions clear as noonday. She talks with melancholy sweetness, but no response meets mortal ears; for who can seize the echo of a spirit's voice? None, save when, like the gilded and nature-painted insect bursting from its dark shell into the radiance of sunlight, the soul about breaking from its clay-mansion, for the first time peers through the vista that penetrates eternal things, and becomes a *seer* of the mysteries of the future. O, what a vision is that, when, about to break away from mortality, the soul takes her position on this terrestrial ball, and gazing through the portal of death into the ethereal beauties of the celestial sphere, beholds the spiritual denizens, robed in immortality, beckoning with welcome invitation!

"I come —I come, O gentle spirit!" broke from the maiden's lips, while her eyes, kindling with no Promethian, but with seraph fire, gleamed upward to her wished-for home. "I come—I come; and neither war of nations, nor strife of kindred, shall prevent us now."

The brother by the bedside wept. The loving matron hid her face in her hands. The sturdy old farmer was bewildered; he, and he only, was unconscious that death was in the room; and now Farmer Cheeringale was a white-headed man.

"A curse on that Britisher Bhering, for he has

broken my daughter's heart!" muttered the man of snowy locks.

The revery of the dying one was broken. The utterance of the name Bhering recalled her soul to earth, and her bright eyes turned to her aged father.

"Father," said she in a tone which seemed caught from the spirit-dialogue in which she had just engaged, —"father, I have something to communicate to you; but only you must hear it."

Powerless, the old man wept, for he could not speak. The rest in the room withdrew, and his daughter proceeded.

"Father, did I not hear you say Bhering just now?"

The old man nodded assent, but dared not speak, lest it should prove an imprecation on the deceased officer.

"Then, father, I have something on my mind, which you should know; for, father, thy daughter is dying—and O, treat not her words slightly! Once a maiden loved a gallant soldier, and he loved her with a pure and noble love. But fate, not inclination, arrayed him against our country. He prayed for the war to close, that he might ask the father for the hand of the daughter whose heart he had wooed and won. But this father was his mortal enemy, and yet he nobly saved that father's life. He met the fate of battle; he was slain. Peace has long since blessed the land, but it could not restore him to life whom the maid so fondly loved. Father, thou needst not wonder who they were. The least worthy of them was thy own Sally, and the other was the noble soldier Bhering."

"Lootenant Bhering!" gasped the old man in anger, despite the solemnity of a dying bed.

"Speak not bitterly, father," rejoined the maid, whose pallid face had now become flushed with the effort which she labored to command—"speak not bitterly. Did I not, when a girl, say the Jews destroyed their Savior? Let not my father act in their spirit, by traducing the noble dead. Father, you owe your long life to that gallant Bhering. General Cornwallis had information of a conspiracy against him, and the chiefest one in that plot was my father. But Lieutenant Bhering stepped forward, and saved thy life by preventing thy arrest. Yes—he saved thee, father; but thou hast spoken harshly of—yea, cursed—thy deliverer."

"Nay, nay, forgive thy old father, Sally, and I too will love the memory of this generous man. Alas! I knew not he was my friend," cried the old man, astonished and overcome by what he had heard. "So Lootenant Bhering saved my life, and I was wishing his death. Poor Bhering—poor Bhering! oh, forgive me! And God forgive me! And Sally, do thou forgive me, too!"—and the hoary-headed man wept like a child.

"Father, we all forgive thee," gasped the maid. "Oh! that pang—oh!—father—I am dying;—call mother, brother, Vigil—call—oh!"

Again were the weeping three by the bedside. And Vigil too, with his forepaws on the bed, was there. The affectionate animal licked the lily hand that hung by the bedside. Father, mother, and brother, knelt and

wept. Still stood Vigil at his affectionate task, as if he would lick away the death-pallor that was fast whitening the hand which had so often and so gently patted him. The crimson current had ceased to flow; the loving heart no longer throbbed; the busy brain had stopped its mysterious, "old-fashioned" thinking—its fairy chambers were tenantless—the mental workshop was closed, and its ideal phantoms had disappeared. The pure spirit of all this subtle complication, ravished with the glimpse through the portal, had entered the *soul-land*—a spirit-bride.

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"Yes," said the old farmer to his wife and son—"Sally's account of her love for Lootenant Bhering, and then his saving her poor father's life, have almost made me hate myself. May God pardon me for cursing that brave officer! And as for poor Vigil, I feel as if I couldn't love the old dog enough."

"Yes, father, we must take good care of old Vigil, for Sally's and officer Bhering's sake. But, father, I couldn't wait till Sally was buried, afore I looked at her diary;—you know she wouldn't let any of us see it while she was living. I find it full of tender things which the lieutenant said to her. And here is the last thing she wrote in it—I'll read it to you and mother."

"Do, John," said the farmer, dashing away a tear that would come of itself.

"Well, this is it," said John:—

"'*To my Father, Mother, and Brother:*

"'A premonition of death is before me. Bury

my body under the old pine-tree. Be good to Vigil, and when he is dead, give him a place in my grave. Adieu.

"'SALLY CHEERINGALE.'"

"Why, now, how queer!" sighed the matron.

"I don't care if it is queer—Sally shall have her wish!" exclaimed the farmer, striking his cane heavily on the clean board floor.

And in that lonely spot was Sally buried. As the warrior lover wound his arms around her, the patriarchal tree encircles her relics with his roots. And though age is giving shagginess to his branches, still the leaves of the old pine-tree keep ever green, symbolic of the perpetuity of affection of the spirit bride and bridegroom.

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The funeral was over, and seven days had gone, and sad was the hearthstone made by the departed.

"Where *can* Vigil be?" asked the old farmer anxiously. "What *has* become of the poor old dog?"

"It's very strange, father; but I have searched every place for him in vain."

"Have you been down to Sally's grave?" asked the old man, almost choking at the mention.

"No, I have not been there. I thought to go; but it made me feel sad, and I couldn't go alone."

"Give me my cane, and we'll go together," said the farmer solemnly; and on they went.

"I'm getting old very fast," said the aged man, soon weary with his walk.

"Eighty years is a good old age, father," said the

son. "But see! there is Sally's grave;—and look! there is poor old Vigil creeping up to us. What makes him come so slowly?"

Old Vigil it was. The affectionate creature had watched his mistress's grave through seven long days and seven dreary nights, and had fasted through it all. Too faithfully had he watched—too immoderately had he grieved;—the poor old dog.

"Take him up, John," said the old man, as the tears rolled down the furrows of his cheeks. "Poor Vigil! thou hast loved thy mistress as deeply as ever did thy good master."

The affectionate animal looked feebly toward the grave, and moaned piteously as he was carried away. It was too late; that same day he died, and the next occupied a place by his mistress's side. Side by side they long have lain. The Raritan's rippling is their lullaby—the rustling of the trees is their perpetual requiem; while in remembrance of their ancient pilgrimage, now the zephyr, and anon the hoarser winds, sing for them a morn and evening hymn through the branches of the old pine-tree, that keeps guardian watch over their grave.

"REBEKAH."

BY N. LANESFORD FOSTER.

"Oh, WOMAN! * * * *
* * * * * * *
When pain and sickness wring the brow,
A *ministering Angel* THOU!"

THE "DEGREE OF REBEKAH."—This modern *female* Degree, in our beloved ORDER, appears to my mind to be its most ornamental, its crowning Degree. We are alone, we are lost and bewildered, without the society of WOMAN; and, in a great measure, we are inefficient without her co-operation, her friendly and sympathizing aid.

Where any great and important object is to be attained through intellectual effort, and more especially by *moral suasion* or entreaty, let Woman enlist her sympathetic feelings, let her put forth her philanthropic exertions, and unite her voice in the good cause; and the work is destined to progress; it will most assuredly be accomplished. And in cases of sickness, bereavement, destitution, suffering of any kind—oh, is she not, indeed, a "MINISTERING ANGEL?"

I was travelling recently in Virginia, and stopped a while in a little romantic hilly city, to one of whose citizens, a brother of the Order, I had a line of introduction. Calling with him one day at the residence of a lady, for whom I had a communication, I had the

pleasure of learning that her husband was a brother Odd Fellow, and herself a sister "REBEKAH." From her lips I had a very interesting and pathetic history of the sickness and death, that not long before had taken place in that city, of a member of the Order; who, having been led by force of circumstances, some years ago, to leave his dear wife and children in a northern city, had located himself there and engaged in the pursuit of his accustomed calling. He had for some length of time resided there—diligent, industrious, and respected. There he sickened, and died among strangers—far from his beloved family. His sickness was protracted and severe. Although among strangers, he was amidst friends—brothers of a "kindred tie;" surrounded by fraternal, kind, and sympathizing hearts.

And here this gentle REBEKAH watched by his sick-bed, dispensed his medicine, witnessed from day to day the ravages of his disease; wiped the perspiration from his fevered brow; noted his languid pulse—his ebbing life-tide; listened to his parting expressions of gratitude, as his eyes closed in death. He died in early life; calmly and peacefully, in hope of future blessedness. His remains, inclosed in a metallic sarcophagus, provided by the brethren, were accompanied by a delegation of the ORDER to his former home; and there fraternal hearts united in condolence with his bereaved family, and mingled tears with theirs, as they committed his "dust to its kindred dust."

Such incidents are not uncommon in the records of ODD FELLOWSHIP. Such are its noble deeds. Such are its seasonable, friendly acts; and such are our REBEKAHS.

Nobly does our ORDER take *them* under its sheltering wing!

I had just received a visiting *missive* from my "Pacific" *Alma Mater* in Penn's far distant city; and I entered one of the Lodges in L——. It was not numerously attended. I learned that the Lodge was in debt to a considerable amount for their new Hall. Nevertheless, being enterprising and energetic, their hearts were warm, and their hands open at the call of charity: they were ODD FELLOWS indeed.

A letter was read, which had recently been received from a lady residing in a distant city. She was the widow of a brother, formerly a member of this same Lodge. The letter was well written. It was a pathetic appeal to the benevolence of the Order; and it proved an effectual appeal to the sympathies of the brethren assembled. It was the spontaneous effusion of an afflicted mother's heart. She was a widow; and her fatherless children were in destitute circumstances and afflicted—they were meet objects of aid.

She claimed nothing as benefits guaranteed to her deceased husband; for *all* had been already promptly paid. But, her husband had been an Odd Fellow, good and true. She was a lone widow—her children were orphans—and they were in want. This assembly of fraternal hearts, short of funds as they were, by a unanimous vote made her a donation of thirty dollars. Liberal, this, in their financial circumstances; yet the sum *appeared* too small to satisfy their generous emotions. A brother rose and said, "I will be one of *ten*, who will give one dollar each, to add to our donation." With electric speed the deed was done, and the ad-

ditional ten dollars were given on the spot. Oh! is it not "more blessed to give than to receive?"

Often have I heard it said, "Odd Fellowship can do no good." I have heard the professed Christian speak against Odd Fellowship, and all "secret societies;" and urge as an argument against them, that the Church of Christ is a benevolent society, from its very nature the most benevolent that can be instituted; and therefore supersedes the necessity of any other benevolent or beneficent association. This might be conceded, if the Christian Church were what it should be: if it were all it professes to be. But it is to be regretted the Church is *not*, in this respect, what it should be. Heaven forbid that I should say aught *against* the Church, as such. It is the Divine institution, fraught with richest spiritual blessings, and designed to be almoner of the highest good to society for the life that now is and that which is to come. I love the Church. I love its charitable, its benevolent, its Good Samaritan-like acts, whenever and wherever I witness them. And I would make no invidious comparisons between the Church and any other benevolent or beneficent institution. But I may be permitted to say, in the language of a travelling Odd Fellow, and as the result, too, of my own observation: "Let a member of our Order be taken sick abroad —far away from his home: let him be in want; destitute of the means to provide for himself the things which are necessary to his comfort, or even to sustain his being: he has only to make himself known as of this *Fraternity*, and his wants are at once supplied. Fraternal hearts dilate with sympathy; fraternal hands are extended with grief-dispelling, joy-inspiring charity.

The brothers visit him; minister to his necessities; provide him medical attendance; watch, in person, around his couch of sickness; and, if his days be numbered, perform for him the last sad offices of humanity, by consigning his remains to the tomb.

"But the travelling CHRISTIAN may be recognized as in good standing in the Church; so that, perchance, he may be invited to their *communion table;* yet, when abroad, amongst strangers, he may suffer from accident, loss, privation, and sickness; and no special kindness is shown him by his *Christian brethren:* the 'priest and Levite pass by on the other side,' and scarcely does a 'Samaritan pour in oil and wine.' He may languish in distress and destitution, till nature's last debt is paid; and then, if without money, though among professed Christians, he is scarcely allowed a decent burial."

I have already delineated the amiable and soul-cheering power of woman as the female philanthropist around the bed of languishing and death. How susceptible is her heart of the most exquisite sensibility, and of the tenderest and most refined emotions of sympathy! Her religious emotions, too, are in general far more pure, exalted, and spiritualized, than those of the sterner sex. And in soliciting contributions to forward any benevolent, moral, or religious enterprise, who can plead like WOMAN? and whose importunity is so uniformly crowned with success? Indeed, the influence of the *female mind* has already become proverbial. All that is requisite is, that the female mind be properly cultivated, and richly stored with virtuous and religious principles; and let these true "sisters of charity" unite, with one consent, to oppose the torrent of vice

which threatens to devastate our widely extended Republic, and what an irresistible phalanx would they present to the progress of vice!

The protean forms which infidelity and vice assume among us, and which seem to spread a dark funereal pall over the fair visage of our moral world, are not to be suddenly annihilated. This must be the work of time: but the work, though slow, is sure. Let the united voice of woman pronounce the duellist an *outlaw* from society. How effectually and how speedily would such a *decree* put an end to these heartless, heaven-defying *murders*—the offspring of a code *misnamed* the code of *honor!*

Take another prevailing sin—that hydra-headed vice —INTEMPERANCE. Woman's destiny and mission is to destroy this monster, suicidal crime. Who does not already see the necessity of this? for woman has a direct interest in the accomplishment of this long-desired and ardently prayed-for *lustration.* Thus ONLY, will a death-blow be given to *drunkenness.* And thus will *woman*—our Christian *sisters*, and our sister REBEKAHS —be foremost in the redemption of our land.

In such a manner may the combined influence of woman counteract the vices which severally pollute our moral atmosphere, stigmatize our national character, and even now threaten to crush all cherished hopes of human progress.

ANGEL OF FAITH.

BY E. JESSUP EAMES.

I.

Ancient of Days! with God wert co-existent,
  When Earth was made, and Heaven was hung on high;
When light sprung through the void, and darkness distant,
  And starry worlds were cluster'd in the sky:
Yea! thou wert there, when God in glory stood
Amidst his wondrous works, and call'd them very good!

II.

When in the earth-cloud of the new creation
  He set his bow, thy Promise too was there:
With *Israfel's* sweet hymn of adoration,
  Thine own rung out on the soft answering air!—
Angel of Faith! while yet the world was young,
The Eternal on thy Truth each glorious purpose hung.

III.

Thou wert in Eden, when its amaranth flowers
  Bloom'd in bright beauty for the primal pair:
Paused in thy wanderings through those odorous bowers,
  And left the glory of thy footprints there!
Walk'd with the Lord God in the cool of day,
And with the exiled pair driven from its gates away!

IV.

Primeval Faith! thou wert with righteous Abel,
  When first the stars their morning anthem sung;
And thy sublimest presence did enable
  The holy Enoch to ascend among
The Godhead's glories, and to leave behind
Death's awful mysteries, unknown and undefined.

V.

Thou wert with Noah, when the Great Eternal
  Sent forth the fearful fiat of man's doom;
And when the dove brought back the leaflet vernal,
  Thou didst the morning in his soul illume!
But Godlike was thy power—thy strength divine—
When the tried Patriarch laid his son on Death's dark shrine!

VI.

And when the mournful Hebrew mother carried
  Her cradled babe down to the river-side;
And far off, watching it, the sister tarried,
  Till in the flags Pharaoh's meek daughter spied
The floating ark—*thou* gavest that mother's soul
A courage calm and grand, her child's fate to control!

VII.

When he became the High Priest of his nation,
  Thou wert beside him a continual guest:
He thrill'd the earth with words of inspiration,
  And saw through *thee* the Promised Land of Rest!
By thee upheld, Mount Sinai's top he trod,
And, face to face, beheld the majesty of God!

VIII.

With widow'd Ruth—the softly beautiful—
  Gleaning the corn after the harvest band—
So tenderly and meekly beautiful,
  Sure thy bright presence did beside her stand,
And woke high courage in her timid heart
To toil for her, from whom no fortune hence could part!

IX.

Thou wert with her—the Jewish orphan Esther—
  Whose soft, sad eyes sought out the monarch's face:
The mournful secret of her kin opprest her,
  And she was fain to ask the royal grace.
The golden sceptre's reach'd!—the boon is craved!—
The lovely suppliant hath her people saved!

THE RECLAIMED.

It is an interesting fact connected with the establishment of Odd-Fellowship, under its present organization in the United States, that it became the pioneer or precursor of the great temperance movement, now so happily spreading its beneficial influence throughout the globe.

We do not assume for our Order that it identified itself with the temperance cause, or that it enjoined pledges on its members, obligatory of total abstinence, but in the re-formation of the Order, in 1819, when it assumed the title of the "Independent Order of Odd-Fellows," one of the most important features of the new constitution was to change the entire character of the Institution, as it had originally existed under its convivial English form; thereby prohibiting the use of intoxicating drinks in the periodical meetings of its members. Men of known intemperate habits were disqualified by the new law for becoming eligible candidates for admission into the Order; and the habitual practice of intemperance was made by the new constitution a sufficient ground for suspension, or expulsion of offending members.

Identified as the old social and convivial habits of Odd-Fellows were with our Institution, it may be supposed that the radical change contemplated by the Ameri-

can reformers met with a sturdy opposition, from a large body of the "Ancient Order," as was formerly our designation. Many worthy members of this body were Englishmen; and John Bull, in spite of his proverbial reserve and taciturnity, is partial to the exhilaration of the "social glass." His habitual coldness warms under the vivifying influence of "strong drink," and "John" becomes a convivial and jolly boon companion.

We have individualized our English brethren, in this reference to the formation of our existing Order, because the hero of our tale was an English brother, belonging to the "Ancient Order," and thus a brief explanation of the facts connected with the present organization seemed necessary for the illustration of our story.

Among the members of the Order living in New York, at the period we have alluded to, there were few more prominent than a young Englishman, whom we shall designate as George Ardent. He had emigrated to America immediately after the close of the last war, with a feeling then common with British emigrants, that America was an Eldorado, where wealth and honors were easily and rapidly obtained, without that slow process and prudential caution necessary for their attainment in the country of his birth.

As our story is only connected with our hero subsequent to his settlement in this country, we need not refer to his history previous to that time, farther than to state that he was respectably connected in England, had received a good sound education, and was a young man of more than ordinary intellectual acquirements. With a temperament impetuous and excitable, he was gener-

ous to a fault, convivial in his habits, and confiding to an extent that made him the easy dupe of every pretended friend. With such a character, and such habits, it may readily be supposed that George Ardent was not exactly qualified to realize the brilliant hopes which had led to his settlement in New York. His business speculations were all failures, and George was soon left with but little capital other than what youth, education, and talent, afforded: those never-failing sources to the industrious and the prudent. But Ardent was not of this class. Necessity, indeed, rendered exertion imperative. The interest of his friends obtained for him employment in the office of one of the daily papers in the city, and he became that worst-remunerated and least-appreciated of all literary slaves, a "hack-writer" for the daily press: that is, he furnished articles, without receiving the honor of authorship, for a compensation unworthy a mechanic or a day-laborer. His employer, a man of low intellect and sordid mind, had the tact of availing himself of the talents of others to build up his own fortune. Ardent was exactly the man for his purpose: quick, intelligent, and apt at his pen, George was ready for any emergency, and while the editor, so called, was flourishing under the laurels, and enjoying the advantages of a thriving subscription-list, poor George was toiling without honor and without profit, the drudge and the supporter of the man of "paste and scissors."

The new occupation which Ardent had adopted for his support, introduced him into a widely-extended circle of acquaintance; his convivial habits became more confirmed, and if not positively intemperate, he was fast

approaching to the verge of that lowest depth of human degradation. And thus years passed on; step by step, the gay, intelligent young man was sinking into the confirmed inebriate. His wife, for George had entered into the marriage state shortly after his arrival in this country, saw, with sorrow and anguish, the rapid strides he was making toward destruction. She was an amiable and delicate woman, devoted to her husband, but she wanted energy sufficient to guide or control him.

Such women suffer in silence, and tears, not reproaches, are their only weapons. Ardent loved his wife; her patient endurance of his errors would often arrest him in his career, and effect a temporary reformation; but intemperance is a demon that overmasters even the holiest affections of our nature; and George, after one of these transient fits of compunction, would rush with even greater zest into the commission of his besotting vice.

It was at this period of his life that the organization of our Order under its present form took place. George, as we have before stated, was a prominent member among the brotherhood in New York. His qualities as a boon companion rendered him extremely popular in the Order, and he had been honored with its highest offices.

We need scarcely add that he was among the foremost of the opposers to the projected reformation insisted upon by his American brethren. The revised constitution was, however, carried into operation, and Ardent was reluctantly compelled to accommodate himself to the "new order of things." As an Odd-Fellow,

T. H. Matteson — Rice & Buttre

Reclaiming an Odd Fellow

of long standing, he was admitted into the new confederacy, and the well-disposed brothers indulged the hope that George might now be reclaimed by the wholesome restraints thrown around the Order. But the spirit of opposition to the new organization, aided by the force of long-confirmed habits of intemperance, prevented any salutary effect being produced by the influence of his association with an Order that has now so controlling a power over its members. He was still the slave to intemperance. His old influence procured for him the interposition of friends, who were lenient to the utmost extent that endurance would allow. But at length even this feeling was exhausted. The true principles of Odd-Fellowship were beginning to be recognised and acted upon by the brotherhood, and even the regard for a "good fellow" like Ardent was merged in the higher consideration of respect for the character of the Order. After one of his accustomed lapses from sobriety, he was formally arraigned before his Lodge, on the charge of being an habitual drunkard, and all that the interest of his friends could secure in his behalf, was a sentence of suspension for six months. George deeply felt the degradation, for the sense of shame was not yet extinct within him. He had once been an oracle in the Order, he was now a branded, a degraded outcast—not indeed wholly cut off, but yet placed in a contemptible position, which forbade all hopes of future prominence.

On a mind naturally impetuous and sensitive, a sense of shame acts with deeper power. George brooded over the deprivation of his privileges, with moody and excited feelings: he avoided all intercourse with mem-

bers of the Order, and sought relief in the society of other and more congenial companions.

One afternoon, shortly after his suspension, he accompanied one of these associates to Hoboken, and, as usual, the aid of the exhilarating glass was called into requisition. His companion was a kindred spirit, and bottle succeeded bottle in quick succession, until both were fast approaching that state where reason totters, and conscience becomes mute. George was loudly calling the attendant on their orgies for another supply, when, casting his eyes around, he saw, approaching the house, a member of his lodge, who had always exhibited toward him the kindest interest and solicitude.

Henry Rushford was, in truth, a worthy Odd-Fellow; he had joined the Order, believing that its principles were worthy of support, as a means for ameliorating the evils of society. He brought to it the weight of character and influence, and was an active and energetic member, ever engaged in promoting the prosperity of the Order, and zealous in aiding and carrying out the beneficent and benevolent purposes of our Institution. He had taken a particular interest in the concerns of Ardent, and had, at all times, interposed the weight of his influence in behalf of poor George's infirmities. He had also befriended him, in private, on several occasions, when a friend was needed.

Rushford immediately recognised his old friend, and at a glance saw the situation George was reduced to. His first impulse was to approach the party, and expostulate with Ardent; but knowing the impetuous character of George, he hesitated. He however joined them,

and addressed his friend. George, maddened with drink, and stung with shame, put on an air of defiance, and called more vociferously for a fresh supply of drink. The young girl who attended the house, assisted him to fill his tumbler, and George, seizing it, was about to convey it to his lips, when Rushford, with a peculiar solemnity of look and manner, attracted at once the attention of the inebriate.

George recognised the movement, and, as if transfixed with horror, his arm was arrested, the glass fell from his grasp, and he sunk his head on the table, overpowered with conflicting emotions of shame and repentance. Yes! the solemn warning, the hallowed associations, connected with that CAUTION, had touched his heart. Great was the wonder of George's companion and the young girl; they attempted to rouse him, but Rushford interfered. He handed the amount of the reckoning to the attendant, and then led George away from the house.

"Rushford, you have saved me!"

"Have I?" exclaimed his friend; "then I am indeed most happy. Ardent, you are too fine a fellow to be the victim of intemperance."

"By the blessing of God, Rushford, I will reform. I feel that your timely and solemn warning may re claim me."

"Let us hasten home then to your wife and children · I called there an hour since; they are in great distress. I promised to search for you, and bring you home."

Our story is ended. Ardent was RECLAIMED. It was one of those instances of sudden and inscrutable

impressions, made on sensitive minds, that baffle the speculations of philosophers, and set at defiance all established principles of ethics.

George Ardent yet lives, a worthy and time-honored Odd-Fellow, to bless an Institution, that was made the means of reclaiming him from one of the most degrading vices that afflict our common humanity.

J. W. S. H.

TIME'S DOINGS.

INEXORABLY calm, with silent pace,
  Here Time hath passed. What ruin marks his way!
This pile, now crumbling o'er its hallowed base,
  Turned not his step, nor could his course delay.
Religion raised her supplicating eyes
  In vain, and Melody her song sublime:
In vain Philosophy, with maxims wise,
  Would touch the cold unfeeling heart of Time.
Yet the hoar tyrant, though not moved to spare,
  Relented when he struck its finished pride;
And, partly the rude ravage to repair,
  The tott'ring towers with twisted ivy tied.
Where the mild sun, through saint-enciphered glass,
  Illumed with mellow light yon dusky aisle;
Many rapt hours might Meditation pass,
  Slow moving 'twixt the pillars of the pile!
And Piety, with mystic meaning beads,
  Bowing to saints on every side inurned,
Trod oft the solitary path that leads
  Where now the sacred altar lies o'erturned!

PAL.

WOMAN.

BY P. G. THOMAS AUSTIN.

WHETHER woman possess the same degree of intellectual power as man, shall not be our province here to discuss. It may be affirmed, however, and safely, that she is capable of acquiring a higher degree of education than generally falls to her lot to receive. Every branch of knowledge which can adorn or improve the human mind, is within the compass of her capability. It may be said also, that in the purest affections of the human soul, in the brightest dictates of humanity—integrity, benevolence, hospitality, gratitude, loyalty, eloquence, and patriotism—she stands fully equal, and in many instances, from the nature of her sex, superior.

Without invading the province of the physiologist, it shall be again affirmed, that she possesses *essentially* the same intellectual faculties as man. The degree of power may be less vigorous, but many instances are on record, of females having accomplished vast intellectual operations, threaded their way through the most abstruse investigations of the mathematics, solved the deepest problems in the sciences of mental philosophy and political economy, and penetrated the awful depths of the illimitable universe.

In addition to such mental capability, every age of the world has afforded instances of woman stepping out, as it were, from the prescribed round of duties which her sex had devolved upon her, and of having made a *mark* upon the era in which she has lived and acted. The circumstances of social disorder, revolution, or war, have been such as to demand energy, fortitude, wisdom, and almost superhuman courage. In such instances, amid the disjointed elements of a social system, the wild and tumultuous movements of infuriated mobs, or over and amid the rocking of nations, she has shot up through the moral gloom like a blazing meteor, guiding forth to new paths of safety and succor, cheering on the desponding, animating the faint heart with courage, leading on to victory; astonishing and dazzling the world by her fearlessness and fortitude, and by the brilliancy of her moral courage and power. Then, after accomplishing what duty and destiny required of her, quietly again resuming the duties of her sex: thereby showing the world of what she is capable, if circumstances permit, and occasions demand; and also putting to rest all discussions respecting the very great disparity of intellect and courage between the sexes.

But let disputation run ever so high, whether man be superior to woman in intellect and firmness or not, of this it shall be said, that his interests are equally hers. In the gains and possessions of life, she has the same at issue. She with him has winnings and losings, sorrows and joys. Her allegiance to the physical and

moral laws of human existence is the same as his. And every ray of light that has ever streamed through the far-off spaces of the universe to animate and bless the human family of this earth, has woven circles of destiny to animate and bless her equally with him. Side by side, both are marching to the grave, and are alike finally accountable to the awful tribunal of God.

But superior to all discussion rises the fact, that she is as God made her,—

> " . . . . Fair as morning star, with modesty
> Arrayed, with virtue, grace, and perfect love :"
> " . . . . . Eloquent
> Of thoughts and comely words to worship God,
> And sing his praise—the giver of all good."

Although her interests and accountability may be the same as those of man, yet her duties and obligations run in a different channel. Her moral sensibilities are different, in degree, from his. She is a being of love and tenderness, confiding and open-hearted; born into the world to love and cheer him onward in his conflict with his destiny. But man is in possession of a nature more reserved, possesses perhaps a stronger judgment, certainly a physically stronger constitution, a sterner purpose, and a harder heart. Hence the laws of nature decree two distinct *spheres* of action, not antagonistical, but all-attractive, mutually dependent, and absolutely necessary—the one to the other—to human comfort and permanent well-being.

And where and when these relations are correctly understood, and properly carried out, she, like the moon revolving round the earth—may not be the primary planet, yet receiving her light and motion from the primary body—in queenly beauty serenely glides along her silent path, controlling the ebbings and flowings of the tides of life's moral ocean, and shedding upon all in return, within the circle of her attractive influence, a flood of refulgent glory.

In the workings out of the great chain of events of the moral world, she exercises the functions of an angel of mercy, constituting a counteracting current of good, to the opposite streams of evil which oftentimes threaten to ingulf the world in an ocean of moral blackness and despair.

There is no being so fitted, from her silent ministrations, and from her influence over the young, to arrest the tides of evil which surround us on every hand, threatening to bear us down upon a stream of moral death to the ocean of eternity. Nor is there any being so powerful in pulling down oppressive institutions, and rearing upon their ruins temples harmoniously beautiful, wherein shall dwell Friendship, Love, and Truth.

Of the physical force of the world, woman possesses but little; but in its moral power she is almost omnipotent. Her beauty and sympathy have moved what physical force has failed to accomplish. Her tears and entreaties have accomplished far greater results in an hour, than the force of a terrific army—during a

whole campaign—with all its appliances of sabre, bayonet, and cannon. The victories she achieves are moral; and she gains them by the *artillery* of the charms with which she is so plentifully endowed by nature.

Possessing finer sensibilities than man, the bright and beautiful offices of human benefaction, of administering succor to the distressed, sympathy to the suffering, and comfort to the broken-hearted, are hers to exercise. Heaven has been liberal in its favors in thus awarding to her the high prerogative of the almoner of its bounties.

It is this which makes her influence pre-eminently moral. And the fact is transcendently beautiful, that heaven should have associated its own bright attributes, and the highest moral forces, with human tenderness, gentleness, and loveliness.

There is no sounding the depth of her influence over the destinies of the human family, whether as a member of the social system, or in the several relations of sister, wife, or mother. In either relation she is the

"———— choice of beings made!
Much praised, much blamed, much loved; but fairer far
Than aught beheld, than aught imagined else
Fairest, and dearer than all most dear;
Light of the darksome wilderness! to Time
As stars to night, whose eyes were spells that held
The passenger forgetful of his way,
Whose steps were majesty, whose words were song,
Whose smiles were hope, whose actions perfect grace,

Whose love the solace, glory, and delight
Of man, his boast, his riches, his renown ;
When found, sufficient bliss ! when lost, despair !"

In point of power over the rising generation, she is far greater than man. The tastes and dispositions of the young are of her forming. Ideas and inclinations are then imparted which control the whole life. Just in proportion to the impressions made upon the young and sensitive mind, so will be the character and moral principles of the next generation. There is no relation, and no name, so endearing to the heart of a child as that of mother. It carries with it every sympathetic attraction, and every idea and attribute of love. There is no word whose sound is fuller of affection; and none more potent in recalling to the mind the remembrance of bygone days, the sports of infancy, and the joyous hilarity of boyhood's sunny hours.

Many a man has been saved from ruin through the instruction he received from his mother. The hallowed touch of her hand in childhood has never been forgotten. The good impressions he then received never left him. They may sometimes have been out of sight; but some external object or thought has again brought them to his mind, and touched a chord within him, awakening all the finer sensibilities of his nature; and when he has been beset with the cares, the temptations, and the perplexities of life, then they have hovered over and around him like a guardian angel, and protected him from the evil influences with which he has been surrounded. And

when time, with its resistless energies, has frosted the head of threescore years and ten, then the mother's voice has still been heard in winning accents of love and tenderness.

Instances abound on every hand of hardened men having been deterred from the commission of crime, when about to perpetrate the very act, through this influence. When the villain has been steeled against every attribute of humanity, and no consideration drawn from time or eternity could seemingly reach him, the recollection of a mother's prayers and love when he was a child has proved successful, when all other recollections and considerations have failed.

"When I was a little child," said a good old man, "my mother used to bid me kneel down beside her, and place her hand on my head, while she prayed. Ere I was old enough to know her worth, she died, and I was left too much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked, and, as it were, drawn back by a soft hand upon my head. When a young man, I travelled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations; but when I would have yielded, *that same hand was upon my head*, and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure as in the days of my happy infancy; and sometimes there came with it a voice in my heart—a voice that must be obeyed—'Oh, do not this wickedness, my son, nor sin against thy God.'"

The following story is related of Abd-el-Kadir. His

mother, previous to his departure for Bagdad, gave him forty dinars, telling him that was all his inheritance. With the gift, she made him promise *never to tell a lie*, and bade him farewell, exclaiming, "Go, my son, I consign you to God; we shall not meet until the day of judgment!"

Of what befell him afterwards shall be stated in his own beautiful words. He says:—

"I went on well, till I came near Hamandnai, when our kafilah was plundered by sixty horsemen. One fellow asked me what I had got.

"'Forty dinars,' said I, 'are sewed under my garments.'

"The fellow laughed, thinking, no doubt, I was joking with him.

"'What have you got?' said another.

"I gave him the same answer.

"When they were dividing the spoil, I was called to an eminence where the chief stood.

"'What property have you got, my little fellow?' said he.

"'I have told two of your people already,' I replied; 'I have forty dinars sewed in my garments.'

"He ordered them to be ripped open, and found my money.

"'And how came you,' said he in surprise, 'to declare so openly what had been so carefully concealed?'

"'Because,' I replied, 'I will not be false to my mother, to whom I have promised *I never will tell a lie!*'

"'Child,' said the robber, 'hast thou such a sense

of duty to thy mother at thy years, and I am insensible at my age of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand, innocent boy,' he continued, 'that I may swear repentance upon it.'

"He did so. His followers were all alike struck with the scene. 'You have been our leader in guilt,' said they to their chief, 'be the same in the path to virtue.' And they instantly, at his order, made restitution of their spoil, and vowed repentance on his hand."

The love of a mother for her children is perhaps greater, if possible, than that of children for the mother. When the harlots were brought before Solomon to settle the question to whom the living child in dispute belonged, he ordered a sword, that the child might be divided, one half to be given to one, and the other half to the other. Then the love of a mother rose above every consideration. "Oh, my lord, give her the living child, and in nowise slay it." "Give her the living child," said the king, "and in nowise slay it—she is the mother thereof."

Dear to the heart of every mother are the children of her affections. With them she rejoices, and with them she weeps. Her life is wrapped up in their very existence; for where her treasure is, there will her heart be also: and for this we love her.

No plumb-line of human knowledge ever sounded the depths of the agony occasioned by that jealous inhuman monster, Herod, slaying all the children of Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two

years old and under. Oh, what must have been the cruel sufferings of the female breast! Well was it described in prophetic language: "There a voice was heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning." Frightfully true was the *response* to the awful prediction!

The love of a sister is that of an angel. No unholy desire mars its purity. It is silent as the shade, calm as the sky, and immeasurably deep. It is sacred. It knows no obligations, admits no equivalents, and tramples upon every selfish feeling. It is that of the purest affection. It harmonizes with all that is affectionate, charitable, and good. She is all kindness and gentleness. To a brother she is friend, counsellor, companion, comforter, and guide.

During her vestal days, just as she is blooming into womanhood, woman exercises a more direct influence over the object of her affections than at any other period of her life. At all ages of the world, and among all civilized nations, minstrels and poets have extolled her beauty, and hymned her praise in poetry and song. At her feet the poor love-stricken swain falls a willing slave, and feels a happiness in such thraldom. She rules him as she will; sometimes favoring him with her smiles, and anon with neglect and cold-heartedness. To render himself a worthy object in her eyes, the youth will go to the end of the world, dare all, brave all, and peril all. To gain possession of her, there is no sacrifice that he will not make. To him she is a divinity worthy

of his highest adoration. At her feet he kneels, and at her shrine he worships. In his eyes there is no being like her. Under the wooings of the muse, produced by love, he will write poetry in her praise, and serenade her beauty. Under such influence, he weaves garlands of flowers, culled from his own luxuriant imagination in the garden of love, to bedeck the brow of her in whom his whole soul is absorbed. Her favor is his life; her frown, death. The thought of another possessing her is unutterable anguish. She, quite early discovering her power, loves to use it, and oftentimes tortures the heart of the poor youth to test the strength of his affections; and sometimes from mere capriciousness, that she may not be too easily won. Gratified by the adoration she receives, the temptations to sport with his affections are too great to be resisted. Hence she does it. She is young, and knows that she is beautiful, and feels secure in her power, confident that at any moment she can bring him to her feet.

In her position as wife, woman sustains another—that of mother. Now she rises to a state of high responsibility, by the power which she possesses of exercising a controlling influence over the whole household.

The relation of wife is holy. It has the sanction of Heaven. Blot this relation from the world, universal disorder would sweep away art and science, civilization and refinement; the whole social system would speedily become deranged, the frame-work of

society disorganized, and man fall back again upon the barbarian ages; the human world, like a great stream of corruption—upon whose dark surface would rage the storm of brutal passion—would swell, and surge, and drive along, in an overwhelming torrent of every unholy desire.

Without entering into the discussion as to her right to exert the controlling power of the household, the statement is merely made as the existence of a vastly important fact—a living reality—that centres in her at once the keeping of human happiness and the arbitration of human destiny.

In many cases, with the exception of intemperance, or some other vice on the part of the husband, the wife directly rules; in others, she indirectly governs him. In both instances he may seem to act independently, but he is only acting, although unconscious of the fact himself, under a direct or an indirect influence from home. At times he may nerve his manhood to resist it; but by the force of some of those means of which nature has gifted her, the wife will in the end generally have her way.

Upon some points connected with his pecuniary interests, he may act as such interests shall direct; but even in these matters, his wits are sharpened, his energies doubled, and the tone of his mind strained to its highest tension, to place his wife and family in the highest possible position of the extent of his abilities. Their appearance and actual condition are but the reflection of his own energies, resources, and respectability.

In climbing the ladder of life, it is not the nature of woman to remain stationary at its foot. Her tastes are progressive; and no matter to what extent resources may increase, her *demands* are fully equal to them. The fear of not being able to fill the position which she may attain, never for a moment deters her from urging man on to making the effort to gain another step of the ladder of life's upward progress. And every step thus gained, she at once occupies as if born to that peculiar station, and generally fills it with credit to herself, and all with whom she may be connected.

These facts are so momentous, that it becomes the interest, yea, the duty of every individual, to see that sisters and daughters are properly educated, and their minds properly cultivated for the performance of the important part which they will have to sustain upon the stage in the great drama of human life.

Seeing so much will be in their keeping, it should be the *first* effort to educate them—if any difference—in preference to sons or brothers. The education of females, in some respects, may be of a different character; but the *effort* should be, to say the least, equally as strenuous in one case as the other. For upon the degree and kind of education females receive, when young, hang the important issues of human well-being. They will shortly fill the places of the mothers and wives of the present generation. Consequently it is of great moment what views and ideas they imbibe; for upon the impression and the training they receive, so

will they return to the world, with *interest*, the fruits thereof, and give back from their own breasts a reflected image of the false or the true, which shall *enrich* or *disease* them. Upon this point mainly depend the life, safety, prosperity, and perpetuity of our free institutions; the weal or wo of the next generation, and of unborn millions through all coming time.

The affections of the wife for the man of her choice are undying, and withstand all the trials and afflictions of life. Neither summer's heat nor winter's cold, poverty, rags or disgrace, ever obliterate or destroy them. The vows of the altar, from a loving and confiding heart, are never forgotten. Even if disgrace mark him, she will rake up, from the smothered embers of his former good deeds, excuses to justify him in his untoward conduct. When all others desert him, she will remain true and faithful. His troubles are hers. If in distress, all her sympathies are roused in his behalf. Any thing within the range of her possibility, she will encounter to sustain him.

> "Hath the world aught for me to fear,
> When death is on thy brow?
> The world! what means it?—*mine* is *here*—
> I will not leave thee now."

"Robert, Duke of Normandy, eldest son of William the Conqueror, having been wounded by a poisoned arrow, the physician declared nothing could save him but the venom being sucked from his wound by some one whose life must fall a sacrifice. Robert disdained

to save his own life by hazarding that of another; but the noble Sibilla did this in his sleep, and died to save her husband."

"While Edward the first was in Palestine, he received a wound from a poisoned arrow; and his life would have been inevitably lost had not Eleanor, generously disregarding all considerations of personal safety, preserved her husband by sucking the poison from the wound.

"Her noble disinterestedness was amply rewarded by the king's perfect restoration to health, while her own happily remained unimpaired by her affectionate action. In memory of this event, Edward erected crosses at every place where the hearse of his beloved Eleanor rested on its way from Lincolnshire to Westminster. Charing Cross, as it stood before the civil wars, was one of those beautiful gothic obelisks raised by this king to perpetuate the memory of conjugal affection."

The husband of the Baroness von der Wart had been one of those persons accused, unjustly as was afterwards proved, of being an accomplice with John of Swabia, in the assassination of the Emperor Albert. He was convicted, and sentenced to be broken alive upon the wheel. When he was fastened upon it, the Baroness exhorted him to fortitude. She laid herself upon his trembling limbs, and stroked the hair from his face which the wind had blown over it. "Leave me, oh leave me," he exclaimed; "why will you increase my sufferings by your presence?" "I will die with you," she replied; "'tis for that I come." The attempt

was made to force her from the scaffold; but she threw her arms around it, and implored her own and her husband's death at the same time. Two men dragged her away. Tears flowed from the eyes of the executioner. "Noble lady, I can hold out no longer," he said in answer to her entreaties to be with her husband. "I am vanquished; your name shall be mentioned with glory among saints in heaven, for this world will forget it. Be faithful unto death, and God will give you the crown of life."

One of the guard gave her a cloak to protect her from the cold of night; but she got upon the wheel, and spread it upon the naked and broken limbs of her husband.

As much as her husband had at first begged her not to increase his agonies by her presence, he now thanked her for not having left him. In her prayers he found consolation and refreshment.

A few hours before evening, he raised his head for the last time, and faintly murmured with love upon his dying lips, "*Oh, Gertrude, this is fidelity to death;*"—and then expired.

Let us take a survey of the face of the earth, and we shall see that in any of those nations where woman takes her proper rank as a member of the social system, and where her rights are respected, just in proportion that nation ranks high or low in the arts and sciences, and in the scale of civilization. But where she does not hold the rank to which she is entitled by nature, man is worse than the savage, for he does allow her

her liberty, if he do not otherwise respect her. And in those countries where she is merely made an object of sensual pleasure, they lose the better half of their population; that portion of it whose tastes are superior, whose imaginations are more fertile and luxuriant, and whose fancies are more ideal,—that world, all stoical as we may be, from whence arises many a living reality. Take away from her her legitimate influence, and life is divested of its primary social principle, and the world, to such as have enjoyed the privilege of her society, is a many-headed body with scarcely any soul. But in those nations where she occupies her natural position, the freedom of man is onward, and he takes his proper rank in the ascending scale of human progression and civilization.

It has been observed, that women do not, or have not associated themselves with the cruelties which have desolated the earth. With but one or two exceptions, they have never united to support any system of atrocity. They are generally to be found on the side of liberty. Man owes Charlotte Corday a large debt of gratitude, for ridding the world of that inhuman monster, Marat.

In Spain, woman fully proved, from her influence among the Moors, that she knew how to reign without obliging man to forget his duty.

The voice of woman brought back the Gauls to the renewal of the combat, when they had fled before their enemies.

Margarette, of Anjou, repaired the losses occasioned

by the imbecility of her consort, Henry VI., recalled victory to his standards, and fought twelve pitched battles before she yielded to the rebels.

The reign of Queen Elizabeth was a brilliant spectacle. England was never more prosperous, nor did the arts and sciences flourish more vigorously than during her reign. And the Court of Great Britain, under her highly popular, good, and virtuous Queen Victoria, was never purer than at the present moment.

The salvation of thirty thousand men from the power of the Turks, was entirely owing to the generosity and sagacity of Catherine I. of Russia. The Turkish army of one hundred and fifty thousand strong had hemmed in the Russian army in a strait of the river Pruth, where it remained three days without provisions, and that too after a long and fatiguing march through sandy deserts.

Universal despair settled upon the Russian camp. The soldiers begged to be led to battle, preferring death or slavery, to starvation. In this emergency, Catherine rose superior to the difficulty of the moment, and proposed a plan that proved entirely successful. She rode through the ranks of the army, encouraging the poor soldiers, infusing into them new life and new hopes. Activity superseded lethargy, and courage despondency. The result was, the Turks *sold* the Russians a treaty of peace; and thus, by the instrumentality of one woman, thirty thousand men were saved from death; or what is worse, slavery.

During the French Revolution, the women displayed

great presence of mind and courage. The horrors of that period forced them from their retirement. Amid fire and carnage did they endeavor to mitigate or suspend the infernal massacre which they could not prevent. And when all hope seemed to have fled forever from that unhappy country, it was the courage of woman that stemmed the frightful current of human gore, and rang the death-knell of that monster of a man—that scourge and extirpator of his species—Robespierre; overwhelming him in the same stream of death that had swept thousands of innocent victims from the shores of time into the ocean of eternity.

During the Revolution of 1776, when the powers of despotism, with all the enginery of human slaughter, were arrayed in opposition to the principles of liberty, just dawning upon the world, many a mother harnessed her son for the strife, and sent him forth with her blessing upon his head, and her prayers for his and his country's safety, to take his part in the awful struggle for liberty, which lit up half a continent with the flames of war.

Thus we have seen that some of the greatest results have been accomplished by the means which she has set in motion; that she has raised the standard of human rights, rung the tocsin of liberty, encouraged the faint-hearted, and cheered on the desponding in many a conflict; that she has turned the tide of war, and prevented the shedding of human blood; that she has perilled her own life to save those she has loved, strengthened the weak and feeble, pitied the sufferer,

and sympathized with the distressed. And also, that she trains the mind of the young, tones the sentiment of the present generation, constitutes the centre of nearly every household, and ornaments society by the beauty of her person and the brilliancy of her wit. Hence the great truth is manifest, that she is the primary element of moral force, and exercises the controlling power of the great social system, giving direction to the destiny of men and nations.

The mighty energies of the human mind. whether in its aspirations for freedom, or in its battles with moral evils, are directed by her secret influence; for on which side soever she lend her approving smile, that side will preponderate in the great scale of human well-being.

The influence of woman will be felt. Look at the example and influence of only one virtuous woman! The attempt were useless to recount the blessings resulting to the world from only one such instance. She is a blessing to all around her. She simplifies in her own person the social and moral codes of law, and reduces them to practice in her every-day walk and conversation. One such an instance, as far as regards human destiny, is all-powerful for good. Her children imbibe her principles, and transmit them in turn to their children, and thus a train of the happiest consequences are set in motion, that shall roll on through all generations.

Seeing then that she controls such great influence, what need there is that she exercise it in the proper

direction! for no good work will succeed unless it have her approving smile and active co-operation. To her man looks for encouragement in his labors to benefit the human race. And, from her very organization, she is exactly fitted for such work, being wrought with finer sensibilities to feel and deeply sympathize with him in the trials and difficulties attending all moral movements, before he can advance in his labors of love. If she square her behavior to the obligations imposed upon her, good principles take root and flourish; if not, they fail.

In those great contests between Truth and Error, which have convulsed whole nations to their centre, she has moved the secret springs of their complicated machinery. Her movements have not been perhaps apparent; her physical organization has not fitted her to directly and openly act in the workings out of the vast problems; but silently, like the main-spring of a watch, she has moved the whole, and propelled them to their true and final solution.

Thus far the effort has been to speak of woman in her true character as such, in both her individual and collective capacity, and of the influence and moral power which she possesses, and indeed exercises. But now the fact must be admitted, that as great an instrument for good as she is and can become, yet by the perversion of the faculties and sensibilities which God has given her, she may become a commensurate instrument of evil. The higher her ability to do good in one direction, the greater her power to do evil

in another. The brightest attributes of humanity—love, gentleness, tenderness, and sympathy—may be turned into hatred and malevolence, and become the more dangerous from the influence which they possess over man. The world has not been wanting in instances of her ability to do mischief. The imperial termagant Cleopatra, Delilah the Philistina, the daughter of Herodias, and the cruel Mary of England, are all proofs of the vast evil influence which woman has in her power to exert. In proportion to the whole race, such instances are rare, yet they are sufficient to prove her power for evil if she chose to exercise it; and that she has not used it to the extent of her power, only shows in brighter colors the natural goodness of her heart.

But that such instances occur at all, should rouse the energies of every man in the world to prevent a repetition of those evils which have lit whole nations with war's lurid flame. And perhaps it may be said that some of the means to accomplish such a result, are to see that females are properly educated in the paths of virtue and truth, an education that shall instruct in the useful as well as the ornamental; and also to see that female labor be properly rewarded, and be of a kind suitable to the sex.

Indeed, it is wonderful that woman sustains the position she does, when we consider the low and degrading associations which surround many of them in their youth, the heavy tasks which thousands are necessitated to perform, and the number

of hours of labor required to sustain a wretched existence.

In the manufacturing parts of Europe, the girl of tender years is obliged to labor from morning until night, and beaten if the strength of the tiny limb be not sufficient to support the task. The poor child is driven to the machine, there to see nothing but the material of its labor, know nothing but the will of a domineering task-master, and hear nothing but the eternal buzz of the wheels of the crushing enginery, that is blighting the soul, while it is destroying the body of the poor little sufferer, who is thus offered up, as a victim to competition and associated wealth, upon the altar of this great Moloch of oppression.

Thousands of little girls, of six or eight years of age, are sent to labor from morning till night—the very age of the child when its education should commence, its tender feelings be properly trained, and its sympathies developed. But instead thereof, its faculties are benumbed, its intellect crushed, and its moral sensibilities deadened; and scarcely any thing short of a miracle can prevent it growing up in ignorance, a thing of toil, a counterpart of the machine that had well-nigh crushed its highest and brightest attributes. Still she is expected to become a woman of modesty and virtue; and if she fail in refinement and sensibility, she is considered an object fitted only for domestic servitude; and if she fall, she is discarded by Man, and shut out from the privileges and sympathies of her sex by Woman.

In every enlightened country of the world there are thousands of individual instances of bad females, who live a life of licentiousness and tumultuous passion. Shut out, as it were, from the great social system, they seem to have no moral sensibility, no character for virtue to sustain, and care but little for the estimation in which they are held by the world. Such females are not women. A bad woman is a paradox; there can be no such thing. She is a degraded female, an anomaly in the works of God, a disgrace to the character of man, a pestilential vessel upon the world's wide ocean, without anchor or compass, scattering around the taint of disease and death.

What the causes may have been which have reduced so many to this sad extremity, shall not here be discussed. It shall be affirmed, however, that those poor unfortunate creatures are more the victims of their confidence in man's integrity, and of the circumstances of ignorance, degradation, and poverty, resulting from ill-requited labor, than from any innate depravity of their nature and sex.

Nevertheless, for the thousands of individual instances of female depravity, yet woman, as woman, is all that is here claimed for her. To man, she is a living reality, holding his destiny, for weal or wo, within her own hands. Of herself it may be said, she is more mindful of the feelings of others than of her own, yielding to the slightest opposition, and anon, when circumstances demand it, facing and enduring the fiercest storm. Her thoughts are oftentimes the body-

ings forth of a region of flowers and fairies of an ideal world, where she hymns the wild metre of the spirits of the deep in the choral groves of the Ocean; and then in higher and more beautiful realms, sings the songs of love with the spirits of the air.

In the world of realities she is the partner of man's life—sharing in his sorrows, and participating in his joys: his comfort in trouble, and his help in time of need: his attraction in social life, sunshine in adversity, and hope in the future: his best friend and counsellor, the chief pleasure of his short existence—his light in the dark wilderness, and harbor in the storm: the polar star of his movements, and the divinity of his worship: the mistress of his household, the recipient of his affections, his anxiety, solicitude, and care: the solace of his life, and his last, best, and truest friend in the hour of death. And when she has filled the circle of destiny, which the onward movements of the great chain of events of the moral world demanded of her, she is led unto living fountains of waters, where all tears are wiped away from her eyes, and adds one more spirit to the infinite number of seraphim that eternally worship before the Throne of God.

THE VILLAGE POLITICIANS.

"The rabble gather round the man of news,
And listen with their mouths wide open; some
Tell, some hear, some judge of news, some make it,
And he that lies most loud, is most believed."

Dryden's discourtesy to the common people is more than atoned for by the truth that he crowds into his four terse lines. Wherever a group of village swains are thus congregated together, he is sure to be most regarded who can talk the loudest and relate the greatest marvels. Vulgar curiosity is always abundant with these retail news-mongers, while, as Shakspeare says—

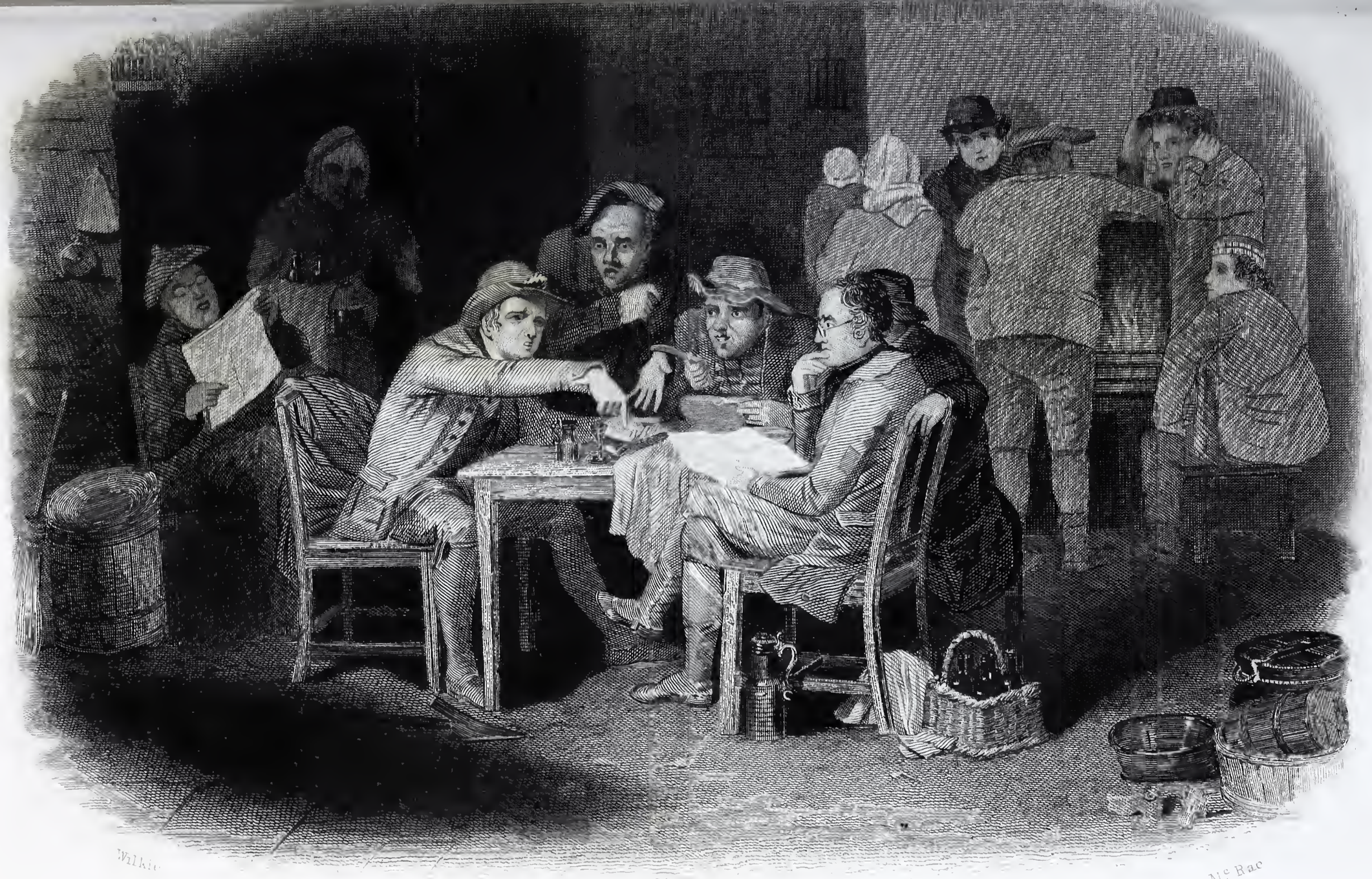
"He that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
While he that hears, makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes."

In no country on the face of the globe is the right of free political discussion so universally recognized as in our own. We enjoy in this particular, at least, "the largest liberty." Our public men are public property; we discuss their merits and demerits as a hungry man does his dinner—with infinite relish. Every citizen being a party to the enactment of his country's laws, feels it to be a solemn duty to promulgate his own peculiar views upon every important occasion; and often his distinguished delegate in the public council-cham-

ber is less innocent of blundering in his judgment, than he whose interests he represents. As a general rule, common sense resides with the common people; while duplicity and diplomacy, statesmanship and strategy, commerce and cupidity, and political interest and intrigue, are not unfrequently found to obtain with the preferred among the people. The free expression of the popular sentiment is, therefore, a guardian element of public safety—a palladium of our civil rights; it is the bulwark of our national independence. The very abuse of the privilege even, sometimes is salutary—it is always innoxious. It is right that every man should feel a personal interest in the affairs of the country to which he belongs; and he who wholly disregards all the great questions which contribute to her national advancement, is, to say the least of it, very unpatriotic. A distinguished artist of our own country has vividly sketched such a gathering as is usually seen at a village, when any exciting political topic, or some stirring item of news, chances to arrest the attention of simple-hearted rustics. Wilkie's picture is, however, *English*, and "to the manor born."

This picture of "The Village Politicians," which at once lifted its painter into public favor—though it originated in the stormy days of the French Revolution, when the sudden outburst of long-pent resistance to the rights of man, and the promulgation of new and sweeping doctrines, carried away in its might the deep-rooted institutions of society, no less than their superficial abuses, and spread its ferment and agitation into the remotest nooks of old England—is one which, in its tone and human expression, will probably be applicable

enough to all times and all places. The scene is laid in a strange old Scottish clachan, picturesquely combining parlor and kitchen, with its array of mutchkins, pint-stoup, gridirons, hams, and salted herrings; the walls and rafters are dusky with smoke, and the light streaming into the centre of the room falls upon a most marvellous group, inimitable at once for its variety and its unity of expression. The collected senatorial gravity and amusing consciousness of importance diffused over the whole figure of that old man, the Nestor of the village, as he calmly cherishes his chin, and weighs with judicial impartiality, unmoved by the din, the merits of the respective arguments, his jug, grave and weighty as himself, deposited on the floor the while, contrasts finely with the figure of the ardent young ploughman, intoxicated with the new light of liberalism, and who, with an intensity proof against all interruption, is propounding some strange doctrine, which he himself seems scarcely able to comprehend, to the decision of this calm umpire. Aided by the potent stimulus of a mutchkin of mountain-dew—for the scene was sketched prior to our modern temperance era—he has apparently reached the very climax of his argument, which he is establishing triumphantly, wholly rapt and deaf to the clamorous exceptions of his antagonists, who are unable to edge in a single syllable. One of these, provoked at the utter enormity of the doctrine thus put forth, has sprung to his feet, and with swelling veins, and eyes protruding with all the fury of contradiction, is hurling at the young enthusiast some tremendous, unanswerable objections, to which his gourmand comrade, his attention a moment diverted from the cheese, with sus-



Wilkie

Mc Rae

E. Walker, N.Y.

The Village Politicians.

pended knife, appears to be directing the attention of their opponent, but in vain—the young enthusiast heeds neither. The sentiment of this central party is greatly heightened by contrast with the vacant apathy of the group of village idlers collected around the fire, and the listless Highland drover, with his wild, hungry dog, which, profiting by the abstraction of all around, seems about to make forcible seizure of the oat-cake of a wee frightened bairn, scarce higher than himself; while another keen-eyed tyke is making the most of the golden opportunity among the flesh-pots in the foreground. Most amusing, too, is the old man, seated near the window, who, remote from the arena of strife, with spectacles on his nose and mouth half open, is absorbed in *puzzling* out the sense of some article in the Gazette; whilst the quiet, sly old dame is emerging from the cellar, well pleased at the thirsty character of the debate, and bringing with her wherewithal to relieve the drought and animate the vigor of the combatants. All these varieties of expression are given with wonderful dramatic force and proper subordination, untinctured by a particle of exaggeration: every figure, too, has a striking individuality; the accessories separately sudied from nature, have also the closest national and local truth, and, by the management of consummate art, they assist without overcrowding the composition or distracting attention from the main expression of the subject. The arrangement of the groups, and distribution of the light and shade, are not less inimitable than the other merits of the picture.

Fame the painter had thus attained, even to his heart's content; but as far as present results were con-

cerned, it was somewhat dearly purchased. The noble patron, at whose instance the picture, with the merits of which the world rung, had been painted, was, it seems, less moved thereby to any injudicious display of generosity, than wisely tenacious of his right to possess it for the sum named by the painter in the day when he could not have foreseen the value it would ultimately attain. *This sum was fifteen pounds*, at which price the Earl of Mansfield now claimed to be proprietor of the picture. Wilkie was at first inclined to demur, having received more than one offer of a hundred; moreover, it was his impression that the Earl had never distinctly closed, even with this modest stipulation; but, on the Earl's declaring on his honor that he had intended to do so, the point was gracefully conceded by the artist. That it was purely, however, on Wilkie's account that this munificent nobleman had insisted on the fulfilment of the contract—"it being," to use his own words, "his conviction that it would be advantageous to him to have it in his power to say, that, notwithstanding the success of his picture, and the offers which were made to him, he adhered to his original engagement"—he proved to the satisfaction of every one, by generously presenting the painter with *thirty* guineas, instead of the stipulated fifteen!

A GEM FROM A HEAVENLY MINE.

BY T. W. RENNIE.

"In such sweet mystery
Heaven and earth are blent in thee,
That, MARY, having thine,
I could all other love resign."

HAST *thou* a child, friend—a little one—
(Better a daughter, I'd say, than a son)—
A bright, intelligent, fairy thing,
Who, if the shade of a frown will sting
To tears for a moment, anon looks up
To catch your smile, when a brief eclipse
Has pass'd away from your brow and lips,—
Like a flower that closes its tiny cup
Till the storm is pass'd, and then opes wide
Its petals to drink the sunny tide:—
One that, when feeling as if the chain
Of life might gladly be snapp'd in twain,
Can, with a look none other may give,
Cause you to feel it a joy to live,
If to live were only to suffer, and see
No face but hers turn'd fondly to thee:—
One that has ever a vigilant ear
The sound of your step or voice to hear,
And knows no rapture like that which steals
Through her heart when your fond caress she feels;
And who will mount to your weary knee,
And archly gaze in your eyes, to see,
If, beaming full and kindly as e'er,
The joyous spirit of love is there?
—Thou mayest, like me, have seen the pall
Of death on thy loved and cherish'd ones fall,
Yet, if a treasure like this be thine,
Thou hast a gem from a heavenly mine,
And dark as to others this life may be,
It ever has roses and smiles for thee.

WIDOW AND ORPHANS.

BY J. B. MINTON.

Come hither, ye gay votaries of Pleasure, ye blind worshippers of Wealth, and ye deluded pursuers of Fame, and survey this quiet group! If you have ears to hear, they will speak to you of pleasures more exalted than those of the senses, riches more enduring than those of earth, and obligations reaching far beyond your own self-aggrandizement. Behold here an exemplification of that pure Benevolence, which, in whatever form it is discerned, bears unmistakeable evidence of its Divine origin. We bow with reverence to its promptings, and listen to its voice as to the voice of God. Whether found lingering in the cell of the criminal, or around the bedside of the Christian; whether ministering to the wants of the body or the mind; whether its recipients dwell in palaces or cottages; whether resulting from organized association, or isolated efforts, it equally serves to exalt and dignify our nature. We have heard it responding to the call of those whose only claim was a common humanity. It sits not down, however, holding itself only in readiness when solicited. It open its ears, indeed, to the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us," from whatever quarter of the globe it may proceed, but it shuts not its eyes to the poverty which shrinks from

The Widow & her Orphans

observation, and the distress which has no language to make itself known. The legitimate demands upon it, though numerous, absorb not all its attention.

> "Not these suffice; to sickness, pain, and wo,
> This Christian spirit loves with aid to go:
> Will not be sought, waits not for Want to plead,
> But seeks the duty — nay, prevents the need."

It is no ideal picture of the imagination which our artist has here shadowed forth. We have witnessed such scenes, we have participated in such consolations. Its truthfulness will be attested by the thousands who have realized how infinitely more blessed it is to give than to receive, and the tens of thousands whose hearts have been made glad and the anguish of whose spirit has been healed by the means here so happily illustrated. The calmness which rests on the features of the mother is the calmness which has succeeded deep affliction, and her hope and resignation, though resting on the promises of God, have been strengthened and fostered by the ministrations of his disciples.

If there are any whose conceptions of benevolence are so exalted, and whose realization of its demands are so comprehensive, as to create a disrelish for the enjoyment of the sketch before us, they have ample scope for the exercise of their enlarged philanthropy. For ourselves, however, we know no command more binding, and recognise no more beautiful form of Charity, than that which ministers to the relief of the WIDOW AND ORPHANS.

EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

BY E. OAKES SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

"Man foretells afar
The courses of the stars; the very hour
He knows when they shall darken or grow bright:
Yet doth the eclipse of sorrow and of death
Come unforewarned." BRYANT.

THE professor had arranged the telescope, and was about to direct the vision of Margaret, when the listless and preoccupied air of the lady arrested his attention. Cousin Harriet gently touched her shoulder, hoping Margaret would rouse herself before the professor should feel himself aggrieved by her manner; but she muttered carelessly—

"It is of no use—I have no motive."

The benign countenance of the old student was bent kindly, almost sorrowfully, upon her as he pointed his hand heavenward, and replied in tones that would have been indignant, had not a shade of regret mingled therewith—

"No motive to look into the hidden wisdom of the Almighty! When He who is the giver of mind, and

the bestower of wisdom, has spread forth all the glories of the universe, saying only, 'Search, and ye shall find,' 'Ask, and ye shall receive,' not only the letter of wisdom and knowledge, but the spirit also: those sublime and consoling truths, which fill the soul with unmixed content, and lift it even to his own throne, yet we turn aside like sick and indolent children, and ask, where is the motive?"

The fine taste of Margaret was touched by this remonstrance, and the noble enthusiasm of the scholar found an echo in her own bosom.

"I will be thy pupil," she said, warmly, "but, oh! I am so sick, and weary of heart!"

The professor looked at her young face and high-toned loveliness, coupled with this heart-weariness, and the shadows of his own impassioned youth, with its vain yearnings, and never-to-be-realized aspirations, flitted like receding ghosts before him, and lent a gentleness and sympathy to his tones.

"Thou art born," he said, "not for worldly fruition, but heavenly aspirations. The best things of earth would not content thee; it is written upon thy brow, and sits in the deep shadows of thy strange eyes. Learn this, and go out of thyself."

"How—tell me how," said Margaret, eagerly, "for indeed I have felt something of this, the lack of some great motive, which might give an interest and purpose to life."

"Wait," said the professor, "watch and pray, and thy mission will be revealed to thee."

"Ah!" said Margaret, "I have not that magnanimity—the sublime patience of the blinded Milton fills me with admiration, but I cannot emulate it," and she repeated in soft tones, that told how near they sprang from the heart:

"When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide—
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul were bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning, chide;
'Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?'
I fondly ask; but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts—*who best*
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.'"

A slight movement caused the group to look round, and a young man stepped forward with an easy manliness, which more than compensated for the absence of conventional polish.

"I heard a voice in recitation," he said, "and you must pardon me, if I could not go by."

The professor gave his hand kindly. "Thou shalt stay to our lesson," he said, "for I doubt not all knowledge is grateful to thee."

"I am cursed with a hungering and thirsting for it," he replied, "but the ceaseless labor of these horny hands denies me the attainment."

The professor smiled kindly; "Thou hast mistaken thy object; it is not the accumulation of facts—the piling up in the mind of the details of all science and knowledge—this is not the desirable labor of a mind, but to reach those great results, whether for ourselves or others, which constitute wisdom. The meanest intellect can get knowledge, but wisdom is a rare gift, and may well be called the gift of God. Thou shouldst seek to know, not what others may have known and desire to know, but what is needful for thee, and thou wilt be content in thine appointed sphere."

The youth pressed his hand over his eyes, and answered, "Thou must be my teacher."

"I am here to give a lesson in Astronomy, and find myself converted into a didactic lecturer," returned the professor, with one of those rare and slow-coming smiles which lent such a charm to his countenance. He continued, "Oh! I could teach you the best wisdom, could I induce ye to go out of self—turn aside from self in every shape and way—could I induce ye to seek truth, not because such and such things will be the consequences to yourselves, but because truth is the legitimate aliment of the human mind, and to be sought for its own sake, with patience and devotion."

"But toil, the daily toil of men who must eat and drink, and live by the sweat of the brow, is against this," returned the stranger, with something like bitterness.

"All must toil in some shape or other," said the

scholar; "the curse of labor has long since been annulled, and men, in their escape from the pamperings of oriental luxury to their better development, have long hailed it as a blessing."

The stranger waved his hand around the appliances for elegance and comfort which the apartment furnished forth, and then significantly laid his hand, hard and distorted by toil, beside the smooth soft palm of the student.

"My room is an attic, where I scarcely keep out the cold and hunger from the couch of a mother, and others who love me."

"Ay!" said the student, "'others who love me;' that phrase has told of a world of bliss nestling about the heart. Is there no joy in such toil? is there no longing for it to close, that the heart may expand in such an atmosphere? does not the smile, the tear, the anguish even, balm the spirit? For me, I am alone—I go forth nightly and commune with the heavens—I trace order and harmony, and find peace in so doing, but the balm of human affection is denied me. I descended from my seat, where I had watched, night by night, the glorious passage of bodies hid in the vastness of space, and hastened to the bedside of a dying mother. The world was waiting for the result of my observations—*the time for such would not return again for centuries;* I was beholding mechanism and beauty that wrapt me in adoration—the world and all beside was forgotten in the magnitude and glory spread before me. The observation was complete. I heard a

sweet whisper—my name pronounced in the faintest tone, and across the path of the instrument undulating shadows passed as if a form swept by. I hastened to the side of her so loved, so honored; I had watched too late, she was with God."

All were silent for some time, and the stern features of the youth relaxed, as he murmured—

"Ah, yes, this is toil—this is grief."

"Yet," replied the professor, "the hand is white, and the form unbent. But know, young man, that labor the most severe comes from the working brain, with its overtasked and attenuated nerves, which makes the labor of the hands seem a luxury."

"Did you return again to your studies, after such a shock?" asked Margaret.

"*Yes! what was my aching heart to a great truth needful to man?* I crushed it aside, and wrote and wrote, and when my grief would no more be smothered, I stole aside to look upon her dead face, and wept and prayed, and then back to my toil. Men called me heartless, cold, and ambitious; but the heart is always open to God, and there only should we have care."

"But it is the greatness of your study that has been able to divest you of self," replied Margaret.

"That may be, but all should seek for an aim which will produce a like result. I learned early in life the secret of happiness, I mean the best kind of happiness, and all can learn the same wisdom who are willing to learn."

"But," said Margaret, "why should not happiness

be insured us? Why all this strife for an attainment never to be realized?"

"It is the inequalities of society which produce all this misery," replied the young man; "the luxury of the rich, and the down-crushing labor of the poor."

"But the inequalities of society spring from the inequalities of human faculties," returned the professor.

Margaret for the first time turned her eyes upon the young man, as he stood earnest yet respectfully before them,—his manly face shaded by a look of discontent, like a man stirred with thoughts beyond the condition in which he moved. She blushed slightly as she met his look, and remarked—

"Yours is the happier condition in life: you have something to attain."

"Yes, lady; bread for myself and others."

"Nor is that all: a spirit like yours cannot be broken; and every step with you is to the better—the higher."

"Thanks—thanks," he murmured.

"But with many of us," she continued, "the motive is wanting: thanks to the achievements and labors of our ancestors, we have the heritage of blood first ennobled by great actions—by toils of some kind—a race of laborers, whether in field, or cabinet, or the cunning of the artisan; then followed wealth, which makes men equal to princes, and taste and art, the best the world can furnish, fill our houses with luxury, till the surfeited spirit longs for the fresh earth once more, and the simple appliances of the savage. All

has been done for us, and we loathe a life that has deprived us of incitement,—we condemn the noble care of our predecessors, who have done all, and left us the heritage of nothingness."

She spoke with animation, her clear musical voice blending with the tone of her thought like a fair instrument skilfully played. The stranger listened with delight and surprise.

"Thou hast opened a new field of thought," he replied: "I will learn to bless God for the heritage of toil. Thy lesson is the needful one to me: I will leave the stars to the future." And bowing slightly, he retired.

CHAPTER II.

"Well, call it Friendship,—have I asked for more,
Even in those moments when I gave thee most?
'Twas but for thee I looked so far before;—
I saw thy bark was hurrying blindly on,
A guideless thing upon a dangerous coast,—
With thee—with thee—where would I not have gone!"

HOFFMAN.

MARGARET STEWART had rapidly portrayed her own condition in her slight glance at the upper classes of society; but there were other causes combined to produce that mental lassitude which she described. Lofty in intellect, she possessed likewise that rare combination of pride and tenderness of character, which, however attractive to others, is sure to produce discomfort

to its possessor. In the course of a season passed in the country, she had found herself warmly interested in one whom she subsequently learned to be ambitious, selfish, and mentally vapid, yet master of the art of pleasing, and of a person of Apollo-like beauty. The recoil which followed, and the self-contempt she experienced at this trick of her imagination, had produced a disgust at life and its uses which she found difficult to overcome; and as one means of so doing, she had resorted to the student for instruction in that most sublime of all the sciences, Astronomy.

Every evening the professor was found giving lessons to his fair pupils; and often the young artisan, on his return from labor, paused at the portico, and gathered, as he said, "food for thought for many a weary hour." Gradually the mind of Margaret recovered its wonted tone. Her fine understanding grasped the science with clearness and vigor, while her genius expanded as if wings had been given her to soar unhindered into a higher and purer atmosphere. She shook off the littleness of discontent, the pettiness of personal exaction, and imbibed a new interest in life. If the past obtruded upon her memory, it was with less of bitterness, less of that self-discordancy which hitherto had made all emotion revolting to her.

The good professor marked the change with delight, and began to call her, not Miss Stewart, but "my friend," "my daughter," and sometimes "Margaret." She was pleased at this, and learned to appeal to his judgment—to his opinions—and finally to relieve the

pressure of her own thoughts by those many shades of intercourse, partly whim, partly sentiment, and partly that vague affectionateness which, when combined, often make women so dangerously attractive. The good man learned to wait with impatience for the hour when his "children," as he called them, should gather around him, and he unfold to appreciating intellects the solemn and beautiful truths so familiar to himself. Hitherto the stars, and the still wonders of the heavens, had absorbed his attention; but now the buoyant, kindly tones from young and genial hearts, sent a new thrill to the breast of the student.

It so happened that an illness of some days prevented Margaret from taking her wonted position in the portico. Ralph Henchman was there, and Cousin Harriet, but the zest of instruction was lost. The brilliant perceptions of Margaret, and the thousand graces of her manner, were lacking to give the final glow to the thoughts of the good man. His pupils saw how it was, and agreed to wait till Margaret should be ready to join them. The pale cheek of the student reddened painfully, and he pressed his hand to his brow.

"True," he replied, "she is one of God's rarest creatures. I should be dull indeed, did I not feel the spell of her presence."

What passed in the mind of the solitary scholar cannot be known, but when a few days after she took her seat beside him, he took her hand gently in his—

"I have long been alone in the world—affections

have rarely been needful to me; but now, when deprived of thee, I am doubly solitary. Wilt thou be my friend, my life-long friend, Margaret?"

Margaret gazed an instant into his earnest clear face, and then laid her hand in his. "Always thy friend," she said, "thy true and grateful friend."

The student bent his head and kissed her forehead. "Sometimes let me kiss thy brow, and I am content. Look how yon moon moves onward to the zenith; queen-like she moves, and the attending waters crowd her pathway, making a passage in the great deep for them that go down to the sea in ships. Two tides follow her movements, the one attendant on her own sweet way, and the other impelled to an opposite point. I have sometimes thought, such is the influence of goodness combined with beauty; the good and the true are instinctively impelled thereto, while the evil find themselves repelled."

Margaret smiled. "I must commend thy taste, my dear friend, in that thou hast found a sentiment of beauty in the moon, and hast not taken occasion to liken her unto the fickleness of woman."

It was now the turn of Ralph to look with discomfort. He leaned against the column, and his eyes followed the hand of the professor as he spoke, and then rested upon the face of Margaret.

"I am the only unwise one, and the only isolated one here," he murmured.

"Not unwise, surely; and why shouldst thou be solitary?" said Margaret.

"The tone of thy voice, thy own manner, is the best answer," retorted the young man, "if such are both, in one so truly noble and gentle, what would be the manner of the whole class to which thou art allied, to one like me!"

At first, Margaret listened with surprise, but, relieved by the close of the sentence, she gave him her hand cordially.

"Nay, thou art too sensitive; thy noble manliness is the best inheritance."

The youth looked into her face, so full of woman's loveliness and truth, and whispered, as if half unconsciously,

"I was about to ask thee to be my friend likewise; but—"

Margaret again extended her hand, but he turned away.

"Nay, nay, it is a mockery," he said.

She read the thought in his heart, and was silent. She felt that the friendship of Ralph Henchman was not that of the professor. The student saw it likewise, and half regretted the influence to which he had exposed the young man.

The season passed away, and the winter constellations marshalled the heavens with their grandeur and beauty. Orion, armed and belted, moves through the azure way; Sirius shows his clear blue rays; and Arcturus and the Pleiades recall the associations of Holy Writ, where, in the sublimest of all poems, the ancient stars are cited as great in power, or benign in influ-

ence. Still did Ralph Henchman linger about the observatory of the professor at the close of his labor, nightly resolving to go no more there; and when the night came, and the stars were out, or the storm rattling against the casement, he moved uneasily to and fro, and at length found himself listening to the professor—some—but more to the voice or the faintest movement of Margaret.

One evening the good professor laid his hand upon the arm of the young man, as he was about to leave, soon after the withdrawal of the ladies.

"Ralph," he said, "it is not well for thee to be here."

"I know it," said the young man. "I feel it is folly, madness—that these hours will color my whole life—fill me with bitterness and discontent, yet I dare them all; the luxury of this wild love, hopeless as it is, fills me with an intoxicating bliss. It is as if the spirit at least had overstepped the impediments of birth, and there I am the equal of Margaret."

He spoke with depth and firmness, and the good professor grieved in his heart for him. Accustomed to thought only, the conventionalisms of society weighed little, because unstudied by him, and he could see no obstacles to an attachment, provided it was mutual; he therefore replied earnestly,

"God forbid that you should talk or feel in this way. Margaret is not indifferent to you. I have watched her narrowly. I have seen her eye turn from the polished and the rich, watching for your coming."

"Ay," said the youth, "mine is a fresh mind, its phases new to her; and she sees the wild idolatry with which I worship her. She is mad to think upon me at all; and yet, God forgive me, life is less terrible to me, knowing, feeling that she does not scorn me."

A faint cry and a fall caused the parties to turn. Margaret had leaned heavily against the wainscot, but her consciousness remained; and when the professor placed her in a chair, the tears gushed to her eyes, she covered her face with her hands, and sobbed audibly. The youth stood as transfixed, pale and silent like marble, his strong hand grasping the arm of a chair, and his breast expanded as if respiration had ceased. "Say only that you do not despise me," he murmured.

Margaret looked up. "God forbid," she replied; "I returned for a book, and heard my name—too much I heard—forgive me;" and she tried to rise, but was unable.

Ralph approached and stood near her.

"Miss Stewart, the way is broken, and I must speak. That I love you next to the hopes of my salvation, I feel in my own heart. That you do not scorn me, ay, that I am not indifferent to you, has made me an humbler, a better man. I shall nightly bless God that creatures like yourself sometimes walk this cold, hard world. I will be all that one who has raised a thought in a breast like thine should be—farewell." He raised her hand to his lips, and turned away.

"Ralph!" he turned—"Margaret!" and the tears

sprang to his eyes—sinking upon one knee, he went on passionately—

"We must part—it is all madness—look at this rough frame hardened by labor, this hand callous by toil! Thou—a rose-leaf would annoy thee: thy taste would recoil from me, and my pride would make me jealous, cruel, mad! I am of the people, and must 'brunt the fight;' but thou, thou art God's child of song, and passion, and beauty; wildly, wildly do I love thee," and clasping her one moment in his arms, their lips met, and then he laid her gently in her chair, and went forth in silence.

Hour after hour the good professor sat by his friend, nor did he reproach her, though she wept in helpless silence. As the morning star appeared, white and clear in the horizon, he touched her hand, "Look, Margaret, the earth is called forth to the contest, but a star of beauty and peace is the herald."

Margaret lifted her head; "Oh! that the grave would hide me," she murmured.

"Nay, nay, thou hast Friendship—that will not fail thee," said the professor, kindly.

"And Love, too," responded Margaret, "all that deserves the name."

"Yet thy way is solitary," replied the good man; "what hast thou besides?"

"Truth!" replied Margaret, with kindling eye—"Truth, the soul's best jewel, the well of life springing up to eternal blessedness. I will betake me to my mission, and be at peace."

"Thou wilt learn the secret, which I have learned then," said the student, meekly.

"What is that?" asked the other.

"That earth holds no such thing as perfect happiness, but the secret of the best she affords is employment, a steady exercise of the faculties which God has given us, not to be buried in idleness, but to be used."

Margaret bowed her head.

"Thou art a poet, Margaret; use thy gift, and be happy therein; it is all that is designed thee on earth, therein thou shalt evolve truth, and find peace."

Touched as by a new inspiration, the girl threw her fingers across the harp, and poured out a wild tribute to Her, the remote and the beautiful, who stands as the type of woman, when endowed with the sublime gift of song.

ODE TO SAPPHO.

Bright, glowing Sappho! child of love and song,
  Adown the blueness of long distant years
Beams forth thy glorious shape, and steals along
  Thy melting tones beguiling us to tears.
    Thou priestess of great hearts,
      Thrilled with the secret fire
    By which a God imparts
      The anguish of desire.
  For meaner souls be mean content,
  Thine is a higher element!

Over Leucasta's rock thou leanest yet,
  With thy wild song, and all thy locks outspread;

The stars are in thine eyes—the moon hath set—
The night-dew falls upon thy radiant head.
And thy resounding lyre,
Ah! not so wildly sway—
Thy soulful lips inspire
And steal our hearts away.
Swan-like and beautiful thy dirge,
Floats from the lone Ægean surge!

No unrequited love filled thy sad heart,
But thine infinitude did on thee weigh,
And all the wildness of despair impart,
Stealing the down from hope's own wing away.
Couldst thou not suffer on,
Bearing the direful pang,
While thy melodious tone
Through wondering cities rang?
Oh! couldst thou not with this grow strong,
And upward bear thy heart, thou child of song?

Devotion, fervor might upon thee wait;
But what were these to thine! all cold and chill,
And left thy burning heart but desolate—
Thy wondrous beauty with despair might fill
The worshipper who bent
Entrancéd at thy feet;
Too affluent the dower lent,
Where song and beauty meet.
Consumed by a Promethean fire
Wert thou, oh! daughter of the lyre.

Alone, above Leucasta's wave art thou,
Most beautiful, most gifted—yet alone:
Ah! what to thee the crown from Pindar's brow,
What the loud plaudit, and the garlands thrown

By the enraptured throng,
  When thou in matchless grace
Didst move with lyre and song,
  And monarchs gave thee place!
What hast thou left, proud one, what token?
Alas! a lute and heart—both broken!

EARLY MEMORIES.

BY JULIAN CRAMER.

The memories of early years,
  How fondly do they cling
Around the heart, and soothe its woes,
  With their soft murmuring!
And yet, there is a sadness breathed
  Amid their sweetest tones,
As when, of her fond mate bereft,
  Some loving turtle moans.

The memory of a mother's tears,
  And oft-repeated prayer,
A father's kind but firm reproof,
  A sister's gentle care,
A brother's warm protection shown,
  A schoolmate's ardent truth,
These cluster round the later dreams
  We have of early youth.

"RELIEVE THE DISTRESSED:"

A COMMAND OF UNIVERSAL APPLICATION.

(See Frontispiece.)

BY J. B. MINTON.

THE claims of suffering humanity should find a ready response in every heart. Enlightened statesmen and philanthropists recognise as their highest duty, the amelioration of the condition of the unfortunate and the distressed. Governments, as they advance in civilization and refinement, are turning their attention to the relief of those whom misfortune or imprudence has rendered incompetent for conflict with their fellow-men. Philanthropy has, of late, been earnestly engaged in devising plans for the relief and restoration of those whose existence had been nearly rendered a blank, by some mysterious decree of Providence. These efforts have not been in vain. Investigations into the nature of many of our most afflicting calamities, have developed a new and valuable mode of treatment. The law of kindness and love has superseded that of restraint and cruelty. A pure spirit of benevolence, that stops not to inquire the birthplace, condition, or creed, of the sufferer, is being diffused through the land. Whether the mortal frame, suffering the pangs of disease and death, require the aid of medical science and skill, or the immortal mind, reviewing a misspent life, need words of spiritual con-

Relieving the Distressed

solation, this gentle spirit ministers to each. It points the dying sinner to the great Author of his existence, for that mercy and forgiveness too often denied him by his fellow-men. The Christian is reminded of the great and exceeding rewards awaiting him. The anxiety of each in reference to their kindred is lessened by the assurance that the same benevolence which induces the visiting of the sick and the afflicted, prompts to the relief of the widow and the fatherless.

Henry Irving was a young man of fine appearance, and splendid talents, who, by his own efforts, had attained a respectable rank in the literary world. He had struggled manfully up from obscurity to fame. Though poor in worldly wealth he was rich in that knowledge which exalteth a nation. He saw and loved Mary Marsh. Their betrothal soon followed. The marriage ceremonies were scarcely over when the news of the death of her mother reached the young bride. We shall not attempt a description of her suffering. Every consolation that could be devised was administered. She gradually recovered from the effects of the startling intelligence, and became calm and resigned.

Her affections now clustered more strongly around her husband. She cheered him in his labors and soothed him in his sorrows. The birth of a daughter consummated their happiness. In the enjoyment of uninterrupted domestic felicity, the life of the mother passed away so gently that she scarcely took note of time. The excitement and great mental labor attending Mr. Irving's profession, however, seriously impaired his health. The tour of the lakes was recommended by his physi-

cian, as furnishing new objects of thought and affording that change of climate and that variety of scenery demanded by the nature of his bodily and mental diseases. He immediately acted upon the suggestion, and after affectionately caressing his family, started on his journey. He had reached a small village in the interior of the state when he was seized with fever, and rendered unable to proceed. There was no public house in the place, but the spirit of friendship, love, and truth, had penetrated each heart, and offered the sufferer a ready asylum. His symptoms were alarming, and he desired that his family should be informed of his situation. Upon receipt of the melancholy news, they flew to his relief. In the meantime, his fever had produced delirium. His disordered reason ran riot. Now he imagined himself with his wife and daughter, then pursuing his journey; now traversing a beautiful prairie, and then descending some fearful precipice or fording some swollen and turbulent stream. He was in a quiet sleep one afternoon, and his attendants left him for a short time. About nightfall a carriage drove to the door, and Mrs. Irving and her daughter entered the dwelling. With sobs and tears they were conducted to his apartment; but what was the astonishment of his attendants, and the unutterable wo and despair of the wife and daughter, on finding it unoccupied! The maniac had fled! The wife, suffering extreme agony, insisted upon joining in the search that was immediately instituted. Her daughter could not be prevailed upon to remain behind. The neighbors separated in all directions. The benevolent host accompanied the afflicted kindred. It was dark ere they de-

parted. The moon, which had risen brightly, soon became obscured by clouds, and rain fell in torrents. It was only by occasional flashes of lightning that they could distinguish surrounding objects. It was finally determined to remain where they were until daylight. No rest, however, came to their weary limbs, and long before that time the party renewed their search. Daylight found them upon the highway. After pursuing it for a mile farther, they discovered a human form lying by the roadside, and upon coming nearer recognised the object of their search, apparently lifeless. Here was again enacted what is recorded of the Good Samaritan. He was raised and conveyed to the residence of his benefactor. Symptoms of life were soon manifest. But he awoke not to reason. The wounds upon his person, his wild expression, and frantic ravings, told that a conflict more terrible than that of the elements without had been going on in his mind.

The benevolence which for three months lingered around the bedside of that insane man, providing for his every want, supporting his family, and furnishing the means that led to his restoration to reason, is worthy of especial record. Its commemoration is the only object of the writer. However imperfect the narrative, it may possess some interest in so far as it tends to illustrate the spirit and principles of that Order of which the benefactor of Henry Irving was so admirable an exponent, and of which Henry Irving himself afterward became a prominent member.

LINES

ON RECEIVING THE PICTURE OF GERTRUDE, A YOUNG AND UNFORTUNATE POETESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RECORDS OF THE HEART," "CHILD OF THE SEA," "MYTH OF THE MINSTREL," ETC.

Io sono, io son ben dessa! or vedi come
M' ha cangiata il dolor fiero ed atroce
Ch' a fatica la voce
Puo di me dar la conoscenza vera.
VITTORIA COLONNA.

And art thou, fair one, thus so desolate?
Of friends and hopes bereft? thy young love spurn'd?
Thy crush'd affections thrown back on thy heart,
To wither and decay like autumn's leaves?

'Tis thou! those eyes that darkly seem to glow,
Those lips, those sable curls, that lofty brow,
And mien, and lineaments, are all thine own,
Though sadly changed; the vermeil blush is gone,
And that soft smile of buoyancy and glee,
That tell the maiden's heart is light and free.—
'Tis thou! I saw thee in youth's giddy hours,
When thou wast bright as morning's opening flowers
In dewy May—when from those languid eyes
Bright genius flash'd, and hope's sweet fantasies,
And holy thought, and dreams of earthly bliss
Each feature kindled into loveliness.
And I have seen thee in the gorgeous hall,
The cynosure of the gay festival;

That snowy brow with rosy chaplets bound,
That graceful form amidst the dance float round,
While music all thy soul's high feelings woke,
And from those eyes thought eloquently spoke;
When all that smiles on earth or wakens love—
The Naiad's notes, the warblings of the grove,
The voice of spring, the mellow tones of even,
The breeze of summer, and the airs of heaven,
The leaping rill that laugh'd along its way—
Found a soft echo in thy gushing lay.
But oh, how changed! it breathes no more of streams,
And groves, and fairy sprites, and youth's bright dreams;
Love's doleful requiem, hope's funeral knell,
Are now the only music of thy shell.

That mien is sad, those cheeks are pale with care—
Ah! bitter tears and sorrow have been there—
Those eyes now tell a dark and mournful tale
Of wrong and scorn, and thy young spirit's wail,
And unrequited love—dear hopes long hush'd
Within thy breast—thy heart's best feelings crush'd.

Time hath not on that brow etch'd many years,
But grief hath mark'd on it deep characters
Of inward wretchedness. Calmness is there,
But 'tis the calm that rises from despair—
The fixedness the features still assume
When hope and love no more our path illume,
And the embitter'd spirit doth await
With patience life's inevitable fate.

Thy grief is deeper far than speech portrays,
And yet upon that brow I love to gaze;
So much is beaming in that pensive face,
Which wrong and sorrow never can efface;
So much of meekness, and of purity,
And chasten'd thought, and sacred fantasy

Are there, and Poesy's undying fire,
That thrill my soul, and lofty thoughts inspire;
And though from thee life's brightest spells have fled,
Love's halo circles not the false one's head;
Still genius holds her seat upon that brow,
Lighting those pale and wasting features now,
As the sun's pure and ever-constant light
Lends beauty to the sorrowing moon by night.

A VALENTINE TO MY WIFE.

TWELVE years ago! how swift their flight,
  Since first thy fate was link'd with mine!
How much they brought of dark or bright
To crown thy love, or prove its might,
  My faithful Valentine!

Twelve years ago, my chosen bride!
  How proud was I to call thee mine!
But more my love, and more my pride,
Since years on years thy worth have tried,
  My precious Valentine!

It may be sorrow and despair
  At times have wrung this heart of mine;
But to thy love I could repair,
And find my peace and solace there,
  My sweetest Valentine!

And every joy that I may know,
  When kinder fortune seems to shine,
Wins from thy smile a brighter glow—
To see thee happy makes me so,
  My dearest Valentine!

Sweet mother of the cherub boy,
  Round whom our fondest hopes entwine!
May he his coming years employ
To be thy comfort, pride, and joy,
  And bless my Valentine!

VIGILS.

Heb. xiii: 1, 2.

BY GEORGE F. MARSHALL.

If there is a sentiment of the human heart that should be awakened to renewed and enlivened action, that sentiment is sympathy for the ills of life in our fellow-mortals. Born into a world of sorrow, pain, and wo, it would indeed be a burden to live out the common lot of man without some generous fellow-feeling; some encouraging impulse; some Christian sympathy, engendered by a desire to share the misfortunes so common to the life of man.

The too frequent neglect of most people to visit the house of sickness, is, perhaps, not so much by wilful design, as it is a want of proper knowledge of the means of alleviating the distressed; and if such neglect may be called a crime, it is one that may greatly disturb the criminal at a time when his sad omissions will be fresh and vivid in his mind, operating sadly to his own disquiet, and perhaps that of a near and a dear friend.

To *compel* man to do his duty to his fellow, is not the object of the Order of Odd-Fellowship. Man's

duty to man is amply known and acknowledged without the peculiar institution of Odd-Fellowship to point it out, to mark the prescribed limits with mathematical accuracy; but still the Order stands like an oasis in the desert—a bright light to the traveller—a haven for the mariner; in fine, it is to the moral world what Christianity is to the religious, not by any means assuming to fill up a void which the gospel has left, but each, separate and distinct, is destined to fill its own peculiar sphere—looking for its own common destiny.

It was my good fortune, not many years since, to be sojourning in an Atlantic city, where the Order of Odd-Fellowship has long been a peculiar characteristic of the town, embracing in its membership the most influential and better class of citizens. A wide region of country looked thither for instruction and guidance in the peculiar tenets and work of our fraternity. An Odd-Fellow scarcely ever visited that city, without promising himself a visit to one or more of the many Lodges during his stay, perhaps to gain information of their "correct work," and perhaps to gather other matters in relation to our fraternal compact. With these designs, I presented my card, and was formally admitted as a visiter to ——— Lodge, No. —, for the evening.

On visiting for the first time a strange Lodge of acknowledged correctness, an Odd-Fellow feels something akin to distrust in himself, for fear of his own probable defects. There is something that whispers to his mind, that in every new Lodge he visits there is

some superiority in the work which his own Lodge has not; which predisposition, perhaps, induces him to form a biased opinion, and prevents ultimate development from fixing a correct opinion. This may be more from a willingness on the part of the visiter to acknowledge his own liability to err, and the very many chances of his coming far short of his own duty.

I need not say that I felt awkward in entering this strange Lodge for the first time—it being somewhat larger than my own, and finished and furnished in the most splendid and approved style,—the members clothed in the richest regalia and jewels of their station, while for my own part, I was not only clothed in the plainest possible manner, but my regalia indicated that I had taken but a short stride in the Order.

Soon after I was seated, the N. G. stated to the Lodge that during the day word had come to him that an Odd-Fellow from some Western state had been thrown from a carriage, and badly hurt. He had visited the brother, and found that he required careful attention day and night, and it was barely possible that he would recover. As the stranger was not a member of the Lodge, the N. G. made a special call upon the brothers to volunteer to watch during the present and subsequent nights.

"Is there any one that is disposed to volunteer to watch with the unfortunate brother?" emphatically asked the N. G.

Not one seemed willing to offer his services; whether from diffidence, or some other cause, no one ex-

pressed a desire to alleviate the pangs of the distressed brother. The N. G. was therefore compelled to resort to singling members out by calling their names. The first named was ill himself; the second had sickness in his family; the third had watched with a brother but a week since; the fourth was conscious that it could not be his turn—he was always willing when it came his turn; some were of the opinion that the Lodge should *employ* some one to watch, and not call upon the members when a strange brother needed attention. After this manner the excuses went on, when no one as yet had evinced a willingness to watch with the needy brother.*

After having patiently listened to the many pleas the members thus made in order to be relieved from the task they seemed so much to dread, a venerable-looking brother, whose hair was silvered with the frosts of many winters, slowly arose from his seat, and thus addressed the principal chair:

"Sir," said he, "my heavenly Father has spared me in health and competence for more than threescore years, yet I have seen much trial—much trouble. My

* We must apologize for these brothers. We don't know who they are, nor what Lodge they belong to,—Bro. MARSHALL has not told us these,—but whoever they are, we must apologize for them. The sequel shows that a moment's reflection convinced them of their error, and that they made haste to correct it. Pray you, good reader, don't fail to *read* the sequel. Odd-Fellows, like other men, may do wrong, and come short of their duty; but, unlike *some* other men, when they see their faults, they acknowledge and correct them.—P. D.

lot was never like the unfortunate brother's who has claims, this night, upon our care and careful watching, and God grant that it may never be. A stranger in a strange land, and racked with torturing pain! a hard lot is his: but 'is there no balm in Gilead?' Is there no one in this lodge-room who can spare a single night to watch beside his pillow? Sir, I have stolen, this night, from my own house of mourning, to attend this Lodge meeting. My bosom-companion now lies upon the bed of sickness, weary, worn-out with constant watching over our darling grandson, who to-day departed this life. I left a house of sorrow and sickness, myself 'weary, worn, and sad,' but there is yet vitality in me, and as long as that lasts, I am ready to be worn out in doing what good I can to suffering humanity. It is a great source of pleasure to me to be able to render the least aid to my fellow, and I never came away from the house of suffering, disease, or death, but that I felt better prepared to enjoy life rationally, and more fitted to contend with its foreshadowing events—most certain to come sooner or later. If there is no other who feels capable or willing, I am ready to watch over the bed of the unfortunate brother."

A profound silence pervaded the hall for a few moments, as the brother took his seat. Many eyes were filled with tears; it was evident that a most happy impression had been made upon the minds of the reluctant brethren. It would be needless to say that there was now no lack of watchers. Brothers frankly acknowledged their error, and manfully came forward,

and did their duty as members of the same common family—as members of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows should do.

That night two young men left the lodge-room, with hearts full of sympathy for their unfortunate brother, and proceeded to the house where he lay. It was in an obscure lane, where dwelt a hardy laborer, one who toiled from early dawn to sunset in order to earn the means of subsistence for a large family. It was opposite his door that the unlucky accident occurred: the brother was thrown from a vehicle, and a gentleman passing at the time of the accident, who beheld the sad occurrence, procured the nearest lodging for the sufferer, engaged a surgeon, promised other attention, and said he would pay all charges. Our young brothers beheld a sad picture.

The stranger's name had not yet been ascertained; but from certain indications, it was renderod almost sure that he could be none other than an Odd-Fellow. He received faithful attention that night; and the next morning he seemed somewhat improved, and was restored to consciousness, but was still unable to articulate a word. From day to day, however, he gradually improved, until his name and residence were ascertained, when word was immediately sent to his friends in the West, informing them of his misfortune. He was found to be a very respectable young merchant from that section of country.

At length, by unwearied care and attention, he was restored to health, but no word had yet been received

from his friends in the West. Upon his first errand, as soon as he was enabled to go abroad, he called at the Post-office. Among the busy throng he observed a little girl, who, by the rush of the crowd, was jostled about from side to side; and he offered to do the errand of the child, and cause her to be extricated from so unpleasant a situation.

"Can I help you, my little lady, to any thing at the Post-office?" asked our brother.

"Yes, sir; will you please ask for a letter for John Dermont?" was the reply.

As soon as he was able to obtain an audience with the clerk, he performed the message of the girl. The clerk repaired to the files, and the next moment our brother was seized by two lusty officers; and, accompanied by a host of boys and others, he was dragged to jail. This hasty procedure was entirely inexplicable to the prisoner; a thousand fancies flitted across his mind, and all that he could learn from these inhuman man-catchers was, that he was a notorious forger. Perfectly conscious of having no hand in a crime so foul and disgraceful, he awaited patiently the result of his committal.

Some days passed before the reason of his imprisonment was made manifest, and only upon the day preceding his examination was he enabled to learn all that pertained to the singular cause why he was thrust into the cold and damp dungeon, where his yet enfeebled frame was scarcely able to bear up against such unwholesome air, and harassing depression of mind.

While yet our friend was incarcerated in prison, his brother arrived from the West. On receiving intelligence of the accident, he had lost no time in hastening to the sufferer's relief. But the invalid had singularly disappeared, while yet he was scarcely well enough to go out; no one knew whither he had gone, and things seemed mysterious in the extreme.

It was publicly made known that the notorious forger, Dermont, was to have his examination on the day our strange Odd-Fellow's brother arrived. The trial accordingly came on, and the court-room was crowded with anxious spectators, eager to get a glimpse of the prisoner. At length he was brought into court, with barely life enough in him to enable him to move his aching limbs. Depressed and sad, he cared little for life. He was just at this crisis allowed to send for witnesses or counsel. What was the astonishment of those who had watched over him in his sickness, when they found *him* in the prisoner's box!

The counsel for the prisoner, after a brief consultation with him, demanded his immediate discharge He explained to the court the mistake by which the young man had been brought there as a prisoner; he gave his real name and place of residence, and stated the circumstances which had detained him in the city

The justice declared that the investigation must go on; that his duties were clearly defined, and that proper evidence should release the prisoner, if he was innocent; that certain evidence had induced proper officers to arrest him; and that the trial must be had.

By this time, however, the brother of the prisoner was brought to the court, besides the many fraternal brothers who had watched over his sick-bed, and also the venerable old man who had pleaded in his behalf at the lodge.

As it is not my intention to write a story, but simply to inculcate a lesson, I shall not make any mystery or romance of this affair, but simply state that, to the astonishment and delight of the crowd, the prisoner was not only proved entirely innocent, but it was also shown that the old gentleman above referred to was his FATHER! The young man had met with the accident while on his way to his paternal home; and the father (who, after his eloquent appeal in the lodge-room, was not permitted to watch with the sick brother—that duty being performed by the younger members) was not even aware of his son's intended coming.

The dull detail of clumsy formality was strictly adhered to, but the worthy old man soon had his son by his own fireside, and all other matters were detailed, while the father wept for joy. Little did he imagine, when he gently reproved his brethren of the Order for their want of promptness in relieving the distressed, that the very object of their attention was to be his own son!

LOVE.

BY FANNY GREEN.

Love is the anthem the stars rehearse,
As they wheel through the circling universe;
Into crystals it fashions the sparkling sand,
And it mantles with verdure the smiling land;
It wakes in the bloom of the opening flower—
It dwells in the shade of the viny bower—
It speaks in the voice of the lowing herds—
It sings in the song of the joyous birds—
It enriches with corn the teeming plain—
It boweth the heads of the golden grain—
And when all the roots sleep far below,
It covers the earth with its mantling snow—
It quickeneth the tides of the heaving main—
It mouldeth the drops of the summer rain—
It colors the shell in its ocean nook—
It murmurs itself in the pebbly brook—
It lives in the sunshine—it wakes in the breeze—
It bendeth the arms of the worshipping trees—
It beams in the eye of the graceful fawn—
It glows in the smile of the waking dawn—
It rests in the solemn hour of noon—
It softens the light of the gentle moon—
And as they bend from their radiant cars,
It points the glance of the midnight stars—
It is seen in Compassion's pearly tears,
And felt in the music of the spheres—
From remotest bounds to the central Source,
Love—love alone—is the vital force.

Wilkie. E. Walker, N.Y. Mc Rae

THE READING OF THE WILL.

Persons possessed of great wealth usually are endowed with singular longevity; so frequently is this found to obtain, indeed, that one is tempted to conclude the immunity is insured by the earnest desire to the contrary on the part of eager expectants of patrimony. Our love for a lingering incumbent of property thus suffers a rather severe test; for however much we may felicitate his enjoyment of it, our secret cravings for an anticipated personal possession struggles incessantly for the mastery. Who has not known an instance of a hale octogenarian bidding defiance to every ill-omened expectation of his surrender? Some desperate cases of the kind seem sent on purpose to rebuke our cupidity and coveting; although the remedy rather provokes than palliates the moral disease. If a man, therefore, desires to leave the world amid the sincere regrets of those he loves, he had better dispense with the formality of making his will, by distributing what he has to confer before he dies; and then those who share his bounty will have a substantial motive for wishing his life to be prolonged. Dr. Johnson, strong-minded as he was in most matters, was so superstitious as to refrain from making his will, from the fear that it would accelerate his end. In this aspect, surplus wealth is certainly a disadvantage; and although it is exceedingly

inconvenient to feel the want of money when the demands of life call for it; yet nature seems to balance the account at its close, by enriching, in an eminent degree, the last moments of poverty with the wealth of the domestic affections. Who does not know that the soil most friendly for the growth of the gentle charities of life, is the vale of poverty? Most of the mighty minds that have bequeathed to the world its moral and intellectual wealth, have been proverbially poor; while those most conspicuous for their sordid thirst for gain have been as injurious to the common weal as they were selfish. Miser and misery must bear some relationship—they seem linked together by consanguinity—for misery is but too often the acknowledged fruit of a miser. Would that the world were growing wiser as it advances, and that men would heed the monitions of the moralist—

> "He that holds the golden mean,
> And lives contentedly between
> The little and the great,—
> Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
> Or fears that haunt the rich man's door,
> Embittering all his state."

But it is useless for us to indite a homily on this subject; so we refrain. Wilkie, the modern *Hogarth*, has depicted the scene of domestic disquiet, excitement, and envy, which generally characterizes the Reading of the Will, with wondrous skill. It is a truthful and somewhat humiliating portraiture of human nature. Upon the wall of a comfortable apartment, in the mansion whose master has just been carried to the dark and narrow house, hangs indeed his likeness; but he seems

to be already forgotten, and all his kindred are gathered in eager expectation, or curiosity, to learn the disposal of his substance. There is a world of mean, and envious, and selfish feeling in that assembled group; nor is the exhibition of these evil qualities less stamped upon the visages of those who, in the course of nature, must the soonest follow the departed. It is a harsh and painful exhibition; but the painter, by the alchemy of his consummate art, has known how to render it even pleasing. The old attorney has just come to the decisive passage—placid and unmoved himself, with his calm business air; while all around him is the excitement of satisfaction or angry disappointment. The young widow, who has contrived to set off her lovely person with the very trappings of woe, has apparently just learned, what she probably was half-assured of before, that her husband's wealth is hers. She listens with tranquil complacency; her back is averted from the door, and she turns in the direction of a young officer who hangs about her; his head is inclined, and he drinks in this important piece of information with the deepest satisfaction. The prim old grandmamma, who stands nursing a lovely babe, smiles with an air of triumph. The very acme of the opposite feeling, together with undissembled rage, agitate the withered figure and keen face of an old lady of large expectations and mighty pride, who has repaired to the meeting in her most elaborate and antiquated toilette; a mulatto footman bears her gold-headed cane, pattens, and pet poodle; he is looking up with wonder at his old mistress, who appears to have been provoked into some unwonted derogation of dignity, as, with keen, selfish eyes, she

flashes annihilation at the averted group, and rustles, with all her silks, indignantly from the apartment. This figure is wonderfully painted. These are the principal personages of the scene, and they are well contrasted; but the feeling is well sustained by the other subordinate personages. Curiosity and interest the most intent appear in the old man with the ear-trumpet and the youth behind him; trembling hope, dejection, and disappointment, on the faces of some poor female relatives; curious surprise in the old clergyman; vexation and irritation in the old dame leaning on the chair; while the apathy of the boy, too young to feel his loss, and the smiling unconsciousness of infancy; the dog who has missed his master, and scared by the assemblage, crouches under the well-known chair, are traits exquisitely introduced to relieve the harshness of the predominant action. A tone, rich, subdued, and grave, finely befits the nature of the subject.

THE WITCH.

BY T. H. MATTESON.

LATE in the afternoon of a sultry day in the latter part of August, 18—, a middle-aged man, weary and dusty with travel, paused at the door of a farmhouse in the suburbs of the little village of S. Over his shoulder, suspended by a staff, he bore a bundle of extraordinary capacity, and led by the hand a child, a sweet blue-eyed, golden-haired, serious-looking girl, of some six or seven years. A fresh matronly woman was standing in the door, when they made their appearance, and as their footsteps seemed bent toward her threshold, she smiled upon them as if in welcome. Emboldened by this evidence of cordiality, the man ventured to ask her, in modest phrase, for a cup of water, "would she be so kind?"

Of course she would, and ran with alacrity to bring it. After offering it to the little girl, who drank sparingly, the man placed the cup to his lips, and imbibed a long, deep draught. His thirst was evidently intense, for he never paused from the moment he raised the cup till he had drained it of its refreshing contents; and when he set it down, big drops of sweat, like great glass beads, stood upon his brow.

"Could he be permitted to rest a moment at the door, himself and his little girl?"

"Of course! he and she were welcome to all the hospitalities of the house;" and with a cheerful smile she entreated them to enter, and repose themselves as long as they liked.

The man, who had been seated upon the doorstone, rose to avail himself of the proffered kindness, when he was observed to falter and turn pale. The kind mistress of the cottage stepped forward, took him by the arm, and led him gently forward, followed by the child. When they had entered the house he grew paler still; and leaned more heavily still upon the arm by which he was supported. He made an effort to speak—extended his hands as if he were groping for something in the dark—the next moment he fell upon the floor. He was dead.

The poor child was too young to comprehend the appalling nature of the calamity, but an indefinable dread stole into her heart, and she shuddered and wrung her hands in affright.

The husband of the hospitable mistress of the mansion soon after came in, examined the man as he still lay on the floor—for the poor woman was so amazed at the suddenness of the event that she had not stirred from the moment of the fall—and started at once in search of a physician. He came, but, of course, his visit was fruitless. In due time a coroner's jury was summoned, who rendered a verdict of "Death by drinking cold water." Two days after, the man was followed to his grave by a few kind-hearted villagers, and the

young child as the only mourner. She looked down into the grave, as the coffin was lowered to its place, then wistfully into the faces of those around her, and clung affrightedly to the kind woman who had been the innocent cause of her orphanage. "Dust to dust!" and the earth rattled dolefully upon the coffin-lid—shutting out, forever, the last token of the last friend the child had on earth—except those whom God, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, had already provided for her.

She was adopted into the family of the good man upon whose threshold her father had passed out of life into eternity. Did Providence guide his footsteps thither? There is no impiety in believing that Providence does sometimes lead the unfortunate, by inscrutable means, when they are abroad upon the dangerous paths of life.

The name of the deceased, it was found, on examination of the contents of his bundle, was Manchester, and the child said her name was Mary. Letters were found upon his person, but little to throw light upon his history—and one package carefully sealed, and addressed "To my daughter Mary, to be opened when she shall have attained her eighteenth year." This might have solved the mystery, but in the eyes of the friends into whose hands the child had fallen, it was deemed sacred, and placed where it would be securely preserved. All that could be learned from the child was, that they had travelled a long way, sometimes by water, sometimes by stage, and sometimes, though rarely, on foot. They gathered from her that the reason of their being on foot

this time was that her father wanted to change their route; and there was no public conveyance across from one to the other. The distance being not more than five or six miles, doubtless he thought it best to walk it; and what with the heat of the day, and the fatigue of carrying the child the greater part of the distance in his arms, his strength was exhausted. The child gave evidence of an active intellect, mild temper, and, for one so young, nice cultivation. She had no recollection of a mother. As far back as her recollection went, she had lived alone with her father. Whenever she mentioned his name, now that she began to understand that she would see him no more, she wept bitterly. Lonely orphan! how happy was thy lot, compared with that of thousands that throng our streets daily! * * * *

It is now twelve years since our little friend Mary was left an orphan. Twelve years in youth change the complexion of one's life marvellously. Time has dealt kindly with her. She is now eighteen—almost a woman—and *such* a woman! She has just entered her little chamber, and seated herself by the window, where the moonlight falls full upon her noble brow, and *graduates*, in painter's phrase, over her beautifully-modelled neck and shoulders. The warm brown color of her falling hair contrasts finely with the cold moonlight, and blends the picture into a delicious harmony. For a moment she leans her cheek pensively upon her hand—then, as if a new thought had occurred to her, she starts hastily up, and approaches a little cherry bureau, opens the drawer, and takes out a sealed packet; she is agitated, and trembles violently. It contains the story of

her origin. For a moment she gazes earnestly upon it, something bright upon her eyelids glitters in the moonlight — slowly, slowly it wanders on her cheek, and drops silently upon the packet. Now she raises the packet reverently to her lips, and with trembling fingers breaks the seal. With what eagerness she strives, by the feeble light, to decipher its contents! All she can make out is, "My darling child;" when she is blinded by her tears. It is a luxury she seldom enjoys, for her kind friends have been too chary of her happiness to furnish her the "motive and the cue." Tears are sometimes a luxury, but only with the young. When the middle-aged and the old weep, be sure the fountain is opened by deep misery, and the waters are bitter.

A cool night-breeze, blowing aside her luxuriant tresses and rustling the leaves of the packet, recalls her to herself. She closes the window, procures a light, and seats herself by her little table. Here is the substance of what she reads:—

"My darling child: The uncertainty of life and the possibility that you may, perhaps at no distant day, be left alone in the world, with no knowledge of the history of your parents, have prompted me to place at your future disposal the following brief narrative. I have delayed the period of your being made acquainted with the circumstances, until you shall have reached your eighteenth year, in order that you may be better qualified to judge of the motives by which I have been actuated, and the long train of suffering which has impelled me, at length, to become an alien to the home of my birth."

Here follow his family history, the date of his birth, and other circumstances, of no interest to the general reader. We resume the narrative at a late point.

"At the age of twenty-five, I married your mother. Young, beautiful, and of good family, I fondly dreamed that she was every way qualified to render my life happy. Too late I discovered my mistake! She was an only child, and, of course, had ever been an idol to her friends. Her life had been a smooth, unbroken current, her every wish gratified as soon as uttered, and nothing was ever suffered to cross her humor. Borne thus evenly upon the current of life, she was wholly unfitted for any storms that might overtake her; and though you may not now understand it, you will in time, that a woman thus nurtured is altogether unsuited to the cares of more mature life.

> "'Adversity, like the toad, though ugly and venomous,
> Still bears within its head a priceless jewel.'

My own employments were of such a character as to engross the greater share of my time and attention. In addition to this I had involved myself in embarrassments, by becoming security for a near friend, and my ingenuity and industry were largely taxed to prevent absolute ruin. For all these manifold perplexities your mother had no sympathy, and could not understand why they should prey upon my mind, or why they should in any way interrupt the comparatively idle and pleasurable mode of life in which we had formerly indulged. She was discontented and restless, under the partial restraint I was compelled to exercise in my expenditures, and the amount

of time I was obliged to devote to affairs of business—on account of which she was left to seek her own sources of amusement. Content and happiness had no existence for her, except in the bustle and excitement of society. Her home was anywhere but at home. I do not urge this as a fault in her alone; it was the result of the system by which she had been educated.

"At the time of your birth, I fondly trusted that she would no longer look beyond her own domestic circle for enjoyment; that she now possessed an object calculated to engage all her sympathies, and a tie that would bind her to the more active and permanent duties of life. For a time my anticipations were realized. It was but for a time, for soon the novelty wore away, and she regarded you only in the light of a bar to the liberal enjoyment of the frippery pleasures of life, in the midst of which she had been reared. It pains me to be obliged to write thus to you of your mother, but it is only by placing before you a plain statement of facts, that I can ever hope to exculpate myself from my seeming brutality, in taking you from under her charge. I have not yet placed before you the worst, or anything like the most criminal course of conduct by which I was impelled to that dreadful alternative. Alas, no! would that I could blot from my memory what I am about to write! Day or night it haunts me like a goblin. Sleeping or waking, the fearful drama is acted over in my fevered imagination, and will one day drive me mad. But I am swerving from the rule I had imposed upon myself, in compiling this narrative, which was, to avoid all dis-

play of feeling, leaving you to judge what I must have endured under the trials imposed upon me.

"Once, and once again, was I charged with neglect and alienation of affection; not only by her, but by her friends, to whom she freely related her grievances. I need not say that I was annoyed by these charges, at the same time that I was resolved to persevere in my determination to look well, and constantly, to the real welfare of those beings — my wife and little daughter — who comprised the sum of my being. I was not understood — that I knew — nevertheless, consciousness of right motives, and unceasing diligence in the pursuit of my object — a release from all dependence upon others — kept me from despair. In a little time, my object would have been accomplished — when fate drew a circle around our home, and it was accursed.

"The poet says :—

> "'There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.'

There is also another tide, upon which, if man once gets afloat, no human exertion can save him. If once within the eddies of misfortune, by little and more they gain upon him — he becomes perplexed — makes an effort to push out of their influence, but in the attempt, involves himself in fresh and more overwhelming difficulties; every moment the whirl of waters becomes more apparent — he grows giddy and bewildered in the maze — and finally yields passively to what he cannot control. The circle narrows, and the velocity of his motion increases, till one tumultuous flood swallows him up forever.

"Among my creditors was one who was in the constant habit of visiting our house, and his frank, easy manners, cheerful temper, and attractive person, made him an especial favorite with your mother. He was emphatically a man of leisure, since his whole time was squandered in frivolous amusements, and he was particularly devoted in his attention to females. I was satisfied to know that your mother had found means of entertainment and appeared happy, without ever considering the consequences of such an intimacy. This may seem strange to others, but I have already given you the key to my blindness to what was going on around me — namely, the determination to save my little family from beggary. They were in the habit of walking, riding, and singing together; but my blind confidence in the uprightness of your mother's integrity, discovered nothing in those circumstances but a disposition on the part of habitually idle people to kill time. *My daughter! avoid idleness as you would the old serpent who tempted Eve. It is the primary cause of nearly all the evils with which mankind are cursed.* This intimacy grew daily more and more apparent. I was no longer teazed to neglect my business for amusements. This circumstance I regarded as a great concession on the part of my wife, and I felt grateful accordingly. Had my ears been open to the scandal afloat in the neighborhood, which has since come to my knowledge, I should have taken the alarm. Alas! for my happiness, 'the winks and finger-ends' had no significance to me; and I remark with shame and self-condemnation, that I have often connived at my own disgrace; for I have repeat-

edly invited ———, when he came to visit us, to drive your mother out in his carriage. Matters were in this state, when your mother received a pressing invitation to visit a near relative in New York. She accepted the invitation, and as chance would have it, our friend ——— was about to visit New York on business, and with apparent kindness offered to take her under his charge. This arrangement was agreed upon—you were then three years old. I could not consent that you should go with her, for you were then the only consolation to me in my hours of relaxation. Your artless prattle soothed the fever in my brain, and it required no effort on my part to draw it out. They departed—and I never saw them more.

"I had requested your mother to write to me immediately on her arrival in New York. I waited many days beyond the time in which I might reasonably anticipate the letter—thinking that her time and attention had been so much occupied as to prevent her from writing. At length I became uneasy and wrote to her, directing the letter to the care of one of her friends, where I presumed she might be staying—the letter was not answered. Now seriously alarmed, I wrote again to a friend, to inquire if your mother were ill, or why I had not heard from her. I received, for answer, that, on diligent inquiry among all our friends, she was nowhere to be found, and no one had any knowledge of her having been recently in the city. Blind, miserable dolt that I was! even yet, no suspicion of the real truth had occurred to me. It is true, the mystery perplexed and alarmed me; some accident had occurred, I reasoned!

I resolved to go at once to New York myself, and clear up the mystery. My journey was fruitless. I could gain no definite tidings of the fugitives; for such I was at length forced to regard them. I will not attempt to describe to you my emotions, my dear child, when this painful suspicion had grown into a certainty. My mind was a chaos — I have not a clear recollection of what transpired for several weeks — I only remember that I saw nothing around me but gloom — the waters were closing around me — I was giddy — mad! and I groaned aloud in the language of Job: 'Why died I not from the womb? For now should I have lain still and been quiet; I should have slept: then had I been at rest! Why is light given to a man whose way is hid, and whom God hath hedged in?'

"All I could learn concerning them, was that two persons answering their description arrived at one of the principal hotels under the name of Marshall, and departed next morning, in a hackney-coach, whither, no one could inform me. It was too plain that I was betrayed; and when once the conviction was settled in my mind, I resolved to leave your mother to her destiny, and the justice of a Power higher and more terrible than any I could wield. The woman who betrays her husband is not worthy of his vengeance.

"I returned home — a home to us no longer, — every object upon which my eyes rested seemed only to remind me that I had been deserted by one upon whose faith I would have staked my life. True, she was thoughtless and imprudent — these things I knew; but that she was wanton or unfaithful, I would never have

believed without the overwhelming evidence which had now been furnished. I arranged my business affairs as speedily as possible, and, with you, left the neighborhood privately, without informing a soul of my intended departure, or the route I designed to take. After travelling many days, by the most unfrequented routes, we paused in the retired village of ——, which I fancied was so remote from any of the large cities or great thoroughfares, that the vigilance of any who might think it worth their while to pursue us, would be at fault: there we remained for the past three years. Within a few days past, I have been startled by the appearance of one of my old comrades, who, it seems, is concerned in some speculation in the neighborhood, and intends making this his residence. We must be gone, for I cannot endure the sight of one who has witnessed my degradation."

Here the manuscript breaks off. I have omitted much of it, only deeming it necessary to insert such parts as bear directly upon the story. Then follows a journal, writtten out from day to day, up to the day of the writer's death—from which it would appear that he was haunted by the spectre of some one in pursuit, probably growing out of the circumstance that some person whose face was familiar was pursuing the same route in company with himself and daughter. It is very evident from the character of the writing in the journal, that the writer was laboring under partial alienation of mind. The last note in the journal reads thus:—

"August —. I can endure this heartless scrutiny of our fellow-passenger no longer. To-morrow morning

I shall alter the course of our travels, and something whispers me that this, when once rid of it, will be the last annoyance to which I shall be subjected."

By comparing the date of this entry with that of his death, we find that it was written only the night previous.

The daughter paused not one moment, from the time she began to read this painful development of her mother's infatuation and disgrace, till she had reached the last word. The tears would sometimes swell in her eyes, but she brushed them hastily away, and continued. When she had finished the reading, she dropped her head between her hands, and wept and sobbed bitterly. Let the reader himself define her feelings. At length, the hour of midnight was tolled from the village church steeple, and she raised her head to look forth into the moonlight. A cold shudder ran through her frame, and a faint scream escaped her lips, for, fronting the window, in the full glare of the moon, appeared a face, haggard and withered as if with premature age. She caught but one uncertain glimpse of the apparition, for a mist passed before her, and when it cleared away, the appalling figure had vanished. "The witch," she faintly articulated, and buried her face in her pillow. Presently she uttered a scream, as she felt a touch upon her shoulder. A smile, however, dimpled her pretty cheeks and shone in her lustrous eyes, as she recognised the new intruder.

He was a youth of some twenty-five years, straight as a sapling, and lithe as a willow; with a fine, frank face, and an eye like an eagle's. "Pardon me, Mary, for thus abruptly intruding upon your privacy," he be-

gan, "but I heard a scream, and knowing you had not retired"—

"How did you know that?" interrupted Mary.

"By the simplest means in the world; and without the exercise of any impertinence, as you suspect. I had been into the fields to look after some horses that had broken loose from the enclosure, and in descending the hill overlooking the house, on my return, I discovered that your curtains were undrawn. I saw that you were reading, and apparently disturbed in mind. I was going to my own chamber when I heard you scream."

"O, Harry," cried the girl, "let me intrust you with a secret, which, considering the relation in which we stand, is worth your knowing—indeed, one which you *must* know, for it concerns your honor, and may change our relation."

"Ah!" exclaimed the youth, turning pale; "what then was the meaning of the scream which I heard before coming in?"

"It had no connection with the subject of our present conference, as you shall hear. It was caused by girlish fright, on seeing, just then, the face of Mother Foote, whom they call the witch, at the window. What can she want here? She can gain nothing by frightening a poor girl like me."

"Mother Foote!" repeated the young man, pausing for a moment in thought; "she has an object beyond that, if we could fathom it. Has she ever appeared to you in this manner before?"

"Never!"

"Strange! but what is this matter of such moment?"

"You know, Harry," she responded, "that I am an orphan—that your kind, noble aunt and uncle, with whom I have been reared through the past ten years, are only my adopted parents?"

"I do, of course. Whither does this tend?"

"Listen! not only your uncle and aunt, my father and mother, as I have always loved to call them, have been in profound ignorance of my birth and parentage, but even myself, until this evening."

"This night? and how then at length have you been able to unravel the mystery?"

"You see that package," she replied, pointing to the one with which we have seen her occupied. "The story is there: you forget that it was left by my father to be opened by me, on my eighteenth birthday. This is the appointed time, and I have performed the duty—you must do the same, for it behooves you to know the contents."

"How can it possibly concern me?" inquired the youth, tenderly; "you forget that your father could not possibly have known anything of me: and I have not yet the right to be admitted to your family secrets: wait till Tuesday week; then, indeed, I shall have a husband's privilege to be made acquainted with the contents of this manuscript."

"You must be made so acquainted at once; perchance you may conclude never to exercise that right: but read first—I will explain afterward."

Thus urged, the youth took up the package and hurriedly made himself acquainted with its contents. The young girl riveted her eyes upon his face as he pro-

ceeded, in order, if possible, to define his thoughts—but it was of no avail, for he gave no sign. At times his lip was observed to tremble, and his eye to flash or fill with tears, but he uttered no exclamations, and when he had finished the reading, he laid the packet down, and sat some moments in profound silence. The girl drew timidly toward him, and rested her hand upon his shoulder, while she said in subdued accents: "Now, Harry, you know all, even to my mother's disgrace. You know too, how much I love you," she added, dropping her cheek upon his shoulder, and pausing for a moment in the excess of conflicting emotions: "you know too that on Tuesday week we were to be wedded. I have your troth for that. When I accepted your generous offer, neither of us knew what has just come to our knowledge. I release you from all your promises. You are free to make your choice anew."

"Mary!" he exclaimed, in a tone of reproach.

"Nay, Harry," she replied, be patient with me, for my brain is fevered to night. Think well on what you are about to do. You are about to take to your confidence, to your heart, the child of—oh! how I shame to think of what I cannot utter—the child of such as you now know my mother to have been. Can you have confidence in me? Can you overlook this family taint, and persist in consummating this sacrifice?"

"Mary, desist! I will not listen to you. When I am persuaded that the child is responsible for the misdeeds of the parents, when I am satisfied that the bad conduct of one member of a family can with justice be punished in another—any more than one member

of the human family should be made to suffer for the misconduct of his neighbor—then, perhaps, your reasons might have some weight: but, Mary, it is you I am to wed, not the memory of your mother, whose errors must be atoned in the way Providence shall direct—so now let me hear no more of this. I grieve with you for the loss of a mother's honor, if it be lost, for of that I am not so fully satisfied as was your father; and please Heaven I shall unravel this mystery in time, and, may be, sooner than you think. Let us drop that subject for the present. You say you have never before seen Mother Foote, whom they call the witch?"

"Yes! I have seen her sometimes, wandering about the fields, but never before face to face. Do you know her history?"

"In part, and if you will attend to me, I will relate all I know of her."

The maiden signified that nothing would gratify her more, and he began:—

"It is now about six years since Mother Foote came into this neighborhood, unattended and unknown. She was first seen wandering among the shops in the village, purchasing some simple articles of furniture in one place, and food in another. This course she pursued for many days, obtaining small quantities at a time, and conveying them with her own hands, always in one direction, but whither it tended, for a long time, no one knew. There was something so unusual in her deportment, and so quaint in her general appearance, that she attracted an uncommon share of observation. Even the children came at length, and gathered together in little groups,

whenever she made her appearance, and some among them had the temerity to follow her, on one or two occasions, as she left the village, but they never went beyond a certain point. You remember the little path, on the height above the village, which winds through a little grove of pines and hemlocks, toward the head of the rapids? It was just at the entrance to this path that she always paused, and beckoned them back, with such an air and such a look as almost frightened them out of their senses; when they ran home as if the evil one were in pursuit. On these occasions the youngsters always had marvellous tales to relate to their credulous mamas, about the fire that flashed from her eyes, and how the figure arose to an enormous height, when she raised her hand to admonish them to come no farther.

"You have often visited the falls, so picturesquely situated in the centre of the grove to which I have alluded, and, of course, remember the wildness of the scene, which it was finally discovered she had chosen for her home. You have often seen the hut which clings, or hangs, as it were, like a bird's-nest, against the side of the rock, just above where the water, after worming its way through the tangled ravine, tumbles in a silver sheet over the precipice into the basin below?"

"Yes!" answered Mary, while a glow of enthusiasm warmed the rich carnation in her cheeks. "Oh, yes! I remember it well. It has always been one of my favorite girlish rambles, particularly in the spring, when the fragrance of the wild honeysuckles, crowning the heights, is so delicious, and the young wintergreens and the strawberries are so fine in flavor. You can tell me

nothing new about that spot, for I dare say I have rambled over nearly every inch of it — Well?"

"Well! there, as you know, she has lived for the last six years, her only living companion during all that time being a huge cat, that, by a strange freak, one day followed her home from the village. The owner of the cat never cared to reclaim it, because he was fully satisfied, in his own mind — and he found enough to confirm him in the belief — that it was bewitched. From that time Mother Foote has inspired the villagers with a feeling of superstition amounting to awe. Old women and children throw sidelong, timorous glances, and point with their fingers at her, as they mutter, "the witch." It is said that during the day she is seldom seen about her dwelling, but keeps herself carefully secluded, except when storms arise, when she crosses the shallow stream at the head of the rapids, and, ascending the high rock overlooking the frightful chasm below, she seats herself with her hands clasped upon her knees, and sways her body to and fro as if in the act of muttering her charms, or under the influence of intense bodily or mental suffering. When the huge thunder-heads go tumbling through the air, and the brisk lightning darts its fiery tongues athwart their crests, she only sways her withered body the more rapidly, or wags her head, and laughs, and snaps her fingers, as if it were a pastime. At such times, too, it is said, her cat picks its way daintily across the stream, and with a spring alights upon the rock, sometimes perching itself upon her back, or twisting itself round and round after its tail; and when the old woman strokes its back, particularly by a waning

light, sparks of fire are emitted—conclusive evidence that its mistress is on intimate terms with the father of lies. Every mishap in the neighborhood is attributed to Mother Foote.

"About six months since, I heard a rumor that some of the young men in the village had formed a party to go, after nightfall, to the dwelling of the unhappy woman, level it with the ground, and rid the neighborhood of her presence. It was a piece of systematic, cold-blooded cruelty, which I did not feel inclined to recognise. On the contrary, I determined, if possible, to resist it, alone, if necessary. After some persuasion, I procured a companion, and in company we placed ourselves in ambush, near the appointed time and place of the contemplated attack. The time—midnight—arrived, and with it the rioters. It was sometime before they could summon resolution enough to commence the attack; not one among them having the courage to take the initiatory. At length, a movement was apparent toward the dwelling—which, you will remember, is approached by a winding-path, down a steep acclivity. On the borders of this path, my companion and myself had stationed ourselves; and as they descended we stepped promptly in before them, and stopped their way. Aghast at our sudden appearance, they started back a few paces; but by the light of the moon, which was shining bright at the time, one of the party recognised myself and companion.

"'Aha!' said he, 'a rescue or a reinforcement?'

"'Neither!' was my reply; 'but a negotiator. Boys! this is a wicked deed. You are about to drive

from the only home she has on earth, one who, doubtless, is already weighed down by heavy sorrows, one who has never done you or yours any injury, and for what? Because, forsooth, you suspect her of witchcraft.' More I said, prompted by the excitement of the moment, which it is not worth while to repeat. Presently they began to waver in their purpose, and finally agreed, one and all, to abandon it. Just at this point of time, the figure of Mother Foote appeared, relieved against the moonlight upon the pinnacle of the rock, where she is said to play her strange antics, and with singular energy ejaculated: 'Bravely spoken, young man, and nobly advised. May you never know sorrow. But as for you, ye cravens, cowards, midnight marauders! do your worst! I defy you! I have drunk from the cup of sorrow when it was full to the brim; now it is drained, what care I for the dregs? do your worst! I say! raze my humble dwelling to the ground, burn the ruins, and lay your murderous hands upon this old ruined form, and tear it in pieces. You would do well! for I am not fit to live!' Here she gazed about her, and tossed her arms wildly in the air, as she continued, after a pause, 'Nor yet to die!—nor yet to die! but do your worst, I defy you!'

"After the first moment of astonishment at what they conceived to be the supernatural appearance of the witch, the party took to their heels, and never looked behind them, until they had reached their several homes. Even my companion partook of the panic, and fled with them. I own that my first impulse was to fly also; but something indefinable restrained me. After uttering her de-

fiance, the woman seated herself in the attitude I have before described, and began swinging her body to and fro, muttering something, which, owing to the noise of the water rushing on the rocks, I was unable to distinguish. At length I ventured to cross the stream and approach her.

"'Back! back!' she exclaimed, waving her hand vehemently as I came near. Suddenly she paused, and shading her ghastly eyes with her withered hand, looked earnestly in my face. 'Ah! you are the youth who would have done me a kindness—I have no quarrel with you.' Here a tremor was apparent in her voice, and presently a tear stole over her haggard cheek. She brushed it away, muttering, 'I thought I had done with tears, but kindness will melt the heart when grief fails. You have shown me the only act of kindness I have known for years. Come within, I must make a confidant of you. I have much to tell you, which, though it does not concern you, is worth your patience.' I went with her as she desired, when she related to me the story of her life. It is too long for to-night—besides, I could never relate it faithfully. And now, Mary, as it is growing late, promise me that when we are married you will go with me to visit her. If I am not mistaken, her story will interest you. I have acquainted her with my intention to bring you with me. Do you promise?"

"Willingly!" was the answer, "and let it be on the night of our wedding, if you will." With this understanding they parted for the night.

The day appointed for the wedding came, and they were married. The party was small, and the guests

departed at an early hour. "Come, Mary," said Harry to his blushing bride, when they were all gone, "the night is charming, and we must not forget our little appointment."—"I have not forgotten it, Harry!" was the answer, "for this intended visit to the witch has dwelt almost constantly in my mind since the evening on which we spoke of it;" saying which, she threw a thick muslin veil over her luxuriant tresses, and a shawl on her shoulders, when she signified her readiness to go.

The night was indeed charming. A cool breeze sighed through the shrubbery, wafting the odor of innumerable flowers, kissing the grain-fields as it rustled through their bearded spires, and whispered its evening song among the leaves of the forest, as they fluttered in the moonlight. Incipient dew-drops glittered upon the blades of grass, fire-flies sparkled in the low grounds, and the plaintive chirrup of the cricket fell upon the ear like fairy music. They took the path leading over the brow of the hill, and were soon winding down the wild pathway, through the grove of evergreens. In a few moments they were standing upon a prominence, overlooking the hut of Mother Foote. A wreath of smoke was climbing from its little chimney, and curling fantastically among the overhanging branches of the surrounding shrubbery, while a feeble light was visible through the window. For one moment, they paused in that position, for the double purpose of gaining breath after their tiresome descent of the stony path, and to admire the picturesque wildness of the scene.

"Beautiful! is it not?" exclaimed the happy bridegroom.

"Indeed it is," was the ready response; "but Harry, I half repent my resolution to visit this strange woman. The place awes me, in spite of its beauty. What a splendid natural cathedral—look! In that deep amphitheatre far down there, we may imagine the detached boulders and huge logs of driftwood the silent congregation. Above here, is the gallery, and yonder rock, towering above all, might answer for the pulpit. As I live, Harry, there is the priest! look! just mounting the pulpit." Harry's eye followed the motion of the bride's finger to the spot indicated, and, true enough, upon the very summit of the "pulpit rock," as it was familiarly known, stood a dark figure, scarcely discernible except by a white cap relieved against the sombre background of evergreens.

"It is the witch!" exclaimed Harry, slightly recoiling with superstitious dread; then resuming his courage and raising his voice, he called to her. The murmuring of the waters over their rocky channel drowned his voice, and he had to repeat the call, in a louder tone, before the woman was made aware of their presence.

Starting suddenly from her abstracted position, she leaned forward, and peered through the partial gloom in the direction where they were standing.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, in a voice trembling with excitement, which was just intelligible above the rush of waters—"Ah! Harry Cheever, is it you? You are true to your word, and I will keep mine. Descend to my dwelling, and I will be with you in a trice."

"Now, Mary, be firm! you will need all your courage and equanimity to endure this interview," whispered

Harry, as the two threaded the remainder of the tortuous path. When they reached the door of the hut, the woman had already entered, and stood ready to receive them. The interior of this sylvan dwelling was as wild and picturesque as its outward appearance. A bright light, from blazing pine torches, shone from the mouth of a huge chimney, casting dark shadows from every object upon which it rested. The place was scantily furnished, the only seat being a rude bench, standing against the wall; a brass kettle and a washboard leaned in a corner, and against the chimney stood a table with a plain cover, upon which was perched a huge black cat, looking like one of the familiar spirits of the fabled sorcerers of old. The woman's form, though somewhat stout, was withered and bent; and though the face bore few wrinkles, there was in it an appearance of age and misery. When the two entered, she came forward, and taking the bride by the hand, motioned to Harry to remain without. He complied, but without entirely closing the door, in order that he might keep the parties under his eye. He had no sooner withdrawn, than the woman raised the hand of the maiden to the light, and brought it so near that a red strawberry mark was visible on its back, near the wrist. A gleam of satisfaction shot from the eyes of the witch, which the next moment gave place to an expression of sadness; then turning the hand she held in her own, and pointing to the palm with her finger, she asked: "Mary Manchester, shall I read your history?"

Mary was agitated, embarrassed, and at a loss what to reply. The woman's strange conduct and evident ex-

citement, however, had raised her curiosity, and she invited her to proceed.

The woman made an effort at calmness, and fixed her attention upon the lines traced upon the fair palm of the maiden. At length she began:—

"It is now fourteen years since you left the home of your birth, and wandered away in company with your father. His history, his untimely and sudden death, you know. Of the history of your mother you know nothing."

"Madam!" interrupted the bride, "I must not listen to you—I would be gone—I came to listen to your history, not my mother's:" and, pained beyond measure, Mary made a motion to depart, but the woman detained her, saying: "Nay, you go not now! I have a duty to perform—a duty to you, to myself, and others; and you *must* listen to me, patiently if you will, forcibly if you must!"

Seeing no help for it, Mary resigned herself to her lot, and the woman continued:—

"Of your mother, you know nothing but what you have gathered from a paper, left you by your father. That paper is true in some things, false in others—false, not by design, but through misapprehension. Whatever may have been your mother's faults, she was never guilty of actual crime."

At this point of the conference, Mary conceiving, she knew not why, that what she heard was true, dropped upon her knees, and clasping her hands, exclaimed with fervor, "God, I thank thee! now I can be happy." A flood of tears composed her excited mind, and she

begged the woman to proceed, for she was no longer an unwilling listener.

"Your father," continued the woman, "was suspicious and hasty in his temper. Your mother saw his peculiarities, but did not know how to appreciate, or govern her conduct in accordance with them. When his mind was engrossed with the cares of unsuccessful business, she was disappointed of her pleasures, and blamed him for the disappointment; but all that, you know. You know, too, that your mother left home in the company of one who had been a constant visiter in the family, and with whom she had been on terms of imprudent intimacy. But, in spite of appearances, your mother never harbored one unchaste thought, or indulged in any course of conduct with the intention of wronging your father. She only saw in this species of amusement an innocent mode of indulging her idle and exciting habits. Not so the man who had been the cause of the calamity that befell your family. He was a villain! a cold, calculating villain; with the cunning of the devil himself, he laid his plans for your mother's ruin. He thought he discovered in the levity of his victim an acquiescence in his schemes, and regarded the confidence she reposed in him, as a man of honor, as an evidence of illicit love. When they reached New York, instead of conveying her to her friends, he took her to an hotel. There, he revealed himself. Your mother was distracted. The revelation of that man's villany overcame her, and she fell into a fever. He guarded cautiously against her making her presence known to her friends, and when the delirium of her fever was raging, had her

conveyed privately to a place where she lay insensible for days. At length, she recovered her reason, and begged to be taken home: she was told that it would not be safe; she was even denied the privilege of informing her friends of her location. All this time, she was persecuted with the attentions of the man whom she had learned to hate—and, oh! how bitterly did she now repent her thoughtlessness! At length, driven again almost to madness, she found means to escape, and returned to her home. It was deserted; and none could inform her whither her husband and daughter had fled. She found herself maligned and despised among her old neighbors, and she too fled. For months, she wandered in search of her kindred. She could hear no tidings of them, until one evening, about two weeks since, she saw a young girl—she was struck with something familiar about her—she followed her to her home—for more than an hour she watched outside the dwelling for her reappearance; at the end of that time, a light appeared at a window, and the girl entered: your mother climbed the lattice-work outside, and took her station where she could observe the daughter's movements; presently she saw her take a package out of a bureau, and begin to read. She recognised the handwriting even at that distance—the daughter looked up and saw"—

"Her mother!" exclaimed Mary, wildly throwing herself into the arms of "the witch."

"It was, indeed, your mother, my poor girl," said the woman, after they had freely mingled their sobs and tears. "It was, indeed, your mother; happy, most

happy! to be again restored to her orphan daughter. I should have mentioned to you, that your father left his business in an unsettled state. After his departure, affairs took a favorable turn, and I received, from the hands of one of his friends, these papers, which he said your father had directed him to deliver to me in case I returned. I found myself mistress of property amounting to ten thousand dollars. Take the papers; I have never made any use of them; they are yours."

Harry advanced into the room with a smile, and asked Mary, with a kiss, if she regretted her visit.

"Harry!" she replied, "you knew she was my mother?"

"I did, but only within the past few days."

"There will be time for further explanation hereafter," said the mother; "now that you have adopted the name of your husband, you have no need of your true family name, which is neither Manchester nor Foote. My children! *always avoid even the seeming of infidelity to each other; and may you be happy!*"

Harry built him a lovely cottage, and Mary managed to make him happy and contented, even in the presence of his mother-in-law. Which of the twain, reader, think you was the witch, the mother or the daughter?

LIFE.

BY CORNELIA M. DOWLING.

LAUGHING and bright, in her drapery white,
Sang a sweet little girl, with her curls of light
Floating and dancing with zephyr and breeze,
And fairy form flitting beneath the dark trees—
Glad were her gushing notes, merrily ringing,
"Life is a *sunny* thing, joy ever bringing."

Fragile and fair, with her long waving hair,
A maiden lay dreaming in soft summer air;
And singing the while, with her radiant eyes
Gazing up earnestly into the skies—
Tenderly, softly, her lay she was breathing,
"Life is a *dreamy* thing, sunny hopes wreathing."

Slender and slight, in the deepening night,
A pale woman sat by the fireside bright;
With a quivering lip and a bursting heart,
Musing o'er joys she had seen depart—
Softly she murmur'd, with sad bosom heaving,
"Life is a *weary* thing, ever deceiving."

Passing away—life's flickering ray,
From an aged form, with her locks of gray,
And her wrinkled brow; but her eye was bright,
And her heart was fill'd with the angel's light—
Whispering softly, her gaze upward bended,
"Life is a *fleeting* thing, soon to be ended."

Dazzling and bright, in the realms of light,
An angel smiled in her robes of white—
Smiled to think that her tears were o'er,
That sorrow and grief would be hers no more—
Singing, with harp-notes their sweet music blending,
"Life is a *holy* thing—pure—never ending."

THE LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

BY F. SAUNDERS.

"FRIENDSHIP," says Cicero, "is the only thing in the world concerning the usefulness of which all mankind are agreed." It would be impossible to place too high an estimate upon it, or the blessings it confers upon society. It is the golden zone that encircles all in the social compact. It is the great soother of life's sorrows, and the well-spring of its joys: without its beneficent reign the human would soon be resolved into the brute, the world would become a desolation, and life itself an insupportable suffering. Thanks to Odd Fellowship, and the genial influences of progressive civilization, we live in a day when "Friendship, Love, and Truth"—the bright constellation of Hope—shed fragrant incense on the hearts of all.

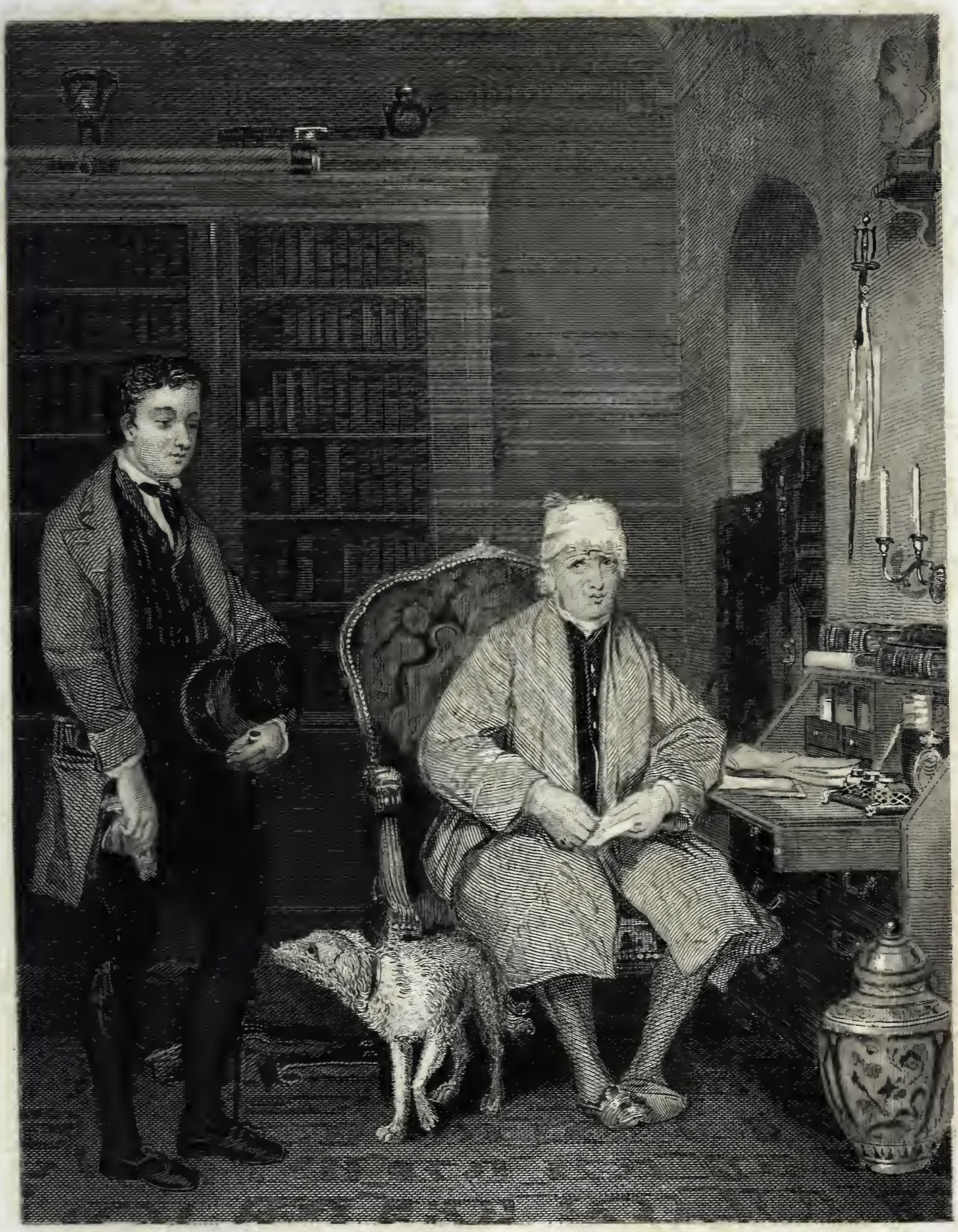
But a truce to apostrophizing; and let us contemplate the interesting scene our artist has portrayed.

The Letter of Introduction, like that of the "Distraining for Rent," owes its origin, most probably, to some unpleasant experiences of the painter's own, when, after leaving Scotland with a few letters to persons of small note, but greater pretensions, he first sought to obtain a footing in the great metropolis. He complains, in his journal, of the cold reception of some, the empty promises of others, so feelingly that we

might almost suppose he intended to wreak a pleasant revenge upon them in this picture, in which he turns his early mortifications to so rich an account. There is probably no one, at least in the working ranks of society, who cannot, from his own experience, in some degree appreciate the merits of this very characteristic composition. To a young man new from the country, especially, nothing can be more trying than the presenting a letter of introduction. His steps, so firm on his native fields, become timid as he approaches the town mansion. His awkward knock at the door betrays the novice; he quails at the searching, supercilious stare of the servant, and all remaining heart ebbs out at his fingers' ends as he approaches the dreaded sanctum of the great personage himself. Still he summons courage to present the letter; and here he stands, with all the self-possession he can muster, as Wilkie stood before him.

From his uneasy attitude, his downcast look, and an expression in which embarrassment and chagrin at the evident coolness of his reception struggle with manly pride, it would seem that nothing in the world could be so unpleasant as to be the deliverer of a letter of introduction; unless, indeed, to be the recipient of one. In this latter category is the selfish old man before us, who has evidently a natural horror of every thing that may intrude upon his time and ease, or tax his very limited stock of compulsory generosity.

It is evident that the old man wishes to escape from the unfortunate intruder, and can scarcely disguise his chagrin at his appearance sufficiently to be outwardly civil. Vexation is portrayed in his face.



Wilkie E. Walker N York McRae.

Letter of Introduction.

Of all this the young man is painfully conscious. We see him dismissed with cold or formal delusive promises, and plausible smiles; we see his burning cheek, and enter into his sinking of the heart, as the door closes behind him, of which he will never again, in all probability, cross the threshold.

The painter has finely contrasted the ruddy, open countenance of simple, trusting youth, with the cold, scrutinizing physiognomy of an experienced, suspicious worldling. This is a picture in which there is more than meets the eye. There is youth, full of hope, side by side with age chilled into selfishness. What a gulf appears between! And yet how often does the former end sadly in the latter! How do the experiences of years blunt the fine feelings, till age may well weep less for what Time takes away than for what he leaves behind!

All letters of introduction do not, however, prove thus inauspicious, for sometimes they are passports to friendship and fortune. In modern times, the frequency of these missives has yet greatly tended to lessen their value, and the courtly phrase of compliment has usurped the simple and honest expression of friendship. So equivocal in meaning, and of such doubtful utility have they at length become, that some prefer to dispense with them altogether. An instance of this occurred not many years ago, in Albany. A young man, on his arrival in that city in quest of employment, offered his services as porter. Being entirely unknown to the gentlemen of the establishment, they naturally asked if he had brought any letter of introduction with him. He admitted he had not, but added

that if they desired it, he could very readily produce them one from his own pen, which might possibly answer all purposes, and which he could vouch should be at least as honest and faithful as such documents usually are. Pleased with his ready wit, they at once accepted of the offer of his services in the above-named capacity; and by diligence, energy, and perseverance, he speedily gained the confidence of his employers, rose from the most menial to the most responsible office within their gift, and ultimately, on the death of the parties, became the principal in the establishment. A happy illustration this of what may be achieved by a self-reliant, energetic, and virtuous man. Dr. Johnson affirms, "that a man should keep his friendships in constant repair," and so he should; but the best way to secure this is for him to be faithful to himself.

MY BLUE-EYED MAID.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN.

Forget me not, my blue-eyed maid,
  When fate our parting shall decree!
My love may never be repaid,
  But still, oh, still remember me!
Thy image, in my heart enshrined,
  In death's embrace alone shall fade;
When I am in his arms reclined,
  Forget me not, my blue-eyed maid!

If on the monumental stone
  The name of one thou chance to see,
Whose heart was thine, and thine alone,
  Oh then, my love, remember me,
As one that were supremely blest
  His life before thee to have laid,
Could that insure his last request,
  Forget me not, my blue-eyed maid!

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHERS.

The happy hours of childhood compensate for many of the toils and sorrows of mature age. The season of innocence and joy—when every outward object ministers some new pleasure to the heart as yet undeceived by the gay illusions which afterwards betray us, and unruffled by the cares and infelicities which so thickly crowd our pathway as we pass on in the procession of life! Memory delights to linger over those halcyon days, as brief as they were bright, and we vainly wish to live over again, the cherished past. The dull commonplaces of life, which now weary us, were then unknown; every new thing then surprised us with a fresh pleasure, and our eager eye and buoyant heart were often kindled into rapture by the most trivial incidents; or in the words of the poet:

"The world that is, seems Eden to the child!
The rainbows on a bubble are a spell
To chain him in sweet wonder. Oh, how wild
Do the first wakened throbs of feeling swell!
There is no music like the village bell,
That o'er the far hills sends its silver sound;
There is no beauty like the forms that dwell
In flower and bud, and shell and insect, found
When through the watered vale we take our infant round."

If life is a mystery to man, childhood has its mysteries also; for many of its enigmas are solved in after

life, although many remain mysteries still. After all our boasted attainments in science and philosophy, how little, comparatively, do we know of ourselves or the world without us! Newton has defined laws for the material universe, Bacon a system of philosophy; La Place has taught us mathematics, and the Bible has given to us glimpses of the Deity, and of a higher life to come, with instructions how we may attain it.

But what do we know of ourselves—of our physical, mental, or moral constitution? As little as do the group of curious little urchins we see in the accompanying plate, puzzling their wits to detect the construction of the watch. In how many instances are we obliged to content ourselves with mere guessing at final causes! The watch, indeed, is a universal problem to the young philosopher. And no wonder; apparently instinct with life, and detached, its movements may well provoke astonishment and surprise. It is a type of life, and its main-spring, the source of action, like the vital principle, is hidden from our scrutinizing gaze.

There is a fascinating pleasure in the pursuit of knowledge, shared in common by the man of science and uninstructed childhood. How often do we find the devotee to scientific pursuits so abandoning himself to the study of some favorite theme, as wholly to neglect the ordinary concerns of life. Thus absorbed in their investigations, are these youthful philosophers. One of them will pay the penalty of his abstraction in the loss of his lunch, which a hungry dog is slyly stealing from his pocket. Another boy, outside the window, is eagerly looking through the glass, with his nose flattened against the window pane, wondering what it is that is so in-

Curiosity

tently engaging the attention of his comrades. On the floor we see their school-books discarded; all things else seem to be forgotten but the object which now engrosses their study; and as we contemplate their happy abstraction, it seems almost sacrilege to interrupt them, so we leave them to work out the problem, as our artist has already done.

Young and joyous hearts of childhood,
  Earnest is your lengthening gaze!
As ye're striving to unravel
  Hidden mechanism that plays

In the measured, ceaseless beating
  Of the watch that counts the hours,
Bringing seasons of re-union,
  Life's unfading, cherished flowers!

How the struggling thoughts are gleaming
  From each fixed and hopeful eye,
As new wonders are revealing
  In each moment that flits by!

Young and joyous hearts of childhood!
  In this life's sad complex maze,
Oft will greater problems meet you
  Than the one on which ye gaze!

Ye will see the good down-trodden,
  Crushed by poverty and care;
Haughty vice roam proud, triumphant,
  Heeding not the orphan's prayer.

And the winged breeze will waft you
  Sighs from captive and from slave;
Groans from war's dread field of carnage,
  Requiems from the unhonored grave.

Error's victims in stern bondage,
  More unyielding than the chain;
Superstition's lengthened visage,
  Casting shadows of deep pain.

Fashion's huge and idol-temple,
  Crushing thousands by its might—
These in stern array will meet you—
  Quail ye not before the sight?

Can ye view these differing problems
  With unmoved, unpitying eye?
Will ye not be sad and thoughtful
  As these pageants pass you by?

Young and joyous hearts of childhood!
  Though enigmas meet us here,
They will all be solved completely
  In that world without a tear,

Where our Father's love around us,
  Beating like the watch's heart,
Safe through every hour shall guide us,
  Every moment joy impart!

E. LOUISA MATHER.

THE ERRING.

BY CHARLES H. CLEVELAND.

Deal gently with the erring, for ye know not what sorrows encompass them.

I saw a child at twilight hour
  Beside his mother's knee;
Forgotten were his youthful sports,
  And hushed his voice of glee.
He listened patiently the tones
  Of that sweet voice, which told
A Saviour's love, which comforteth
  When worldly loves grow cold.

That mother's voice fell on his ear,
  As fall the April showers,
In all their gentleness upon
  The young spring's budding flowers;
And kneeling at that holiest shrine,
  A Christian mother's knee,
Pure, as a breath of incense, rose
  His prayer to Deity.

It was a lovely sight! E'en now
  Methinks I see him there
Upon his bended knee, and hear
  Him lisp his trustful prayer;
Ere sin had cast its withering blight
  Upon those tender years;
Ere yet the seeds were sown, whose fruits
  Are bitter, heart-wrung tears.

* * * * * * *

Years passed—I saw him once again
  When Manhood stamped his brow,
And death, with icy hand and cold,
  Had laid that mother low.
Amid the fitful storms of life
  He struggled bravely on,
As one who battleth for a crown
  Whose glory may be won.

Yet in temptation's trying hour
  He fell! and who may know
The bitter dregs that filled his cup
  So full of untold woe?
No kindly voice to comfort him
  In his dark pathway here;
Not one kind heart to whisper "HOPE;"
  But all was cold and drear.

The flowers of Friendship withered then,
  Beneath the slanderer's breath,
As ye have seen the violets die
  Upon the sun-scorched heath;
And darker shadows o'er his heart
  Their sable mantles threw,
As scandal, with her busy tongue,
  O'ercolored pictures drew.

The tongue of censure pierced his ear—
  He coldly turned away,
For pride still wielded o'er his heart
  The sceptre of her sway;
Yet still I marked, when Kindness spake
  With gentle tones and mild,
He turned him listening to her voice,
  As humble as a child.

When from the path of rectitude
  A brother goes astray,

Oh! think ye not to lure him back
  With censure to the way—
Think not, though he has erred, that ye
  May idly probe again
Those wounded feelings, at whose touch
  The soul is filled with pain!

There may be feelings, nay, there are,
  Fine as the wind-harp's tone,
From whose depths only echoes forth
  The penitential moan;
There is a fountain in the heart,
  As pure as gems that glow—
But gentleness alone can bid
  Its crystal waters flow!

Kindness, with most, hath more of power
  Than might itself can show,—
Pouring upon the wounded heart
  A balm for every woe;
And would ye win from error's ways
  The wanderer again,
Strew in his path those priceless flowers,
  Whose perfume lulleth pain.

Could he but hear that mother's voice,
  Which in his childhood blest,
'Twould soothe, methinks, his aching heart,
  And sweetly bid him rest;
'Twould come as comes the echo,
  From some far-off, distant shore,
And whisper to the penitent,
  "Go, son, and sin no more."

A MANIAC'S VISION.

"Ha! ha! they say I am mad; but they lie! None more sane than I." Such were the words of a wretched maniac, who approached me in the great hall of the asylum for the insane at L——. "Sit down with me, and hear my tale. It is a true one—come!"

There was an expression in the man's face that pleased yet pained me. I suffered him to lead me to a retired spot, and, as near as I can remember, he spoke as follows, with an energy impossible to describe.

"Last night, after they left me in my room alone, I went towards my door, when it flew open with such violence as to prostrate me to the floor. When I rose to my feet, what think you I saw? Oh, horror! it was HER, clad in the same habiliments in which I last beheld her. An awful sensation came over me as my gaze encountered that death-like object. Her white robe, that winding-sheet, hung in long folds from her shoulders: in her hand she held a torch, emitting a blue flame, which cast a frightful glare upon those marble features. Her face—my God! was that my fault?—her face was bathed with tears! She stood like a statue, her piercing eyes glaring on me; and I, too, was riveted to the spot whereon I stood—spell-bound! I did not dare to fly; my progress would have been impeded by that horrible shadow. Presently, however, she spoke. Her voice sounded in mine ear

like a death-knell. Strange! though her lips moved not, she spoke! 'Follow me!' was her command. Then I attempted to fly, but she cast a withering glance upon me, and reiterated in a stern tone the words, 'Follow me!' I was compelled to obey; I followed. She led me on—on—on—and down a flight of rude steps, until she brought me to a massive iron gate, which sprang open at her touch. 'Enter!' she cried, pointing to a gloomy dungeon within. I obeyed, and the door closed after me with a tremendous noise. 'See!' she continued, pointing to a small ante-chamber on my left, 'See!' I looked and beheld, O, horror of horrors! my own form writhing in fiery flames! I stood gazing but a moment, when two frightful spectres approached me, and commanded me to follow *them*. At first I would not go; but then they seized me and dragged me away. Aye! they dragged me into the regions of despair; black, hopeless despair! Ha! ha! *there* were sights indeed; such sights as, pray heaven, you may never behold. The little fiends were merry, too; they danced gleefully among the blue fires for a time, and then ushered me into another apartment, where I was received with a shout that rent the very roofs above me. And then reptiles crawled over me, and imps flitted before my eyes, until my head whirled, and I could see no more——"

At this moment my friend the keeper approached; and the poor maniac paused in his horrid recital. I was informed that he had been the victim of an artful woman whom he once passionately loved, but whom, in a fit of jealous frenzy, he had murdered. A. P. L.

New Orleans, May, 1847.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.

INSCRIBED TO N. L. FOSTER, ESQ., OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY LOUISA.

As travellers o'er the desert sands
  Behold with joy the waters clear—
Ah! even thus the *soul* expands,
  When, passing on mid many a tear,
We see those forms, as angels bright,
  Descending from their home above,
Imparting beauty to our sight—
  Sweet Friendship, Truth, and heavenly Love!

Ah! who could bear life's gloomy day,
  With all its sorrow and its sin,
Did not some heaven-directed ray
  Illumine all the heart within?
'Tis not the dazzling meteor light
  Which Fancy threw o'er hours of youth,
But that which beams o'er Death's dark night
  From Friendship, Love, and holy Truth.

Hark! from that lowly cottage home
  There come the tones of peace and prayer,
From hearts that ever upward roam,
  To commune with their *Father* there:
Not *theirs* the wealth which counts its store,
  For they have treasures far above—
The wealth of *mind*, which evermore
  Delights in Friendship, Truth, and Love.

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